

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1822.

---

ART. I.—*The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome, from its Foundation to the Age of Augustus.* By Henry Banks, Esq. London. 1818.

NO history at first sight appears so inviting to the researches of the political student as that of Rome. Of unparalleled extent and grandeur, fruitful in great events and illustrious personages, it seems to open its page of instruction for the guidance of subsequent generations. It has accordingly been investigated frequently and laboriously for that purpose. Philosophers and statesmen of different periods and countries have drawn from it facts to support and enforce their respective speculations, and in the infinite variety of illustration presented to their view during its origin, its progress and decline have furnished at least a seeming authority for every possible combination in the change of human affairs.

It is the misfortune, however, of theorists, (and all the writers on the philosophy of Roman history have been more or less theorists,) to receive facts for the confirmation of their opinions on the slightest grounds of probability, and to use as the foundation-stones of an immense pile of conjecture, assertions which, if offered as evidence in the common affairs of life, would be instantly rejected as futile or incredible. Coming to their task with imaginations heated by the contemplation of the magnificence and grandeur of the Roman empire, they have forgotten that such vastness and grandeur could be accounted for on any common principles of our political and moral nature; they have been unwilling to concede that chance (or that inexplicable relation between dissimilar events which we call chance) could have been at all instrumental in producing such extraordinary results, and they have endeavoured to show that the whole was the natural consequence of consummate wisdom and foresight in the first founders of the political fabric.

Vain and unsatisfactory as such an attempt must have proved, even if we were in possession of a continued series of contemporary and authentic records, from the earliest infancy of the state to the maturity of its power, the difficulty is immeasurably increased when we consider the age and character of the authorities on which these bold theorists have been obliged to depend. The earliest writer on Roman affairs, who has in part been preserved to our times, flourished nearly 600 years after the foundation of Rome; and of the

three other authors from whom almost exclusively is derived our present information respecting the foundation and progress of the Roman power, two composed their histories at the distance of seven, and the other of more than eight, centuries from the earliest transactions which they describe. None of these writers quote any authorities for the wonderful events which they relate. Occasionally, indeed, they mention an old historian, to whose works they have referred, but in a manner which considerably weakens, or rather totally destroys the force of their appeal. Thus Dionysius,\* in his account of the Roman constitution, makes a pompous enumeration of the writers he has consulted, and specifies Portius Cato, Fabius Maximus, Valerius Antias, Licinius Macer. He subsequently (vii. c. 71.) particularizes Fabius, as the one upon whom he lays the greatest dependence; and why?—because his credibility is founded not only on what he had seen and investigated, but on what he had heard from various persons. In other words, his claims to be believed are founded precisely on that which rather should destroy all title to belief, an indiscriminate reception of hearsay evidence. It was no doubt this propensity which called forth the severe animadversion of Polybius;† this was the cause of the *αλογία* which that eminent historian denounced as apparent to the most superficial observer, and which must for ever destroy the weight of his testimony. But to effect this, the criticism of another was by no means necessary; Dionysius has, by his own confession, completely disposed of this difficulty. He avows the inadequacy of his guides, and announces his determination to represent transactions in a very different light from that which they have adopted. He notices the vain reports which they have propagated, and is highly indignant that they should have presumed to describe the original Romans ‘as nothing better than vagabonds and barbarians, and the empire itself as founded, not on piety and justice, but swelled to its grandeur and importance by chance and the caprice of fortune.’‡ There was no Greek writer on Roman affairs before his time, as he himself assures us, worthy of credit; even Polybius he shuffles in between two unknown authors, and mentions him cursorily as one of the *μυριοι αλλοι*, who wrote without discrimination, and built their narrative on casual and contemptible evidence. This remark, indeed, may be said to recoil upon the person who made it, and to be more injurious to Dionysius than to the historian of Megalopolis; but it tends to demonstrate what we are here insisting upon, that the former, in the composition of his work, not only laboured under the insurmountable disadvantage of a want of early authentic documents, but that he rejected those which at a later

\* Antiq. Rom. i. c. 7.

† Hist. iii. s. 9.

‡ Antiq. Rom. i. c. 4.



period were offered to his observation. He was determined, in short, to write a tale of wonders, and for that purpose he was compelled to dispose of those authorities which stood in his way, by one sweeping clause of contempt or censure. But deceit and forgery are seldom consistent; the expressions of his praise and disapprobation fall indiscriminately, and therefore harmlessly, on the same writer, and the Fabius whom he so lavishly extols in one passage as entirely trustworthy, is in another represented as superficial, and undeserving of any credit.\*

The reasons which he gives for minutely investigating and detailing the early history of Rome, are admirably calculated for inspiring confidence in his readers! Because the writers who have flourished before him have run over, in a compendious manner, (*κεφαλαιωδεις επεδραμον*,) ancient events, he thought it right not to pass in silence parts of history neglected by his predecessors. He commences his narrative from those old fables which the early compilers have left unnoticed: that is, he who lived nearly three centuries later than they did, was qualified to describe events, and solve difficulties which they rejected as absolutely impenetrable. The interval of 500 years entirely incapacitated *them* from giving a clear and consistent recital of the foundation, rise and progress of the Roman power; but the accumulation of time cleared the mist from his vision, and at the distance of 750 years he could relate not only the actions but the very words of the first movers in this eventful scene. All this is either positively asserted or distinctly implied by Dionysius in the opening of his work; and after such an avowal it is surely unnecessary to insist much longer on his claims to credibility.

The fact is, that in the construction of his history, Dionysius had particular theories to support, and various speculations to illustrate, and to these he has not unfrequently made his facts subservient. He is an ingenious political inquirer, full of curiosity and love of system, discursive and eloquent, with more imagination than judgment. He lived at Rome during the period of its greatest splendour, and overpowered by the magnificence of the spectacle which she presented to him, and willing perhaps to console his countrymen for their state of subjection by giving them an exaggerated idea of the sovereign nation, he believed or wished to believe that by inquiring into her early history, he should be able satisfactorily to account for her rise and supremacy. Hence, in mentioning the particular objects which he had in view whilst composing his history, he particularly notices the gratification of philosophical theory, and he gives us more than once a specific exposition of the

\* Compare lib. i. c. 6. and lib. vii. c. 71.

theories which he intended to illustrate. A state is likely (he informs us) to enjoy tranquillity, or to be convulsed by dissensions, according as the lives of individuals are well or ill regulated, and therefore it behoves legislators and monarchs to control the conduct of individuals by law. He thought it necessary to write the early history of Rome, that excellent men might fulfil their destiny, obtain eternal glory, and be praised by those who come after; that thus the mortal might approximate to the divine nature.\* These propositions, it will be seen, are not very profound, but they show the bias which his mind had taken, and they may serve to explain some of the contradictions and inconsistencies of his history. With these and other theories always present to his imagination, it will not appear surprizing that he attempted to support them, and at the same time to gratify the literary and philosophical characters of Rome with whom he was in daily habits of intercourse, by wresting facts to the elucidation of his opinions, and by even supplying the chasm with imaginary events, when he could not find real ones recorded for his use. His work, as a trustworthy record of past transactions, is of little value. 'It is,' as Müllert has justly observed, 'too beautiful and too animated to be true; fragments of poetry and traditions do not afford such pictures, and it is evident that the author must have filled up many chasms.' His history may, however, be considered as curious, inasmuch as it gives us a picture of the state of political philosophy, and of that talent for speculative inquiry which prevailed amongst the literary characters of the Augustan age.

Livy, the second authority on whom we chiefly rely for information respecting the early history of Rome, had infinitely more taste and judgment than Dionysius, and excels him beyond comparison in the art of narration. Let us take, for instance, the story of the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, and of the death of Lucretia, and we shall be struck with the energy, the pathos, the delicacy which Livy has thrown into his narrative, when contrasted with the diffuseness and imbecility of the rival historian on the same subjects. The Roman, also, possessed a more philosophical mind than the Greek author, as is apparent not only from the force and truth of his occasional remarks, whose condensation sometimes reminds the reader of the deep sense of Tacitus, but also from the suspicion with which he regards the current fables of the early period of Rome, the doubts he expresses as to the validity of his authorities, and the art with which he glides over the most glaring and obtrusive parts of the historic fiction. Where Dionysius is positive and circumstantial, Livy is rapid and general; where the

\* Lib. i. c. 6.

† Univ. Hist. b. v. s. 6.

former

for  
are  
cer  
pre  
of  
and  
tru  
Ye  
ten  
cor  
inc  
tive  
we  
exp  
pin  
a co  
abl  
vad  
jud  
dea  
a so  
som  
Ro  
the  
seq  
pos  
The  
Cic  
ticit  
said  
I  
diff  
that  
into  
pass  
befo  
to th  
vent  
ferre

\* I  
† I  
quanc  
script  
falsu.

former dwells with tedious minuteness on details which, if certain, are unimportant, and whose worthlessness is increased by their uncertainty, the latter pauses only to reconcile a difficulty, or to express a doubt. He defines with accuracy and truth the privileges of antiquity, emancipates himself from the grasp of her authority, and expresses with reasonable and philosophic diffidence his distrust of the acceptance of her tales by an enlightened posterity. Yet even Livy was obliged sometimes to yield to the wishes and temper of the times; he was compelled to gratify the vanity of his contemporaries, and to endeavour, out of a mass of incredible and inconsistent traditions, to form a continued and plausible narrative. He has, however, shown his art by what he has omitted, as well as by what he has inserted, and his silence is frequently more expressive than the eloquence of Dionysius.

As to Plutarch, we might almost as well think of searching Turpin's life of Charlemagne for grave historic facts, as his biography; a compilation which, though amusing to youthful readers, and valuable, for the tone of morality and virtuous sentiment which pervades it, bears such evident marks of credulity and deficiency of judgment, as to warn at once the philosophic inquirer from endeavouring to support any political theory by facts drawn from such a source. He indeed himself annihilates all the credibility which some might perhaps be inclined to attach to his history of the early Roman times, by informing us,\* on the authority of Clodius, 'that the old histories were lost in the Gallic invasion, and that the subsequent accounts were compiled by interested people for the purpose of insinuating themselves into the favour of illustrious families.' The mention of this fact, which is told even in stronger language by Cicero,† will lead us to say a few words on the nature and authenticity of the early records of Rome, from which our information is said to be originally derived.

In the first ages of Rome, the use of letters was very sparingly diffused. So rude was the method of recording the lapse of time, that nearly 400 years after the foundation of the city, nails driven into the temple of Jupiter served to number the years which had passed. The annals, therefore, could hardly be supposed to exist before this period. None of those subsequent authors who refer to the annals as the sources of their information, have consequently ventured to fix the year of their commencement. They are referred to in a vague general manner, without any specification of

\* Life of Numa.

† Ipsæ enim familiæ sua monumenta servabant ad memoriam laudum domesticarum; quanquam his laudationibus historia rerum nostrarum facta est mendosior; multa enim scripta sunt in eis quæ facta non sunt; falsi triumphi, plures consulatus, genera etiam falsa.—*Brutus*.

their age. Cicero informs us that the annals were written every year, in an album, by the pontifex maximus, and placed in his house, that they might serve as documents of reference to the people. They were continued, it is asserted, to the time of Publius Mucius, who was pontifex maximus in the seventh century of Rome, but still not a word is said of the date of their origin. Livy complains of the want of contemporary authority for the early history of the republic, and animadvertes upon the confusion which prevailed in all the compilations of that period. He asserts that in the most ancient annals, the names of the consuls, and the events of each particular year could hardly be distinguished. Clodius even declares that there were no annals kept before the irruption of the Gauls, and that those which recorded the names of priests and magistrates, were forgeries.\* But even if we were to grant that there existed a full and regular chronicle of transactions from the foundation of the city, nothing can remove our apprehensions that they perished in the Gallic invasion. If any survived, it could only be those which were engraven on tablets of brass or stone. Some of these, indeed, Polybius informs us, existed in his time; but from the nature of the materials to which they were committed, they must necessarily have been very concise and defective. They could not have indulged in detail; they would not, for instance, have recorded the particulars of Romulus's speech to his subjects, nor specified to which side of the heavens he turned his head, when he left his tent in the morning: Dionysius did not derive from them the information he has given us on those two important points. We read, indeed, occasionally of the use of *libri lintei*, but of what age these works were, we are not informed, and if they were ever used for the records of public events, they were of course more likely to perish in the fire which destroyed the city, than any other sort of memorial. There is a story, which Livy (iv. c. 20.) says he had *heard*, that Augustus, when he repaired the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, found the name of Cossus written on the linen breast-plate of Tolumnius, king of the Fidenates, which was preserved in that sanctuary; but the story is a vague one, and not entitled to much credit. Had Livy believed it, he certainly might have ascertained the fact; for what Augustus beheld, he might have seen. Besides, a single word on a breast-plate will not tend to prove that copious records were inscribed in linen volumes. The fact seems to be, that the later writers of Roman history sheltered themselves behind the name of these supposed records, and under that disguise obtruded their own inventions upon the public credulity. Hence absurdities and contradic-

\* Plutarch in Numa.

tions are unsparingly laid to the charge of the Annalists. Livy on their authority informs us, that there was a naval engagement at Fidenæ, between the Romans and Veientes; at Fidenæ, an inland town, watered by a rivulet! The Abbé Sallier\* is satisfied of the authenticity of the Annals, because Cicero mentions that they existed in his time, and that he had an intention of writing a history of Rome on their authority. This is no more a proof of what the Abbé wished to establish, than that because Burke composed an English history, therefore the facts in our early chronicles are authentic. Besides, supposing that Cicero had given his talents to such an historical work, it does not follow that he would have retailed all the absurd stories with which Dionysius has loaded his pages. There is, therefore, no ground for arguing, as the Abbé has done, that Dionysius's account is true, because Cicero meditated a work from the same materials. The probability is that he would have rejected all the fables of the annals, and of tradition, in conformity with his own assertion—*Hæc ætas jam exculta præsertim et erudita omne quod fieri non potest, respuit.*—*Frag. de Repub.*

For our knowledge then of early Roman history, we have, in fact, no authorities on which we can with perfect confidence depend, and we are therefore justified in rejecting every part of it that is in contradiction with the moral and political analogies of our nature, and which offers violence, by its absurdity, to the common principles of human belief. Yet this history is told and retold without any material variation by every successive writer, and the deeds of Romulus and his successors are narrated, examined, and reasoned upon, as if they possessed the certainty of events which occurred in the age of Augustus. The authors of our country, from Mr. Hooke to Mr. Banks, have, we believe, without an exception,† received with implicit confidence the facts and evidence offered to them, and have grounded their narration and reflections upon those flimsy and unstable materials. Amongst the writers of the rest of Europe, the two most celebrated, Macchiavelli and Montesquieu, have both constructed long chains of disquisition with the same pertinacity of belief, and speculated on transactions which never had an existence but in the imagination of the inventor. The former places Romulus and Cæsar in the same scale of personal authenticity. He even reasons on the fact of Romulus having killed his brother, assigns deep political motives to the murderer for the atrocities which he had committed, and shows the necessity

\* Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscript. vi. p. 30.

† Ferguson can hardly be considered as an exception. He feebly expresses his scepticism in the introduction to his work; but he subsequently relates the events of the early Roman history, without being much disturbed by that scepticism.

of its being done, since it was indispensable that a new government should be administered by one person !\*

All, however, have not evinced the same degree of historic faith; some have openly revolted against these absurdities of tradition, and have expressed their scepticism in bold and decisive language. The question was discussed with vigour, and even with acrimony, in the French Academy, about a century ago, and the chief combatants of the opposite parties, M. de Pouilly and the Abbé Sallier, in that arena, attacked and defended the credibility of Dionysius, of Livy, and their followers.† Amongst the late sceptics, M. Beaufort is perhaps the most able. In his Dissertation on the uncertainty of the early Roman history, (p. 12.) he skilfully combats the accounts which have been transmitted to us, and arrives at a conclusion which may perhaps startle our prejudices not a little, that nothing is more uncertain than what we have received, as the history of the first ages of Rome. M. Levesque, in his *Histoire Critique de la République Romaine*, has also evinced a very reasonable degree of scepticism on this point. M. de Pouilly has remarked the extraordinary coincidence between several of the stories which occur in the Greek and Roman writers, and from thence he justly argues that the latter stole them from the former. Plutarch (or whoever was the author of 'the Parallel') had indeed noticed the coincidence before; and the Abbé Sallier endeavours from that to raise an argument in favour of the cause which he supported, observing that this author assumes the Roman facts as notorious, and brings in the Grecian only as illustrations. But this, it is evident, proves nothing at all. The unknown writer might have derived all his knowledge of Roman history from Dionysius, and might have imbibed all his errors. Because the accounts of Dionysius were believed in the second century, or later, it does not follow, (as the Abbé‡ would infer) that therefore the Roman historians are not to be accused of pillaging the Greeks, in the compilation of their narratives.

The subject has, however, been examined with the greatest accuracy by the literati of Germany. In that country, several works have been published upon the historic period under our immediate consideration, which have attracted great and deserved attention. The most remarkable of these writers, for extent of learning and depth of reflection, is M. de Niebuhr, whose *Roman history*, though written in a style somewhat obscure, is likely, when generally known, to produce a great effect upon the reading and thinking part of the European community. His example has been,

\* Discorsi, i. c. 9.

† See Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. t. vi.

‡ See his 2d Dissert. Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. vi. p. 56.

in part, followed, and his ideas developed by M. Wachsmuth, a professor at Halle, whose work displays much research and ingenuity.

We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary remarks, because we are persuaded that this subject has not yet received that attention from the English reader to which it is entitled. The works of de Niebuhr and Wachsmuth have hardly been mentioned in this country; we can venture to affirm that not half a dozen persons have read them, and almost as few entertain any scepticism on those points, the credibility of which they call in question. The tales instilled into us at school, are retained and believed in manhood; and the rape of the Sabines, the combat of the Horatii, and the self-devotion of Curtius, are as little doubted as the landing of William the Conqueror, or the signing of the Great Charter.

We propose, therefore, in the following article, not to enter at full length into an investigation of the discrepancies and contradictions of those assertions which have been transmitted to us as the basis of Roman history, (for such an inquiry would require a larger space than we can allot to it,) but to state briefly what has occurred to us as suspicious or unsatisfactory in the accounts of the ancient writers; and to call to our aid the occasional illustrations and observations of modern authors.

History is either a tale to amuse children, or a lesson to instruct philosophers; it is either an agreeable fiction for the excitement of the fancy, or a profound theme for the nourishment of the reason; and according as the subject is treated, may either serve merely to dissipate the weariness of an idle hour, or afford topics of meditation to influence the destiny of nations. In this its last and highest character, it may even now be said to be in its infancy. With philosophical history (properly so called) the ancients were nearly unacquainted. Their object was to compose a plausible and interesting narration of the events which they had witnessed, or of which they had received traditionary accounts; they kept to the bold and prominent lines of action; they mingled in the battle, assisted at the council, and sketched the chief actors in war and debate with a firm and spirited pencil. As far as their plan extended, it was executed in general with admirable effect. But *here* their labours and inquiries ceased: they saw, they comprehended, they described what was obvious and palpable; but the secret springs, the nice involutions by which the machinery of social order is set in motion, the infinite varieties of pursuit, the fluctuating shades of opinion, the reciprocal influence of morals on society, and society on morals, the tone and temper of domestic life, the spirit of laws and institutions, all those transient impulses with which crime and virtue, education  
and



and ignorance, the wants and abundance, the hopes and desires of mankind, silently and secretly affect the political constitution—these they either did not understand, or rejected from their pages, as unworthy of the dignity of history. The progress however of philosophical inquiry will no longer tolerate these omissions; the historic muse, if she means to assume her noblest character, if she wishes to be listened to as a preceptress, must reject the trifling graces with which she has been accustomed to allure and deceive, and put on the severer expression of thought and reflection; she must assume the privilege of instructing, compatible with the maturity of her powers, and must collect and arrange the materials of her long and varied experience to enlighten and ameliorate the world.

Now that the great map of mankind (in the language of Burke) is unrolled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism and no mode of refinement which we have not at the same moment under our view; now that we can employ philosophy to judge on manners, and from manners draw new sources of philosophy, the annals of ancient history appear, we confess, meagre and unsatisfactory; and we cannot peruse, without disgust, the bald narrations, the incredible traditions, and the unenlightened speculations, which too frequently deform the pages of the classic authors. Nor are the splendid exceptions, which three or four of the most illustrious writers of that period afford, sufficient entirely to remove this literary loathing. Least of all is the historian, who will chiefly engage our attention in our subsequent inquiry, calculated to restore the tone of our intellectual appetite to its state of salubrity. Students, who complain of the want of authenticity in narration, and of the absence of sound philosophy in speculation, must not have recourse to the Chronicler of Halicarnassus.

But we shall have ample opportunity of illustrating this remark as we proceed. Indeed, the very first time we look to Dionysius for authority, he narrates a fact, and makes an avowal, each of which taken separately is sufficient to invalidate if not destroy his credit as an historian. He gives a very circumstantial account of the landing of Æneas in Italy, and why does he do so? Because, as he informs us, others have omitted it. He even details the speech which the warrior made to Latinus on his first introduction, and relates the monarch's reply, with the clearness and copiousness of one who had actually been present at the interview. One who retails improbable or impossible events, at the outset of his labours, will not easily win the belief of his readers, even though he be afterwards more discreet and consistent. That Æneas landed in Italy, with a small band of followers, and obtained a wife and a settlement, with a powerful prince for his rival in love and arms, is about as probable as that the Trojan Brutus arrived in Albion

about

about the same time, and inflicted his name and race on this island. Yet the one is never considered as any thing but a fable, (notwithstanding Milton's assertion that, 'of Brutus and his line, with the whole progeny of kings, to the entrance of Julius Cæsar, we cannot so easily be discharged;') while the other is recounted by grave historians as a certain event, and in fact forms the basis of a wild and improbable fiction of above 200 years. Livy is satisfied with the evidence of its truth: '*satis constat*,' he remarks, that such was the case, but he does not quote his authorities. Tacitus throws discredit upon it by his silence. He notices the establishment of regal power, the acquisition of liberty, and the election of consuls, but says not a word about Æneas. The great mass of readers have however been more pleased with the circumstantial tales of Dionysius, and the eloquent descriptions of Livy, than with the reserve of Tacitus; and the fable has prevailed, in defiance of sense and credibility. The reason is, that mankind do not like to be obliged to confess their ignorance: they demand of the historian a continued narration, probable and veracious if he can make it so, if not, at all events a narration.

The farther we advance in our investigation of this period the more difficulties and contradictions do we discover. The birth and education of the twin brothers is too revolting to the general principles on which we calculate the probability of events, to demand from us a serious refutation. Diocles is the oldest Greek author, according to Plutarch, who mentions the story, but neither Dionysius nor Livy ever quotes him; and (as M. Levesque has observed) he cannot be earlier than the end of the sixth century before our era, since the Greeks had no historians till that time, and he is therefore a modern writer, in relation to the events which he describes. Other absurdities in the narrative, not less revolting to all the laws of testimony, soon present themselves to our consideration. Romulus hastens to rescue his brother Remus from prison, where he had been confined in consequence of some skirmish with banditti, and almost immediately afterwards, joined only by the partners of his enterprize, his followers in the rescue, he revolutionizes a kingdom, restores his deposed grandfather to the throne of Alba, founds a town, opens an asylum, chooses from the farrago of rogues and vagabonds there assembled, a council of 100 senators, divides and subdivides the motley population into tribes and curiæ, and executes the functions of a complex policy with the refined sagacity and foresight of the most experienced statesman. Sallust has remarked upon the incredibility of this sudden coales-

\* *Prose Works*, v. ii. p. 3. 4to. edit.

† *Hist. Critique de le Répub. Romaine*, t. i. p. 11. Pref.

cence of discordant elements; not so Mr. Moyle: with a tone of didactic complacency, unruffled by any of those doubts which would disturb more irritable and suspicious men, he gravely informs us, that 'Romulus erected a frame of government, upon such admirable orders, both civil, military, and religious, that if no alteration had been made in the fundamental laws by himself, or his successors, it would have been the most noble, as well as most lasting constitution of limited monarchy that ever was in the world.\*

Yet the founder of this perfect monarchy, with all his political wisdom, could devise no better expedient for securing the continuance of his kingdom, than the barbarous one of carrying off either 30,† 683, or 800 females (for so much do our accounts vary) from a neighbouring nation; and with this prospective population, he was strong enough to wage war with the adjoining states, and to be successful in his enterprizes against them. Even Plutarch, whose capaciousness of belief is in general inordinate, is startled at the story, and suspects that it may be too much for the future students of history. 'This tale (he says) may appear δραμαλικον και πλασματως; but we must not, on that account, disbelieve it, seeing what power Fortune has over events, and considering that the Roman affairs would never have reached such an elevation, if they had not had a divine origin, and if nothing great or contrary to human experience had happened.'—*Vit. Rom.* By such sweeping and general observations did the ancient historians attempt to reconcile improbabilities. Thus did they supply the want of records, and attempt to obviate the contradictions of experience.

Mr. Bankes gravely remarks upon the transaction which we are now considering, that 'it was amongst the first cares of the monarch to provide for the duration of his great work; and though the means which he took were violent and indefensible, it is not easy to conceive what other expedient he could have recourse to for the purpose of setting right the immense disproportion between the two sexes, which threatened his rising society with inevitable and rapid extinction.'—(vol. i. p. 11.) It is certainly not easy to conceive how the carrying off, at the most, 800 females, could enable Romulus to find a partner for each of his thousands of warriors; nor can we possibly explain how the issue of this union was to be a defence in present difficulties. It is plain to the humblest understanding, that the operation of this measure could only be pro-

\* Essay on the Roman Government, p. 4.

† Mr. Bankes is mistaken in saying that 'the largest account, which is that of Dionysius, makes them 683, whilst the lowest reckons them at no more than 30.' Hist. v. i. p. 12. Plutarch raises the number to 800. See Comparison of the Lives of Theseus and Romulus.

gressive. Against the immediate and urgent pressure of war, he is represented as providing a mode of resistance which could not begin to operate till long after the cause which called for such resistance had ceased to act. Dionysius indeed says, that his community was increased by emigrants from other states; that the Cæninenses and Antennates brought their wives and children, to the number of 3,000; and that the Camerini also, to the amount of 4,000, transferred themselves to the new kingdom;\* but even allowing the truth of this account, (which is conceding a great deal too much,) we should still remain at an immeasurable distance from a rational and plausible solution of the difficulty. These colonists only arrived, as Dionysius informs us, in consequence of Romulus's success in war against them; he must therefore have had a force sufficient to subdue them before he admitted them as subjects and coadjutors: and we are consequently reduced again to ask the same question, Where did Romulus procure a physical strength sufficient to overcome and conquer his neighbours? But the most wonderful part of the story is not yet told. If we believe the historian of Halicarnassus, Rome was strong enough not only to establish herself, but to conquer—not only to conquer, but to colonize. The tardy operations of other states and empires were by her compressed into the compass of a few years; the long alternations of struggle, of victory, and of defeat, of success and of depression, which all other people, of whom we have any record, have, with slow perseverance, endured and surmounted, were by her passed by or eluded. Dionysius† specifies some of the colonies which at this early period she sent out; and he not only relates this incredible event with complacency, but in another place reasons and theorizes in his usual manner, upon the general advantages of colonization, and attributes the flourishing state of Roman liberty to the plan so soon adopted of sending settlers to the conquered cities.

Romulus, we are informed, in the subsequent wars in which he was engaged, brought into the field 46,000 infantry and nearly 1,000 horse, or about one-eighth of the force which Rome, when mistress of the world, employed to secure her empire from the Atlantic ocean to the Euphrates, and from the confines of Caladonia to the mountains of Atlas. This exceeded the amount of her army after she had existed 400 years, when, as Livy‡ informs us, she had ten legions of 4,200 foot and 300 horse each, or in all 45,000 men, observing, that even at that period of her increased grandeur and opulence, she was hardly able to raise an army on that scale. But what is the extent of population which

\* Antiq. Rom. ii. c. 35. 50.

† Id. ib. c. 35.

‡ Hist. vii. 25.

such a military force would necessarily imply? Montesquieu says, that a prince, who has a million of subjects, cannot support 10,000 troops without being ruined. On this supposition the numbers of Roman citizens would have been 4,600,000! If we take another estimate, the lowest and most favourable, according to Halley's rule,\* that the warriors are only one-fourth of the peaceable inhabitants, even then we shall have to provide for 184,000 men, women, and children, and where we are to find subsistence for them in a city without trade, without territory, and without commerce, we cannot imagine. We are reduced to exclaim with Condillac, 'Voilà ce qu'on croit, et ce qu'il faut savoir, quand on ne peut pas découvrir ce qui est.'—*Hist. Anc.* c. 2.

The end of the first monarch of Rome was as mysterious as his birth and education, and as wonderful as his whole career. He was born in water, and vanished in air; and to those elements, it may be said, the narrative of his actions should be committed. He reigned, according to our historian, thirty-seven years; and in that time effected the work of at least three centuries. To him is attributed the introduction of several profound and comprehensive schemes of policy; with what probability we shall now proceed briefly to consider.

The severity of servitude which the ancient Thessalians and Athenians had established, Romulus, according to his panegyrist, softened down into a liberal and mutually advantageous connection between patron and client. The following is the account which Dionysius gives of this singular institution.

'The patricians were bound to explain to their clients the necessary points of law of which they were ignorant, and to watch over their interests, whether they were present or absent, performing towards them the duties of parents to their children, both with respect to the acquisition and disposal of property. They were bound also to bear the weight of all suits instituted for the relief of their clients, if they were aggrieved in the contract; to support them against their accusers; and, in a word, to afford them that relief, both in their private and public capacities, of which they stood in need. The clients, in return, were bound to portion out the daughters of their patrons in marriage, if their parents were poor; to pay their ransom to an enemy if either they or their children were made prisoners, and to discharge out of their own incomes, the costs of private causes, or fines due to the state; and this they were to regard not as an expense, but as a token of their gratitude. In all offices, public honours, and other charges, they were to share the burthen with them, as if they were one of the family. It was not allowed the parties to accuse each other in a public suit, or to bear witness or vote against each other, or to be numbered in the list of

---

\* Or rather Shakspeare's. 'Divide our happy England into four,  
Whereof take you one quarter into France.'—*Hen. V.*  
enemies.

enemies. If any one offended in that manner, he was liable to the penalties of the law of treason, enacted by Romulus, and it was lawful for any one to put him to death as a sacrifice to Pluto.\*

We are not aware that any writer has taken notice of the contradictions which appear in this account. The patrons (says the historian) were bound to bear the weight of all suits in which their clients were engaged, and yet the latter were to pay for the former the cost of private causes, and fines due to the state; the clients were to assist their patrons if poor, though the dependence of the former on the latter was the consequence of their poverty; the persons who, by the terms of the mutual connection, were obliged to relieve their dependants with the excess of their wealth, looked to these dependants for help, in the deficiency of their own resources. The statement carries with it its own refutation. We are not to be told, that the same man assumes a privilege owing to his wealth, and claims an immunity in consequence of his poverty. If we reason upon it in another way, and show its contradiction to the spirit of the times and to the state of society, our conclusions will be nearly as decisive. For what does such a connection presuppose? In the first place, an unequal division of property; whereas, according to Dionysius, the lands were equally divided, and consequently there were neither rich nor poor. Secondly, the continuance, through a long period of years, of a state of civilization, consequent upon an unequal division of property, in which the original sameness of condition might have become completely obliterated, and the smooth and uniform surface of barbarous life been broken by the elevations and depressions of successful and unsuccessful struggles for the mastery. A patron would hardly offer his protection before he had the power to enforce its observance on others; and how is that power to be obtained in a horde of new settlers, whose very existence depended on the closeness of their union, and would be endangered and perhaps annihilated by any attempt at the partial elevation of a few? Perfect security, gradual accumulation of property, the ascendancy of mental cultivation over brute ignorance, an excess of the means of subsistence over the demand, these are the steps which would gradually lead to the refined relation of patron and client. But it is utterly impossible that these distinctions could have been created in the time specified by the historian, and therefore, even if his account were consistent, (which we have shown it is not,) there would still be sufficient grounds for rejecting it altogether. On this point, as indeed on most others relating to the early history of Rome, the

\* *Antiq. Rom.* ii. c. 9, 10. Plutarch's account is nearly the same; Livy says not a word on the subject.

remarks of M. Condillac are sensible and philosophical. 'Il me semble (he observes) que cet usage est du nombre de ceux qui s'introduisent peu-à-peu, dont il n'est pas possible de remarquer les commencemens, et que par cette raison, on est tenté de faire remonter à l'origine du peuple chez qui on les trouve. Voilà, sans doute, pourquoi Denis d'Halicarnasse a mis le patronage parmi les institutions de Romulus. Mais peut-on présumer que les plébéiens aient recherché la protection des patriciens lorsque les fortunes étaient égales, et que d'ailleurs ils avaient eux-mêmes la plus grande influence dans les comices? Le patronage n'a pu s'établir que dans un temps où les plébéiens, tombés dans la misère et dans l'avilissement, avaient besoin de trouver dans les patriciens qui montoient de l'humanité, des protecteurs contre les patriciens qui les tyrannisoient. Il a pu commencer sur la fin de la monarchie.—(*Œuvres*, vol. xi. p. 100.

That in the later periods of the state a mutual relation existed between the upper and lower ranks, is known to every one. When and how it originated is, and ever will be, a subject of doubt. That it cannot be referred to the times of Romulus, both the narrative of Dionysius, and the silence of Livy, sufficiently testify. It is also difficult to determine what was the precise nature of the institution. Mr. Banks (vol. i. 13) calls it a 'benevolent and useful connection, which subsisted perhaps in no other state, upon the foundation of reciprocal services and good offices only, without any reference to the tenure of lands;' but M. Wachsmuth proves from Festus, that the assignment of a portion of land to the client was an essential part of the patron's duty; and though all plebeians were not clients, (for there existed a distinct class, possessed of lands, and yet not dependent on patrons;) and though we cannot assert that there were no clients except those attached by holding lands, yet it is most probable that the mutual bond of union was the conferring and acceptance of landed property. There was, it may be conjectured, a graduated scale of service; and whilst some, for the performance of prescribed offices, received protection only, others were remunerated by special donations: whilst a third class, as in the feudalism of the middle ages, willingly resigned their lands to some powerful chief, in order to secure to themselves a possession undisturbed by the interference of more than one master.

The relation of patron and client existed to a late age of the empire, and in progress of time was not confined to individual connection; but embraced with its collective influence the attachment of colonies and conquered towns. These chose patrons and protectors from the principal men of Rome, and thus united themselves more closely to the fortunes of the parent state. As early as the year of Rome 487, the inhabitants of Antium having complained



complained to the senate of their want of laws and magistrates, had patrons assigned to them,—*ad jura statuenda*.<sup>\*</sup> So sacred was the connection held at a subsequent period, that Augustus remitted to the natives of Bononia his claims upon their services against Antony, because they had been bound to the latter by the ties of patronage.<sup>†</sup> It was the custom for the senate to refer to the patrons those disputes from the towns and colonies which were constantly submitted to them for decision; and they thus stood as judges of equity between the contending parties. The moral and political effects of such an institution must have been very great; and it is altogether singular, that the most celebrated writers on Roman policy have paid little or no attention to this powerful political engine. It is easy to comprehend how its expansion would increase the vigour of the parent state; not indeed the brute physical strength, but that stronger, though ideal power, which invisible, like the force of gravitation, controls and regulates the mechanism subject to its influence. In the city it connected the different classes by reciprocal duties, it gave due pre-eminence to intellect and rank, and it taught animal force to acknowledge and respect the ascendancy of the understanding. Its effects on the remote towns and provinces were still more striking. It accustomed their inhabitants to look to that 'sacred majesty which hemmed in' their governors, with more than common veneration; and it established for them a point of appeal from the decisions and judgments of their immediate lords, which Dionysius informs us were frequently very tyrannical.

Another remarkable institution, attributed to Romulus, is the division of the people into Tribes and Curiae. Dionysius's account is as follows:

'Romulus divided the people into three parts, and appointed a man of the highest consideration to preside over each. He subdivided each of the three into ten portions, and gave to every one a leader. The larger division he called Tribes, the smaller Curiae. The Curiae were again divided into Decuriae, and commanded each by a Decurio. The land, in correspondence with this arrangement, was also broken into thirty parts, which were equally distributed among the Curiae; one share having however first been set aside for the endowment of the religious establishments, and another for the public use. Romulus then proceeded to separate those illustrious for birth and valour, and who had children, from the humble and the insignificant. The latter he called Plebeians, the former Patres, *taking the idea from the republic of the Athenians*. To the Patres he assigned the office of the priesthood, the magistracy, the judicial power and administration of the state; to the Plebeians he allotted the employments of agriculture, and the lucrative trades.'—lib. ii. c. 7.

<sup>\*</sup> Liv. Hist. ix. c. 20.

<sup>†</sup> Sueton. Aug. c. 17.

This we see at once is a very artificial arrangement, and therefore, *prima facie*, inconsistent with the state of the society to which it was intended to be applied. Is then the account of Dionysius so well supported by other authorities as to enable us to rest with security on his statements? Are his inconsistencies and contradictions explained or softened by what we learn on the same subject from other ancient historians? We think not. Dionysius, we see, affirms that there was a triumvirate of the most eminent men of the colony to preside over the tripartite division which Romulus established, and that from these three originated the subsequent arrangement of thirty. To say nothing of the absurdity of talking about the most eminent and worthy of a society, where all were worthless,—for such, by the historian's own account, they must have been,—we will ask what reason is there for supposing, from the accounts of other writers, that the Tribes and Curiae had any relation to each other? If it had been so, authors contemporary with, and posterior to Dionysius, would of course have mentioned the connection: but no such coincidence of accounts remains. On the contrary, Livy (*Hist.* i. c. 13.) affirms that the people were divided into thirty Curiae, and at the same time three centuries of knights were chosen; but he says not a word of the former having arisen out of the latter, they are merely affirmed to have been contemporaneous in their establishment. That the Centuries were the same as the Tribes appears very probable from this circumstance, that Varro, Plutarch, and Festus, give the identical names to the three tribes established by Romulus, which Livy gives to the Centuries, viz. Ramnenses, Titienses, and Luceres. We may remark further, that the Curiae were established, according to Dionysius, *previous* to the affair of the Sabines, and the Centuries or Tribes *after*; for the names given to them were, it is supposed, taken from the Sabine women. The division therefore of Tribes (or Centuries) was posterior to that of Curiae, and of course the latter could not have arisen out of the former.

That the nature of the Tribes and Curiae was essentially different, and that consequently the derivation of the one from the other is unlikely, appears from the direct as well as incidental testimony of many ancient writers. The Curiae\* had the superintendence and care of the sacred offices; they had the management of the money voted from the treasury for the support of the ecclesiastical establishment, and they offered sacrifices with the priests, and feasted with them in the Curial house. The Tribes (or Centuries) were of a military character, established, as Plutarch tells us, after the union with the Sabines, when the legion was increased to 6000 foot

\* Dionys. Ant. Rom. ii. 23.

and 600 horse. The Comitia held by these two bodies were marked by a diversity of ceremonies, which appear to have had some relation to the different character and office of each. Thus the Comitia Curiata were not lawfully held except after the offering of sacrifices, whereas the Comitia Tributa were valid without that religious ceremony. M. Wachsmuth, indeed, does not hesitate to say, that the Curiae were exclusively religious establishments; but this is going too far. Their general character was ecclesiastical, and so it remained till a late period of the Republic. 'Nunc quia prima illa Comitia tenetis (says Cicero) Centuriata et Tributa; Curiata tantum auspicio<sup>rum</sup> causâ remanserunt.\*' But their members were liable in some degree to military service. Two out of each, who had passed fifty years of age, and were distinguished for their family, their fortune, and their virtue, obtained from Romulus an immunity from military service, and from civil offices; but we are not aware that any passage of classical authority can be brought to prove their entire exemption.

There appear then, we think, no grounds for the assertion of Dionysius, that the Tribes preceded and gave birth to the Curiae. It is, on the contrary, probable, that the latter were the most ancient of the two. We may very easily account for Dionysius representing the institution as he has done, by considering what was the character of the man, and what were the objects he had in view in the compilation of his history. He is a diffuse, rhetorical writer, addicted to theory and speculation. It was his wish to make it appear, that the Roman constitution gradually and naturally unfolded itself from one connected system, and that the author of that system was Romulus. But (as M. Condillac has well observed) those laws which Dionysius wishes to represent as the especial work of Romulus, are, in fact, even if we suppose them to be his creation, nothing more than what necessarily arose from the state of society then existing. They imply, therefore, no political sagacity in their introduction. For instance, he elevates him above the legislators of Greece, for having established the power of the father of a family over his wife and children; not observing that, before the establishment of civil societies, all parents had that power. The early Romans were compelled to be labourers and soldiers, and therefore abandoned the mechanic arts to slaves. This was a natural consequence of the infancy of their political establishment; Dionysius asserts that it was the work of Romulus, and applauds him for it. It is evident that he wrote entirely to please the taste of his Roman readers, and these students would not receive with much favour and indulgence any accounts which they

---

\* De Lege Agrar. Or. 2.

considered as subtracting ought from the dignity of their origin. Rome, the great, the victorious, must have been so from the moment of her formation. No symptom of trembling imbecility, no infantine manifestations of inferiority, were ever to have displayed themselves in the political constitution of the future mistress of the world. The admission of her early weakness would have seemed to detract from the fulness of her meridian glory. But Dionysius might have learned from a writer of infinitely more depth and penetration than himself, (but of whom probably, for that reason, he speaks rather contemptuously,) to moderate his speculative notions upon the unity and continuity of the Roman constitution. Polybius gives it as his opinion, that the Roman power reached its pre-eminence, not by any pre-concerted scheme of political wisdom, but by taking advantage of the contingencies in affairs which presented themselves. *ὁ μὲν δια λόγῳ, δια δὲ πολλῶν αἰῶνων καὶ πραγμάτων ἐξ αὐτῆς αἰετὸς τῆς ἐν ταῖς περιπέτειαις ἐπιβιώσεως αἰρημένοι το βέλτιον.\**

If we have not in this inquiry succeeded in exactly defining the origin and character of the Tribes and Curiae, we have at least made it apparent, that it is a subject on which investigation may and ought to be bestowed; that Dionysius's narrative is suspicious, and that therefore modern historians and compilers are not authorized in repeating his assertions, without examining and weighing his proofs. Yet those who have noticed the establishment at all, have not attempted to reconcile the contradictory statements of the principal authors to whom they refer; and Mr. Banks has escaped the difficulty and discussion altogether, by merely mentioning the institution of Tribes and Curiae, which he calls a parochial subdivision.†

The history of the origin and progress of the Senate is a subject not less involved in obscurity than that which we have just been considering. Dionysius is our chief authority, but his account is not supported by other writers, nor is it always consistent with itself. In order to make the scheme of government which he attributes to Romulus consistent and uniform, he represents the Senate as originally embodied by the joint election of the Tribes and Curiae. The monarch, he says, appointed one person to preside over the city during his absence; each Tribe and each Curia chose three persons most remarkable for age and ability, so that the whole number amounted to 100. By this statement the Se-

\* Hist. vi. s. 9. Machiavelli has made the same remark, without acknowledging to whom he was indebted for it; see his Discorsi, l. i. c. 25: Müller Univ. Hist. B. vi. s. 2. and Condillac, Hist. Anc. c. 7. have followed on the same side.

† Hist. i. p. 11. This term he probably took from Middleton's Treatise on the Roman Senate, p. 194, who stole it from M. Boindin's Discours sur les Tribus Romaines, Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. vol. i. p. 84.

nate appears as a representative body, elected by the people. Livy, on the contrary, informs us that all the members were appointed by Romulus. Dionysius pronounces absolutely that a plurality of votes determined a question; and in the same chapter assures us, that there was an appeal to the sovereign.\* The judgment of the lighter causes only was consigned to it; and yet it had the cognizance of all crimes, such as treasons, conspiracies, poisonings, and assassinations; and was the council of appeal for individuals and cities in private and public disputes. It had not, Dionysius says, the power of electing magistrates, enacting laws, or making war and peace; and yet we find from Livy, (lib. iv. 26.) that on one occasion it ordered the tribunes to compel the consuls to appoint a dictator; and on another, itself created, or caused to be created, military tribunes. To the original number of 100 members, 100 more were added by Tatius; and yet at the death of Romulus there were in all only 100, according to Livy, and 150 according to Plutarch. Tarquin the elder created †100 more members, and then first the Senate consisted of 300; whereas §Dionysius subsequently informs us, that the two consuls, Brutus and Valerius, introduced 100 additional members, and then filled up the number to 300. How are all these contradictory statements to be reconciled? The modern historians do not attempt it. Hooke is satisfied with Dionysius's account, and as usual slumbers undisturbed by doubts and scruples; Ferguson hardly mentions the assembly at all. Mr. Banks enters more at large into the disquisition, but he does not solve many difficulties, and is indeed sometimes embarrassed when he might easily have hazarded a probable conjecture. He doubts, for instance, whether the holding annual magistracies conferred seats in the house, not only during that year, but during life. He might have been assured that the latter could not have been the case, from the numbers which such an influx would imply. It would suppose an annual admission of between twenty and thirty consuls, censors, prætors, ædiles, tribunes, and quæstors. We will say twenty only, and reckon the probable life of each at no more than fifteen years. That would give a total of 300, one-half of its whole amount under Sylla. || This, therefore, it is evident, could never have been the case; and if they entered the Senate in virtue of their offices, they must have quitted it at the expiration of their annual dignity. Indeed Dion Cassius (in a passage which Mr. Banks quotes) would never have noticed the admission, upon a particular emergency, into the senate house, by the censors, of all those who had served public offices, if such

\* Antiq. Rom. ii. c. 14.

† Polyb. Hist. vi. s. 2.

‡ Dionys. iii. c. 67.

§ Id. v. c. 13. See also Livii Hist. ii. c. 1.

|| Appian de Bell. Civili. i.

had been the common custom. Sometimes we even find one of the officers of the state, whilst in actual possession of his dignity, excluded from the Senate. Thus Metellus, when quaestor, was not admitted, because after the battle of Cannæ he had advised the abandonment of Italy. Middleton therefore is mistaken when he says, that the 'quaestors, who were generally employed in the provinces abroad, assigned to them severally by lot, no sooner returned from their provincial administration than they took their places in the senate, and from that time forward, from the rank of equestrian, or what we commonly call Knights, became senators for life.\* So far from this being the case, it appears that even the tribunes were not senators till put on the roll by the censors. Sempronius Gracchus and C. Claudius, when invested with the latter office, refused to inscribe on the senatorial roll Cn. Tremellius, although he was then actually tribune; and though this refers to a later period of the Republic, it proves that the tribunes could not at that time claim admission in virtue of their office; and we may feel assured, that they would not have given up a privilege which they had once enjoyed. The period when the plebeians were first admitted into the senate is also by no means clearly ascertained. We might, indeed, perhaps rest satisfied with the fact, that Tarquin the elder introduced 100 plebeians into the assembly, if it were not that our authority is Dionysius; and that as the monarch first advanced these persons to the patrician dignity, an objection might be made that they were not, whilst plebeians, incorporated in the senate. M. Condillac supposes, apparently with reason, that after the establishment of the consular power, the patricians lost the exclusive right of entry into the Senate. As it was necessary, in order to be admitted into that body, that the candidate should have a qualification of property, the consuls chose the senators from the first class; and when their election fell on plebeians they made them patricians, after the example of the kings. But because they afterwards neglected this formality, the custom gradually prevailed of introducing rich plebeians into the Senate without giving them any title. The choice at last fell on the most worthy of both classes, and hence it was a disgrace to be amongst the number of the *Præteriti*.† With these and many more difficulties is the history of the senate surrounded; but we have not room for a more copious enumeration.

In the account of the reign of Numa, Mr. Banks notices only one contradiction of which Plutarch is guilty. This author informs us that the sacrifices which the monarch ordained were simple and

\* Treatise on the Roman Senate. Works, vol. iv. p. 182.

† See Festus, in voce *Præteriti*.

without blood; and yet he subsequently says, that a widow marrying was directed to sacrifice a cow with calf.\* But this is a trifling offence compared with his contradictions of all analogy and probability, and the violence he offers to the natural gradations of opinion and sentiment. Several of the institutions attributed to this monarch are so totally out of all keeping, so contrary to the character of the age, that no statement, no assertions, can make them probable. The spirituality, for instance, of the religion which he is said to have inculcated, was too early by at least three centuries. The rejection of all statues and images from the temples, and the substitution in their places of the abstract idea of religion; the abolition of all sacrifices except those of the passions, was peculiarly likely to have had an effect on a rude, unlettered, uncivilized race of men, who were reeking with blood, and stained with all the crimes of inveterate profligacy! It is surely quite useless to attempt to draw political maxims and reflections from such materials as these; yet Mr. Banks has done so, and in his notice of the institution of the college of heralds, has ventured to call it 'a well contrived check upon the violent manners of the times,' adding that it gave to the Romans, as well as to those with whom they might have any disputes, time to reflect before they resorted to arms, and offered a reasonable pause for explanation and adjustment, before they proceeded to extremities; the law of nations might be consulted during this awful interval of suspense, and the right of the strongest sustained a temporary interruption, which reason and reflection might take advantage of, and turn to the benefit of humanity.' Vol. i. p. 26. Explanation—law of nations—reason and reflection amongst a horde of uncivilized barbarians! Surely this sounds very like burlesque; as well as what Macchiavelli says on the same reign. *Giudicando i cieli che gli ordini di Romolo non bastavano a tanto imperio, messono nel petto del Senato Romano, di eleggere Numa Pompilio successore a Romolo, acciò quelle cose che da lui fossero state lasciate in dietro, fossero da Numa ordinate.* *Disc. i. c. 11.*

Numa also encouraged agriculture, 'for the purpose (says Mr. Banks) of giving to his subjects some better occupation than that of war.' Now this is an art which requires perfect security for its exercise, and which evidently cannot exist in a country surrounded by fierce and implacable enemies, and subject to their inroads. It is absurd therefore to suppose that the sovereign should have

\* In one of Numa's laws, preserved by Festus, there is also a sacrifice of blood ordained. In the old language of that day it runs thus: '*Pelces asam junonis nei tancitod sei tancod junonei crinibos demisseis acnom feminam ceditod.*' i. e. Let not a harlot touch the altar of Juno; if she touch it, let her with dishevelled hair sacrifice a ewe lamb to Juno.



wished to supersede, by the introduction of agriculture, those warlike occupations which alone conferred power and stability on his infant commonwealth. The reason why these tales were inserted in the political romance of the later Romans is sufficiently palpable. They had represented the rising colony as placed in a comparative state of security by the warlike genius of its founder; its present and future population was provided for, and its constitution settled according to the most approved forms of legislature. In thirty-seven years it had acquired consistency and stability. In order to please the imagination of their readers, and to account in the most agreeable and plausible way for its rapid increase, it was now necessary to assign to it a period of repose, in which the means of securing subsistence were provided, arts encouraged, agriculture protected, and the pacific qualities of the people cherished and developed. By the magic power of the sovereign this transmutation is happily effected. A horde of turbulent robbers is at once converted into a settlement of peaceful husbandmen; the sword is literally turned into a pruning-hook, and laws, religion, and morality are produced and perpetuated with a rapidity and success of which there is no instance in the annals of the world. This may be agreeable fiction, but it is nothing more; and philosophical speculations hazarded upon such facts are not very likely to lead to practical utility. Yet even Montesquieu and Macchiavelli have, by their love of theory and system, been led to speculate on events which their sober reason must have convinced them were imaginary. The former seriously remarks, that one of the causes of Roman grandeur was that all the kings were great men, and that in no other history is there to be found an uninterrupted succession of such statesmen and such captains.\* The latter as gravely observes, that it was *necessary* that a legislator of civil life should arise at the commencement of its career: '*era necessario, che surgesse ne' primi principii suoi un ordinatore del vivere civile.*'† On which he makes this reflection, '*Donde si può notare che uno successore non di tanta virtù quanto il primo può mantenere uno stato per la virtù di colui che l'ha retto innanzi e si può godere le sue fatiche.*' Surely this is not worthy the name of philosophy—Even if the facts were authentic, such an assertion would be useless; as they are false, it is mischievous. Machiavelli had this fabulous history of early Rome in his thoughts, when, in sketching the rise and progress of governments, he informs us that a tribe of new settlers would first choose for their chief the strongest and most courageous man amongst them; and that when afterwards

\* Grand. et Dec. c. 1.

† Discorsi, l. c. 19,

they came to elect a prince, they would appoint the most prudent and most just.

But the character and conduct of Numa seem to have been regarded with such veneration, that nothing was too improbable to be attributed to his reforming power; nothing too difficult for him to achieve. Plutarch, with unruffled solemnity, informs us of a very important change which he effected in the female character,—a change which, with all our respect and admiration for the fair sex, we very much doubt whether all the laws of all ages would be able to accomplish. ‘He introduced (says the philosophical narrator) great modesty amongst them; he took away their *curiosity*, he taught them to be sober, and accustomed them to be *silent*. They refrained altogether from wine, and *never spoke*, even on urgent matters, without their husbands!’\* So admirably was the balance adjusted, that, according to the same historian, no quarrel took place between any women until the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, when the harmonic chord was broken by an unfortunate altercation between Thabæa, the wife of Pinarius, and her mother-in-law Gegania. Most of our readers will, we imagine, be of opinion, that this story does not add so much to the reputation of the legislator as it detracts from the merit of the narrator.

It would be impossible, in the compass of a few pages, to investigate all the tales of ancient Roman history, obvious either to suspicion, or convicted of absurdity. The institutions however of Servius Tullius are represented as such masterpieces of political skill, that they must not be passed without notice. His comprehensive legislation embraced (if we may credit Dionysius) every right, and defined every claim of the monarch and the citizen. ‘These rights (in Mr. Banks’s words) included every thing which can be desired by a people living under a monarchy; the King was elected by the people, and the senate also; the king was bound to govern himself by their advice; but the sovereignty was ultimately lodged in the body of the citizens, with power to enact laws, to create magistrates, to declare war, and to receive and determine appeals in all causes both from the king and the senate.’† Here all at once, without any preparation, or rather in direct opposition to the previous course of events, the popular part of the constitution is represented as acquiring the ascendancy; the regal power, lately paramount, is virtually annihilated; the king, from being an absolute tyrant, becomes a mere puppet of royalty; the people elect their governor, control him when elected, make their laws, and decide upon the appeals from those laws. Did Servius

\* Comp. of Numa and Lycurgus, p. 168, Ed. Bryan.

† Vol. i. p. 39.

Tullius

Tullius himself make these concessions?—that is not very probable. Were they wrung from him?—such a complete revolution could not have taken place between the death of his predecessor and his own elevation; and we have no hints that Tarquin was so fettered during his reign. The regulations said to have been introduced by Servius Tullius, respecting the distinction and qualification of property, are quite inconsistent with the state of manners which must have been prevalent in the infant community to which they were applied. Can we believe that institutions which demand centuries of trial, of alteration, of doubt, and which imply habits of thinking which can exist only in an advanced period of society, the importance and utility of which, so far from being self-evident, are not unfrequently denied by the most enlightened of a civilized age and country, should have at once been devised and enacted by the rude governor of a turbulent populace? Is it within the limits of probability, that he whose police was so wretchedly ineffective that even his palace did not secure him from a violent and ignominious death, should have been the author of a scheme of refined administration, which pre-supposes perfect security and tranquillity both on the part of the governor and the governed? ‘The foundation of this great constitutional work was extremely simple and rational,’ observes Mr. Banks. So indeed it may possibly appear to us, amongst whom the various shades of property are marked and discriminated with precision; but how would it have appeared to the barbarous and turbulent Romans; to those Romans who were accustomed to scenes of lawless atrocity, who were soon to behold a son-in-law hurling their murdered monarch from his throne, and a daughter guiding the wheels of her chariot over his mangled carcase? These were the people, no doubt, to comprehend thoroughly the merits of the new system, the nice adjustment of rates and charges, the equal pressure of taxation, the compensating advantages of influence! Let Servius enjoy his reputation with those who are liberal of their concessions, and parsimonious of their scepticism. We may apply to him what Livy said of another hero, perhaps equally imaginary: ‘*Rem ausus plus famæ habituram ad posteros quam fidei.*’

After narrating the tragedy of Lucretia, and the revolution in the government consequent upon her death, Mr. Banks proceeds at p. 58 thus: ‘It is singular that after so sudden and unforeseen a revolution, the government should have at once taken that form which it maintained with some slight and casual interruptions for between four and five centuries; and it evinces great penetration and enlarged views in Brutus, who was the director and contriver of the whole, to have discerned how little was necessary to be done at the first moment, and to have limited the change to the strict ex-  
igency

igency of the case.\* The penetration and enlarged views of Brutus may, however, well be questioned. That prospective wisdom, that sagacity which provides for the contingencies of five centuries was not possessed by Brutus, nor indeed by any other mortal of whom we have authentic records. Merely to\* change the number of elective magistrates from one to two, and to leave to time and chance the task of correcting all those evils which it was evident would and actually did arise from this new constitution, certainly discovered no extraordinary mental vigour. Yet this was all that Brutus achieved, even if we subscribe to the veracity of the statement, which is at least questionable. We, who live after the events, are too apt to mistake natural consequences for predisposed causes. In the words of a philosophical writer, 'Nous oublions en quelque sorte que nous sommes venus après les évènements. Nous les parcourons d'abord avec avidité; et parcequ' ensuite nous voulons observer l'enchaînement des choses, nous nous transportons dans les premiers siècles, d'où il nous est facile de prévoir ce qu'on ne prévoyoit pas encore. Alors il nous paraît naturel que ce qui a été la suite d'un usage ou d'une loi en ait aussi été l'objet, et nous disons: cette révolution est l'effet de cet établissement, donc cet établissement a été fait dans la vue de la produire.†

The death of Tarquin forms, Mr. Bankes observes, (p. 70.) 'a remarkable æra, on account of the first appearance of those violent agitations and dissensions which, during a long period, distracted and convulsed the state, and threatened more than once its utter dissolution.' This remark (which Mr. Bankes may have taken from Macchiavelli)‡ is not correct: for Dionysius, speaking of the death of Tarquin, and of the events consequent upon it, says *ἡ πολιτικὴ ἡ σάσις αὐτῆς ἐπανίσταται*, which of course implies a state of previous dissension. The oppression of the Patricians appears, however, from that time to have been more manifest and decided, and they indulged in considerable exultation at the prospect which his removal opened to them. Nor are there any grounds for another assertion of our historian, (p. 73) that 'there exists probably no parallel instance of a people, in a state of society resembling that of the Romans, rapidly increasing in prosperity and population, and choosing their own magistrates, in which the lower classes lived under so great a degree of depression.' This at least is totally irreconcilable with the picture which he has given us of the preponderance of their authority under Servius Tullius, where, as we have just seen, they are represented as controlling even their monarchs. The depression of which Mr. Bankes complains, was

\* Macchiavelli, Discorsi, i. c. 9.

† Condillac, Hist. Anc. c. 9.

‡ Discorsi, i. c. 3.

in consequence of the division of the citizens into two distinct orders, that of debtor and creditor. As the account is transmitted to us by historians, ancient and modern, we might be led to suppose that one broad and distinct line was drawn between the two classes, and that, according as the party stood on one side or the other, it inflicted or endured the most violent and galling tyranny. But this oppression imposed and submitted to, appears only to have been the natural consequence of a change in the state of affairs, and may be explained satisfactorily. The gradual increase of wealth and property destroyed the original equality of citizens; talents and industry, during the period which had elapsed since the foundation of Rome, rose above stupidity and indolence, and thus exercised a powerful control over them. The wealth and property acquired by the active and intelligent, soon accumulated beyond what they could employ, and they therefore lent the surplus to others. This, as is always the case, in the infancy of commercial and mercantile speculations, bore a very high interest, and produced a great profit—which tempted others to embark in the same career. This consequently lowered its rate, and materially injured the original borrowers, who had still the same high interest to pay, though their gains by the influx of competitors were very considerably diminished. Ruin ensued; the claims which the debtor could not pay in money, he was obliged to satisfy in some other manner. Notwithstanding the rate of interest was lowered for their relief to one per cent. they were still overwhelmed by their difficulties, and were obliged to be bound in service to their creditors. They were then said to be *nexi*.\* In some cases, the debtor discharged his obligation by cultivating the landed property of his creditor.† In others, his goods were seized, his remaining property sold, and he himself with his children, reduced to slavery.‡ Here then we see that the debtor suffered very little more at that time than he does now. We have substituted imprisonment for hard labour, and the family is not involved in the responsibility of the parent. There is no occasion, therefore, we apprehend, for that sympathy expressed by Mr. Banks, for the condition of the lower orders. It proceeded naturally out of the increasing wealth and prosperity of the community.

The secession of the army to the Sacred Mount, which is said to have followed these divisions, its inaction there during many days, its conciliation by a tale of Agrippa, rest on no accounts sufficiently authentic to dispel the air of fable which hangs about them. But whatever may have been the immediate cause of the

\* Liv. lib. vii. c. 19.

† Dionys. v. c. 64, 65.

‡ Livii, ii. 24.

creation

creation of tribunes, it is probable that it took place about this time, and, by its institution, altered or rather destroyed the ancient spirit of the constitution. This office, wrung from the Patricians by the plebeians, at first aimed at nothing more than the establishing a check on patrician exactions and oppression, by opposing a *veto* to their proceedings. The defence was, however, soon changed into an attack; par une maladie éternelle (says Montesquieu\*) des hommes, ces plébéiens qui avoient obtenu des tribuns pour se défendre, s'en servirent pour attaquer; and in the instance of Coriolanus, they succeeded in impeaching a political enemy. Their success is chiefly to be attributed to their having taken the votes by tribes and not by centuries, for which latter method the patricians were most urgent. From this time, a custom began of the tribunes appointing a day for any citizen they chose to impeach, to plead his cause before the people. The consequence of this, was a great increase of power to the popular party, and a corresponding depression of the aristocracy. Dionysius is of opinion that this was upon the whole a salutary practice†—‘Many good and honourable men endured’ (he says) ‘things quite unworthy of their virtues, and lost their lives shamefully and basely by the votes of the tribes; but many bold and tyrannical persons, obliged to give an account of their actions, suffered merited punishment.’ The patricians could not, however, be easily brought to accede to such a humiliation. They continued to protest against the authority of the tribunes, asserting that it was a magistracy not of the people,‡ but of the mob, which mob (as Livy elsewhere asserts) controlled, rather than acknowledged, the power of their own popular officers.

The proposal of the Agrarian law, which was introduced about this time, the effects of which were discernible to the latest period of the republic, increased the popular clamour, depressed the patrician influence, and elevated in proportion the wishes and demands of the lower orders. It was the source of much internal division in the state, but it cannot be doubted that it was one cause of its future grandeur, by indirectly extending its passion for conquest. War was the remedy which the rulers constantly applied to the turbulence and demands of the people; the warlike spirit was thus kept alive and encouraged, till it became an essential

\* Grand. et Dec. c. 8.

† And so thinks Macchiavelli. Questo ordine (he says) fa duoi effetti utilissimi ad una Repubblica. Il primo è che i cittadini per paura di non essere accusati non tentano cose contra allo stato, e tentandole sono incontinentemente e senza rispetto oppressi: l'altro è che si dà via onde sfogare a quelli umori che crescono nelle cittadi in qualunque modo contra a qualunque cittadino. E quando questi umori non hanno onde sfogarsi ordinariamente ricorrono a modi straordinari che fanno rovinare in tutto una repubblica. Discorsi, i. c. 7.

‡ Livii Hist. ii. 56. : *populus* and *plebs* are the distinctive terms he uses.

part of the constitution. The continued indulgence of that spirit led to its confirmation; and what was at first only intended to palliate a disorder, became the source of strength and prosperity. The original proposal for dividing lands had been made some time before, and, what is remarkable, by a patrician, Spurius Cassius, but for purposes of his own\* personal aggrandizement. He paid for his attempt with his life, but he sowed the seeds of that dissension whose bitter fruit was gathered in subsequent ages. The aristocratic party became, after his death, more overbearing and insolent; the consuls neglected the edicts which the law had passed for a division of lands, and even the tribunes seem to have in some measure betrayed their trust, and to have relaxed their exertions. They were accused at least of treachery. The wildness and impracticability of the scheme did not prevent its being constantly proposed; like Antæus, it rose with additional vigour from each overthrow, and kept alive that discord which finally subverted the state. A factious tribune had only to propose this law, popular clamour was always ready to second the proposal, and the despair and poverty of the lower orders, met by an equal though different degree of irritation on the part of the rich, kept the republic in such a state of inflammability, that the slightest occurrence was able to produce an explosion. The utter impracticability of the scheme, its total inconsistency with an advanced period of society, the obvious truth that if all were equal there would be no expansion of that spirit which, in the ornamental or necessary arts, refines and civilizes life; the death-blow put by such a law to one of the strongest desires of our nature, that of improving our condition; these truths, though apparent on a very little reflection,† made no impression on a people not yet sufficiently cultivated to comprehend their importance. They grasped at the near and tangible forms of immediate benefit, and regarded not the shadows of permanent advantage which faintly appeared in the distance.

The law of Volero, A. U. C. 283, (which Mr. Banks imperfectly states to have been merely a law for the creation of all plebeian magistrates in the assembly by tribes) gave a deadly blow to the exclusive jurisdiction of the senate. By that, the people acquired the right of assembling the *Comitia Tributa*, and of there

\* Macchiavelli is mistaken in his account of the origin of the law. He attributes it to a general principle, to a continued spirit of aggrandizement on the part of the people, whereas it was one of individual ambition. *Disc. i. c. 37.*

† And yet Montesquieu asserts, that it was—'le partage égal des terres qui rendit Rome capable de sortir d'abord de son abaissement, et cela se sentit bien quand elle fut corrompue.' *Grand. et Dec. c. 3.*



discussing and enacting any topics or laws which regarded their own interests; and as this latitude of expression enabled them to introduce every public measure into their deliberations, they established the privilege of legislating, without the interference or control of the superior assembly.

The next important step gained by the popular party, was the appointment of commissioners to model a system of regulations as to the authority of consuls, which was followed some years afterwards by the establishment of the decemviral power, and a total change in the government.

This remarkable and, we may even say, unnatural change took place upon the return of the ambassadors, who had been sent to Athens to consult the laws of Solon, and the political institutions of the Grecian states. The people who, according to our historian, had been proceeding with rapid strides towards the accomplishment of their wishes, received at once a decisive check. They agreed to resign the fruits of their exertions, and to relax their efforts against the patrician authority. Without any cause being assigned for this sudden and unaccountable change, inexplicable on any known principle or analogy, we are told that they consented to the appointment of ten patrician magistrates, invested with despotic powers, against which there was to be no appeal, for one whole year. If this really happened, it must have been introduced and brought about by circumstances and events of which we have no remaining accounts: for to suppose that the establishment of the decemviral power followed immediately the violent struggles of the plebeians for independence; to imagine that the energy, the activity with which the lower orders had for some years asserted and preserved their rights, produced the torpor of acquiescence, is as absurd as to suppose that concussion is the cause of rest.

There are natural causes and results in the movement of human affairs, as well as in that of masses of matter; and though they are by no means so apparent, yet it is as unphilosophical to disregard the fixed moral principles of our nature in writing the history of our species, as it would be in a mathematical problem to proceed in direct opposition to an axiom. Mr. Banks has not always kept this in mind, for he informs us (p. 98.) that the appointment of commissioners to establish a permanent system of regulations, as to the authority of consuls, led to the extraordinary powers vested in the decemvirs, or, in other words, the triumph of the people led to its submission.

It was the want of a written law that in fact caused the establishment of the decemviral power: for there appears to have been nothing of the sort except what was contained in the sacred volumes,

to which the patricians only had access.\* The kings used to pronounce judgment, and their judgment was law. This power was continued with the consuls, and their decisions were quoted as precedents by their successors in authority. This barbarous mode of proceeding, which evidently put the lives and property of every individual in daily hazard, could not, it is manifest, long continue in an advancing period of society. The desire which the people expressed for the possession of a code of laws, and the sacrifices which they made to obtain it, may be considered as one of the most decisive proofs of their moral and intellectual improvement. Their police at that time, as Hume has remarked,† was not better than that of Tartars, but henceforth they might lay claims to a higher place in the scale of civilization; and though they were betrayed and oppressed by those whom they had appointed to the office, yet they gained the material point for which they struggled, a more exact definition of their rights as citizens, sooner perhaps by the tyranny, than they would have done by the mildness of their legislators.

At this point we take leave of Dionysius, and with him of a good deal of our doubt and uncertainty; for though Livy, our future guide, is not free from contradictions, yet his art was much more refined and his philosophy more sound; so that though he often narrates what he could not possibly believe, he is yet cautious in general not to offend us by a too glaring exhibition of incredibility. The quarrels of the plebeians and patricians respecting the intermarriage of the two ranks, and the admission of the former to the consular power, is what is now represented as having occupied the public attention. War, as usual, was the remedy which the aristocracy applied to the disorder, and a refusal to enlist was the refuge of the commonalty. The demands, however, of the latter seem to have been made merely for the sake of enjoying the pleasures of a contest, solely for the purpose of feeling the agreeable stimulus of galling their superiors: for when the privilege of electing military tribunes with consular powers was conceded to them, the people created all patricians. The military tribunes vacated their office in the third month, owing to some informality at the election, not discovered till then. The patricians chose an interrex. Then was renewed the dispute whether they should proceed to elect consuls or military tribunes; and the patricians, who were in favour of the former, prevailed. Why? for this curious reason—that the people were certain to confer either honour on the patricians, and it was therefore considered useless to contest the

\* Dionysius, x. i.; and Livy, iv. c. 3.

† Essay on the Populousness of ancient Nations, p. 438.

point. We are not informed why the people, who are represented as so anxious to elect from their body one of the highest officers of the state, should, when they had with much difficulty obtained that privilege, give up the right of exercising it, because, says the historian, they were sure to choose a patrician, and their leaders preferred not being brought within the possibility of being elected, to the certainty of being passed by as unworthy.\* If this account is to be relied upon, it marks undoubtedly a tenacity of power and influence in the patricians, inconsistent with what other parts of the narration would lead us to infer. The plebeian party could not be very strong, if, having at one time obtained a point of great importance for which it contended, it durst not, or could not, exercise it, and at another it feared to use the privilege, lest failure should mark the unworthiness of the candidates which it brought forward. Even when, after the murder of Mælius, by Ahala, master of horse to Cincinnatus, military tribunes were again elected, the people, (these are Livy's words,) although they had been agitated during that year by many and various commotions, did not elect more than three military tribunes, and all of patrician rank. This took place again, shortly after, when the tribunes of the people, having carried their point of proceeding to the election of military tribunes with consular power, had the mortification to find that only patricians were chosen.†

In consequence of these repeated failures, we observe much dissatisfaction amongst the chief men of the popular party. Some were inclined to lay the blame on the people; others accused the patricians of influencing, in an improper manner, their dependants, by prayers and threats. This in part explains the difficulty, and gives us a slight glimpse of the state of society. It from hence appears manifest, that the great mass of the people were still decidedly under the influence of the aristocracy, and the struggle for power was consequently the work only of a few of the most factious. The aristocratical authority was so strong, that the people could not break through it. Their submission seemed even to be in part voluntary, for we, on one occasion, find the tribunes upbraiding the people—*quod admiratione eorum, quos odisset, stupens, in æterno se ipsa teneret servitio*:‡ Or shall we suppose that the tribes were not always true to each other? We read that Appius Claudius, grandson of the decemvir, reminded the senate of the opinion of his ancestor, who advised that the tribunitian power should be rendered ineffective, by courting those tribunes who had not the highest repute with the people. When these observe, he remarked, that their colleagues have pre-occupied the chief places

\* Livii Hist. iv. c. 7.

† Id. iv. c. 16. 25.

‡ Id. iv. c. 35.

with the popular party, and that there is no hope of distinction left for them in that quarter, they will easily be brought to co-operate with the senate.\* Appius showed at least his knowledge of human nature by the advice he gave. Every day's experience will supply us with examples of political adventurers relinquishing the cause to which they had sworn allegiance, by the disappointment of hope, or the despair of success. Few men who have formed exalted notions of their own merit, can forgive neglect on one side, or withstand flattery on the other.

The invasion of the Gauls put a stop for a time to all internal commotions. When we resume the study of the Roman history after that event, we behold the light of truth gradually breaking over the dark horizon which has hitherto surrounded us, until, about the time of the invasion of Pyrrhus, 280 years before the Christian æra, we enjoy at length the full radiance of the day. A wide field of instruction is thenceforward opened to the student's inspection, from whence he may establish his speculations on firm grounds, and enrich political philosophy with important observations. But the extent of the subject warns us from lightly attempting its investigation.

It remains for us briefly to express our opinion of the work which has given rise to the foregoing criticism, and to which we have had occasion so frequently to allude in the course of the disquisition. We entertain much respect for Mr. Bankes's character, we look upon him as an upright and conscientious statesman, and we willingly profess our approbation of the independence of his mind and the general purity of his public conduct. But he appears, we regret to say, very deficient in the powers requisite for the due performance of the historian's office. These powers may with propriety be classed under the three general heads of—1. Investigation. 2. Reflection. 3. Style. And whether Mr. Bankes possesses any of these important qualifications, we shall, with as much brevity as possible, submit to the consideration of our readers.

First, with respect to extent of research—Mr. Bankes, it is evident, has contented himself with the most easy and obvious sources of information. Nor has he attempted in his inquiries to penetrate beneath the mere surface of recorded facts and opinions. He has not been at the pains to reconcile contradictions and explain inconsistencies, nor has he drawn the line between gratuitous assertions and connected proof, on which the credibility of historic evidence, and consequently its whole value, materially depends. He has attributed the same degree of authority to the garrulous inanity of a mere chronicler, as to the hints of the philosophic in-

\* Liv. Hist. iv. c. 48.

quirer; and of course his narrative can possess little of that trustworthiness which is to be derived only from uniformity of testimony and the correspondence of detached and insulated facts. Mr. Bankes has not indeed himself given us an opportunity of comparing his authorities, and ascertaining the different degrees of credit which are to be attached to each, for he has not indulged us with a single note of reference. He has by these means avoided, perhaps, the danger of having the credibility of his history impugned by the common reader: the authorities of Dionysius, of Polybius, and of Plutarch, do not indeed stare the indolent peruser in the face at the bottom of the page, and make him pause before he gives equal credence to the assertions of authors so different in character, in genius, and veracity; but those who have derived their knowledge of Roman history from the original writers, and have wished at least to form a consistent and impartial idea of it in all its bearings; those who have experienced the contradictions, the inconsistencies, the absurdities of one class of authorities, and have endeavoured to check them by the sagacity and reserve of an opposite order of writers, those only know how to appreciate the credibility of that apparently uniform and continuous narrative which other modern historians, as well as Mr. Bankes, have endeavoured to preserve in their details. The intrinsic value of a history depends upon the extent and accuracy of research displayed in its compilation; and that extent can only be marked, that accuracy can alone be established by copious reference. Notes are indispensable to its existence; they are the guarantees for its trustworthiness; they are the only measure which the reader possesses of the credulity or discrimination of the writer. Without them he does not know whether he is depending on the assertions of a Dionysius or a Tacitus, and he may, for any thing he knows to the contrary, be reposing on the tales of the former, that confidence which he perhaps would be willing to concede only to the philosophic narrative of the latter. The personal friends indeed of the historian may feel satisfied that he would advance nothing as matter of historic truth except what he had attentively examined and expressly believed; but what inference will all other persons draw from a history without note or reference? They will assuredly never rest their belief on its assertions; they will never receive its unsupported details as matter of strict and conclusive evidence.

When the historian has collected and arranged his facts, the next important operation is that of philosophic induction and reflection. The common course of events can be observed and narrated by the most common understanding; the greater part of those who write and read history, compose and peruse for no other end than to

obtain a continued narrative, a chronicle of the deeds of warriors and of statesmen. History written in this manner may amuse the fancy and saturate the memory, but it affords no exercise to the understanding, it gives us no opportunity of moral advancement, and, as a medium of political instruction, is altogether inert and inoperative. The philosophic investigator of the history of man takes a higher ground, and from that elevated point enjoys a more extensive survey of the moral scene. He distrusts the obvious and superficial causes of the events which he describes; he casts a penetrating glance far beyond the sphere of those actions which others have recorded as the external parts of the political machine, and fixes upon the hidden power which gives motion to the whole. Distant analogies, undesigned coincidence, facts separately immaterial, conjunctively conclusive afford to him grounds of reasoning and conviction; and through the obscure and entangled labyrinth of insignificant and contradictory testimony, from the confusion of discordant opinions and statements which float apparently without order in the stream of tradition, he selects and combines the materials of credible narration and philosophic reflection. The springs of action which he discovers are invisible to common eyes, the narrative which he constructs is derived from sources, and rests upon proofs, which ordinary understandings cannot reach or comprehend, and the moral which he draws from the great and eventful past, impresses by its universal application the statesmen of all ages and of all countries.

It remains that the historian should embody the fruits of his researches in language worthy of the theme. A style perspicuous but not familiar, dignified but not ostentatious, rich in illustration but not redundant in ornament, must display that simple grandeur of fancy, and that lucid depth of intellect which may elevate and inform the mind of a student.—But we have no wish to proceed farther in the inquiry.

We hope we may be mistaken, but we confess that in Mr. Baynes's volumes we do not imagine that many readers will be able to discover any symptoms of those qualities with which we have ventured to invest the character of the genuine historian.

---

ART. II.—*Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.* By Lewis Cottingham, Architect. Large folio. London. 1822.

ON a former occasion (vol. xxv. p. 116.) we expressed a desire that some able draftsman would produce a collection of good drawings of Gothic details, such as should be calculated to assist the architect in the erection of correct Gothic buildings, unalloyed by

by the blunders and deformities of the Batty-Langley school. Mr. Cottingham seems to have attended to our wishes; his plates are intelligible, accurate and cheap, but he might have made a selection of more useful examples. The luxuriant Gothic, to which his attention has been principally given, is much less beautiful than the earlier styles. Henry the Seventh's chapel, however fine the vaulting may be, is a bad model for imitation. And, independently of other objections, the expense of working in this style almost forbids the use of stone, and compels the builder to have recourse to cement or composition. The only use to which the Tudor style can be well applied is to interior ornament. In the continuation of the work we would advise Mr. Cottingham to exert his industry upon the architecture of the first and second eras, of which such excellent specimens are found at Ely, Salisbury, and Lincoln, and in the noble buildings of France. In every respect, the simpler orders of the pointed arch are best calculated for revival. Mr. Cottingham has given an interesting account of the restoration of the interior of the chapel, executed under the inspection of Mr. Gayfere, the abbey mason. This work, requiring the greatest care, skill, and yet effected at a most moderate expense, has often occasioned some strangely inconsiderate remarks in the House of Commons. Whenever the motion is made for the annual grant, half a dozen members start up and ask 'why the Dean and chapter do not repair their own church?' Now to this question a ready and convincing answer can be given. Henry the Seventh's chapel, a royal foundation, and the burial-place of so many of our monarchs, has always been regarded as the proper and peculiar object of public munificence. An appeal may be made to the authority of Sir Christopher Wren to show that the Dean and chapter of the collegiate church, to which this sepulchral chapel happens to be annexed, without being a part of it, are, and ought not to defray the cost of its repairs. The public are little aware of the charges to which the Dean and chapter are already subjected. They expend, as appears by a statement submitted to Parliament, more than two thousand pounds a year in the ordinary and necessary repairs of the abbey and the adjoining buildings; and the total sum expended by them for the twenty years preceding the date of the statement, amounted to nearly forty thousand pounds. In the last century repeated grants were made by Parliament in aid of the building funds of the abbey, and certainly upon a proper principle. If it is reasonable that a parish church should be repaired by the parishioners who resort to it, there is surely no injustice in asking this great nation to contribute to the preservation of a structure which may be considered as its property and honour.

We return to our favourite theme of architecture with peculiar



satisfaction at a period like the present, when Parliament, yielding to the wishes of the soundest portion of the community, has applied the sum of a million toward the erection of new churches. We do not bestow the epithets of magnificent or munificent upon this grant, which is scarcely worthy of the nation or of its object. Merely for promoting the temporal interests of the community, and without even considering the benefit which religion will derive from increasing the number of edifices destined for divine worship, it is difficult to deny the national advantages produced by such an expenditure. When the adjustment now taking place between the war and peace currency shall have been effected, a plain and intelligible policy will require many repetitions of the grant. The operation of such applications of the national resources may be best illustrated by transcribing the eloquent arguments adduced by Mr. Southey.

"Statesmen," says Mr. Burke, "before they value themselves on the relief given to the people by the destruction (or diminution) of their revenue, ought first to have carefully attended to the solution of this problem;—whether it be more advantageous to the people to pay considerably, and to gain in proportion; or to gain little or nothing, and to be disburthened of all contribution." And in another place this great statesman says, "the prosperity and improvement of nations has generally increased with the increase of their revenues; and they will both continue to grow and flourish, as long as the balance between what is left to strengthen the efforts of individuals, and what is collected for the common efforts of the state, bear to each other a due reciprocal proportion, and are kept in a close correspondence and communication." This opinion is strikingly corroborated by the unexampled prosperity which the country enjoyed during the war,—a war of unexampled expenditure: and the stupendous works of antiquity, the ruins of which at this day so mournfully attest the opulence and splendour of states which have long since ceased to exist, were in no slight degree the causes of that prosperity of which they are the proofs. Instead therefore of this senseless cry for retrenchment, which is like prescribing depletion for a patient whose complaints proceed from inanition, a liberal expenditure should be advised in works of public utility and magnificence. For if experience has shown us that increased expenditure during war, and a proportionately increasing prosperity have been naturally connected as cause and consequence; it is neither rash nor illogical to infer, that a liberal expenditure in peace upon national works would produce the same beneficial effect, without any of the accompanying evil. Money thus expended will flow like chyle into the veins of the state, and nourish and invigorate it. Build, therefore, our monuments for Trafalgar and Waterloo, and let no paltry considerations prevent them from being made worthy of the occasion, and of the country;—of the men who have fought, conquered, and died for us;—of Nelson, of Wellington, and of Great Britain. Let them be such as  
may

may correspond in splendour with the actions to which they are consecrated, and vie, if possible, in duration, with the memory of those immortal events. They are for after-ages; the more magnificent they may be, the better will they manifest the national sense of great public services, and the more will they excite and foster that feeling in which great actions have their root. In proportion to their magnificence, also, will be the present benefit, as well as the future good; for they are not like the Egyptian pyramids, to be raised by bondsmen under rigorous taskmasters: the wealth which is taken from the people returns to them again, like vapours which are drawn imperceptibly from the earth, but distributed to it in refreshing dews and fertilizing showers. What bounds could imagination set to the welfare and glory of this island, if a tenth part, or even a twentieth of what the war expenditure has been, were annually applied in improving and creating harbours, in bringing our roads to the best possible state, in colonizing upon our waste lands, in reclaiming fens and conquering tracts from the sea, in encouraging the liberal arts, in erecting churches, in building and endowing schools and colleges, and making war upon physical and moral evil with the whole artillery of wisdom and righteousness, with all the resources of science, and all the ardour of enlightened and enlarged benevolence?

With whatever warmth and ingenuity the mode of reasoning adopted by Mr. Southey and by those who profess the same opinions, may have been assailed, no proof has yet been given that they involve any substantial error or mischievous fallacy; whilst it appears more than probable that the doctrines of their opponents are in every respect calculated to check the energies of the community. Perhaps no greater misfortune has ever fallen upon the country than the culpable facility with which government yields to the popular clamour for every kind of retrenchment. But it is not our intention to enter into any questions arising out of politics or political economy. We are quiet men, hating discussions; and consider ourselves sufficiently unlucky in being compelled to assume a controversial tone whilst refuting certain architectural heresies which will come under our consideration, in examining the relative beauties of the different styles of architecture, as applied to practical purposes.

When employed by its authors and inventors, the architecture of Attica and Ionia is faultless. The separate members of the building have a definite relation to the whole. They are aggregated by affinity and connected by apposition. Each one is in its destined place; no one is extraneous or superfluous; all are characterized by fitness and propriety. Grecian architecture is a composition of columns, which are intended to assemble themselves only in the form of a Grecian temple. They seek to enter into no other combination. Beauty and elegance result from their union. The long unvaried horizontal line of the entablature rests in stable tranquillity

lity upon the even ranging capitals below, and the conical shafts are repeated in unbroken symmetry. The edifice is perfect in itself. Therefore it admits of no change in its plan, of no addition to its elevation. It must stand in virgin magnificence, unmated and alone. The Grecian temple may be compared to a single crystal, and the laws by which it is constructed are analogous to the process of crystallization. Disturb the arrangement of the primitive molecules of the crystal, and they will *set* into a misshapen fragment. Increase the number of these crystals, allow them to fix themselves upon each other, and their individual regularity will be lost in the amorphous mass. Thus, in the Grecian temple, the component parts have settled themselves into a shape of perfect harmony, such as is required by their integral figure, but it is a shape which cannot be varied in its outline, nor can it be changed in its proportions. Neither does it submit to be annexed to any other. Every attempt which is made to blend the temple with any other design, produces a lame and discordant effect. We must reject the arch, the noblest invention of architectural science. Porticos cannot be duplicated. Doric columns cannot be raised in stories. No window can open into the cell. No wing can be added to the right or to the left which does not at once convince the observer that it has no real relationship to the centre which it obscures.

How could any other result be anticipated? The sacred architecture of Greece admits of no habitable interior. A cell of narrow dimensions, lighted by an aperture in the roof, and intended to contain a single statue, is the only chamber which can be placed within the walls of the temple. We are not required to enter into the fane. It is a monument which we are to contemplate from without, and which appears in its pride when considered as a portion of the surrounding landscape. The chaste columns and pure sculptures which are now mellowed by the hand of time to a sad and sober grey, originally shone with all the splendour of the east. Every moulding was distinguished by strongly contrasted colours; and the snowy whiteness of the Parian marble was concealed beneath the glowing layers of gold, azure, and vermillion. In the opinion of the Grecian architect, his building was seldom more than the frame-work of his sculpture. He never intended it for social worship. A temple was a shrine upon which decorations were to be displayed. The altar flamed before the portico. The votary was to offer up his sacrifice in the hypæthrum, looking around to the woods, the purpled hills, and the circling horizon.

From the science of its mechanical execution, aided by the transcendent skill of the sculptor, the beauties of the design of the Grecian architect are doubly enhanced. As masons, the Greeks carried

carrie  
cian  
elem  
from  
more  
humb  
was c  
rather  
judgm  
posed  
archi  
he w  
style  
latest  
even  
descr  
token  
matur

Su  
frustr  
Pent  
mater  
His  
cance  
than  
made  
which  
Still  
imag  
scen  
alwa  
moul  
and  
shade  
of id  
tints  
unde  
and

\* M  
nuten  
This  
Agrig  
than  
many  
The n  
out co

carried the art of building to the highest excellence.\* The Grecian architect possessed the means which his mind required. His elements were few. Scarcely any variety of structure was required from his art. He placed a larger number of columns around the more sumptuous edifice, and a smaller number around the more humble structure: he raised the temple and the tomb. His career was definite; he saw the end of it. He was required to perfect, rather than to invent. Grecian architecture submits itself to the judgment, and the judgment is satisfied. A problem has been proposed to which a perfect solution has been given. The Grecian architect performed all that he had promised to himself; all that he wished to have, was given to him: and so soon did the Grecian style attain its wonderful perfection, that, from the earliest to the latest period, a few elegant improvements, scarcely to be discerned even by the practised eye—a few tasteful variations, rather to be described by the learned than felt by the spectator—are the only tokens which denote the progress of Grecian art from infancy to maturity.

Such were not the labours of the Gothic Freemason; he stops frustrated, but not in disappointment. Neither the quarries of Pentelicus nor the chisel of Phidias could assist him. Rude materials and still ruder hands were all that he could command. His architecture must depend upon its innate character and significance. The cathedral is to be considered rather as a forethought than as a finished specimen. It exhibits the effort that has been made to embody those abstract ideas of solemnity and grandeur which could not be fully realized or accomplished by human power. Still the effect has not failed; Gothic architecture appeals to the imagination, and fancy half supplies the deficiencies of the material scene. A Gothic building has always the charms of mystery, it always appears to be larger than its actual dimensions. The mouldings, the pillars, the arches, always create receding shadows; and to the mind, the idea of space arises from a succession of shadows, just as the conception of time results from the succession of ideas. In the earlier Gothic styles, the management of the aerial tints was studied with remarkable skill. The mouldings are all undercut, and the curves are almost invariably of the higher order; and the limbs of the apertures are marked by carrying the mould-

\* None of the works on the antiquities of Greece have entered with sufficient minuteness into the examination of the mechanical execution of the Grecian temples. This deficiency will be supplied by Mr. Cockerell's details of the stupendous temple of Agrigentum. Thrown to the ground by an earthquake, it was dislocated at once rather than ruined, and Mr. Cockerell ascertained that it would be very possible to replace many of the blocks in their original order, and thus rebuild a considerable portion of it. The ingenious contrivances by which the huge masses were fixed upon each other without cement are very remarkable.

ings above the level of the wall. A small fillet also often runs down the front of the lesser columns. By these artifices all the forms of the building are brought out, *painted*, as it were, in *chiaro scuro*; for the minute linear projections catch the light and heighten it, and the undercutting deepens and mellows the shade. In the more luxuriant styles, however, this attention to the tints was neglected, and the mouldings occasionally became shallow and trivial. Daylight is courted by the Gothic architect. The lines and masses of the roofs, and buttresses, and transepts, the ascending pinnacles and towers, are marked and defined by the full blaze of noon, which falls upon them and contrasts itself with the freshness of the apertures, and the darkness of the walls which are behind the sunshine. Gothic architecture seeks to exclude the sight of middle earth. Its genius delights in quadrangles, cloisters, porches; in piles which expand and close round the spectator, leaving him nought to contemplate but themselves and the sky and clouds.

The Gothic style always fills the eye, and conveys the notion of comprehension and capacity. Habitation, and converse, and congregational worship beneath its roof, are seen to be its intent. We are invited to enter into the cathedral. The portals expand, and in the long perspective which appears between the pillars of the porch, and ends in the distant choir, the light darts downwards through the lofty unseen windows, each marked by its slanting beam of luminous haze, chequering the pillars and the pavement, and forming a translucent gloom. Gothic architecture is an organic whole, bearing within it a living vegetating germ. Its parts and lines are linked and united, they spring and grow out of each other. Its essence is the curve, which, in the physical world, is the token of life or organized matter, just as the straight line indicates death or inorganized matter. It is a combination of arches whose circles may be infinitely folded, multiplied, and embraced. Hence the parts of a Gothic building may be expanded indefinitely without destroying its unity. However multiplied and combined, they still retain their relative bearing; however repeated, they never encumber each other. All the arched openings, the tall mullioned windows, the recessed doors, are essential parts; they do not pierce the walls of the structure, on the contrary, they bind them together. The spire may rise aloft, the large and massy walls may lengthen along the soil, but still the building preserves its consistency. Richness of decoration, colour and gold may increase the effect of the Gothic style, but the inventor chiefly relies upon his art and science. Gravitation, which could bring the stone to the ground, is the power which fixes it in the archivolt, and every pinnacle bears witness to the mastery which the architect has gained. Frequently the details are bad. Parts considered by themselves

are

are of  
all mi  
of the  
archite  
create  
the wa  
for th  
matur  
that o  
desecr  
conver  
charac  
use re

Ma  
or pri  
pure  
civil  
archit  
templ  
No a  
Plate  
nies,  
appro  
Whe  
congr  
geom  
pleas  
stand  
are c  
and u  
with  
which  
again  
of th  
sider  
his st  
churc  
struc

\* If  
stood  
ingeni  
this p  
ments  
the be  
very l

are often destitute of beauty, but they are always relevant, and all minor faults are lost in the merits of the entirety. The history of the style accounts for its propriety, its chiefest merit. Gothic architecture, whatever its primitive elements may have been, was created in the northern parts of Europe; it was there adapted to the wants of a more inclement sky. Its structures were destined for the religious worship of the people amongst whom it was matured. In a Gothic church no idea can possibly arise, save that of Christianity and of the rites of Christianity. We cannot desecrate it even in thought. From its mode of construction no convenience which we need, ever becomes a blemish, and its character assimilates itself to every emblem or ornament which its use requires.

Many of our contemporaries, whose genius no one can respect or prize more highly than we do, are desirous of introducing the pure Grecian style for the purposes both of ecclesiastical and of civil architecture. But even their talents cannot naturalize the architecture of ancient Greece in modern England. The Grecian temple will not submit to be transported into our atmosphere. No adaptation can be given which will reconcile it to utility. Plate-glass windows glaring through the intercolumniations, chimnies, and chimney-pots arranged above the pediment, are just as appropriate as English nouns and verbs in a Greek hexameter. When the portfolio is opened and the drawing is shown, these incongruities escape observation in the neat lines and colouring of a geometrical elevation, which can be made to look just as the artist pleases.\* But when the scaffold is struck from the real building standing in the open air, then they strike us most forcibly; and we are compelled to acknowledge that its principles are too stubborn and unmanageable. View the Grecian temple as a dwelling and with relation to its inhabitants, and then every part and portion which contributes to comfort or convenience, is a grievous sin against architectural fitness; they are rejected by the very essence of the building into which they obtrude themselves. Is it considered with regard to its destination, is the architect retiring into his study to plan the justice-hall, or the palace, the college, or the church? Why then, every sign which tells the intention of the structure, which connects it with the policy, the learning, or the

\* If solid models were more in use, the effect of our buildings would be better understood both by the architect and by his employer. For models on a small scale, a very ingenious application has been made of *elder pith*, a substance hitherto unemployed for this purpose. It is capable of being stamped into the most delicate architectural ornaments, and the fineness of its texture and the mellowness of its colour, add greatly to the beauty of the mimic buildings. This discovery, for it deserves the name, is as yet very little known.

religion

religion of our age, becomes a monstrous and perpetual solecism. If the aid of the chisel is called in for the purpose of decorating any pure Grecian building, we are compelled to abandon every shape and form which bespeak a modern origin. For instance, in the public buildings of all nations, the architect feels, or ought to feel, the necessity of introducing the distinguishing symbols of the people in whose land the pile was raised. From them the structure obtains its national character. Heraldic ornaments may therefore be considered, not as ornaments, but as the significant stamp of our edifices; yet an artist would never venture to place the arched crown or barred helmet in the pediment, or to bring the lion and the unicorn in conjunction with the stately Doric portico.\* Would a Roman architect have been afraid of the eagle? These observations may appear trifling, but if they are considered, it will be soon understood how such scruples and difficulties estrange the architect from the intellectual cultivation of his art, and reduce him to a mere mechanical draftsman.

The objections which present themselves against the pure Grecian style, do not operate with equal force against that modification of the Roman orders which was invented by the great Italian architects who flourished after the revival of the arts. This style has been called an adulterated style. It may be admitted that a new compound has been formed, but the alloy possesses a ductility which is denied to the purer metal. And we do not scruple to acknowledge, that, if we were practical architects, we would gladly err like Bramante, and Palladio, and Michael Angelo. This style has been so judiciously matured and naturalized as to acquire great propriety and a great degree of picturesque beauty. Perhaps it was perfected in England. Wren, the Ariosto of architecture, brought it to the highest degree of excellence. It is a bad omen for the progress of architecture, that so many attempts should now be made to depreciate the productions of this great man, the pride and honour of

\* It is lamentable to note the treatment which these respectable animals receive from modern sculptors when they seek to *classicize* them. They are usually compelled to turn their rumps against the shield which they ought to support, and that in the most awkward manner. Artists in general are completely ignorant of the decencies of the science of heraldry. One blunder, which they perpetually commit, and which shocks the eyes and the judgment of the herald, is the practice of bundling up the royal bearings in a circle within the garter, instead of representing them on the shield. The prescriptive forms of heraldic animals should never be varied under the mistaken idea that they are improved by bringing them to a nearer resemblance to nature. They are not intended to represent natural animals, they are symbols like the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Brooke, the herald, once went to the Tower for the purpose of seeing the lions. When the worthy King-at-arms was introduced into the presence chamber of the royal beasts, he swore that the warder was cheating him;—he had tricked lions any time these forty years, passant, rampant, couchant, regardant, and he ought to know what a lion was. As a herald, Brooke had a right to be incredulous.



English art. The exterior of St. Paul's cathedral resulted from the earnest reflection and labour of a most comprehensive mind. From the pavement of the area up to the cross-crowned globe, there is not a portion which can be removed without destroying the integrity of the composition. It was all present and visible to the mind's eye of the architect before a line was drawn upon the paper. It tells a complete story, neither weakened by after-thoughts nor disfigured by redundances. If snail-like we crawl about the surface, we may grope and stumble upon some petty deformities, an unclassical vase or an inelegant scroll, but no one who has the heart to appreciate this master-piece can be patient when he hears such cavilling criticism.

Wren had the conception of a painter. Architects often fail from the poverty and meagreness of the masses and returns. They compose their buildings out of screens and façades. They seem to forget that a building is to be viewed from more than one point of view, and in various lights. One of the pleasures which we derive from the contemplation of architecture, arises from the manner in which the object unfolds and varies as we approach it, or recede from it, or walk around it. We study the play of the perspective and the changes of the shadowing. The spectator wishes to have a spectacle of which the merits are not to be made out at once. A building destitute of these powers of stimulus and provocation, is like a fair woman's countenance without intelligence or passion, a second look begets indifference, a third, satiety. Wren fully understood the method of giving architectural expression. His lines and masses are always working upon each other. The small low door at the side of each belfry of St. Paul's marks the loftiness of the pile. By coupling the pillars of the double portico he obtained further breadths of shadow as well as greater altitude than he could have done by adhering to the plan of the Grecian portico. And the pyramidal belfrys unite in a symmetrical group with the towering dome, based upon the colonnade which circles and retreats below.

The claims of any particular style, and the merit of any building, may be estimated according to a very simple and intelligible principle. The real architect ought not to work by line and rule; he should recollect that he is composing a work which ought to have a given intent. Whenever he determines to adopt any system which prevents him from yielding to the *meaning* of his structure, he ought to apprehend that he is in the wrong. Whenever he feels himself cramped by his pattern, he may be assured that the precedent, however good in itself, is bad for the purpose to which he makes it a slave. Lines of equal length, duly rhymed and well disposed in pages of equal dimensions, do not constitute a poem unless they

they have sense within them. Columns however prettily arranged, pediments though classical, architraves, friezes, stylobates, do not make an architectural work unless they are so disposed as to conform to the end and object of the edifice which they adorn. Should they not perform this duty, the builder is no architect. The fabric may be sumptuous, comfortable and convenient, but as a production of the art it has no more merit than a barn—not even so much,—because the barn-door, and the thatched roof, and the weather-boarded sides, are all in keeping with the threshing-floor within;—and this is not the case with such an unmeaning structure. It is the business of the architect to unite splendour when a display of wealth is desired, comfort and convenience in all cases, with that intelligence which alone entitles him to an artist's name. As the poet seeks that every phrase and word which he employs should be poetical and analogous to the style and character of his poem, so should the architect try to keep every member and portion of his building concordant to its intent. It would be a grievous sin against good taste, that is to say against common sense, if in a Christian hymn we were to introduce the mythology of Ovid or Virgil. This will be readily acknowledged, and the fault could not be committed by any one of the present day. But is it less incongruous to adorn the walls of a Christian church with the scull of the slaughtered bull and the sacrificial patera? Architects are perpetually introducing *classical* emblems, as they call them; but if they are employed as things without meaning, they are nonsense. And if we consider them as bearing a meaning, then their signification is so out of place that it becomes an absurdity.

An architect should recollect that he is not a pupil whose merits consist in repeating a lesson by rote, but a man who deserves no praise unless he makes an intelligent use of the lesson. If he would take the liberty of thinking for himself, he would certainly remedy such gross and palpable errors. It would not be difficult to preserve some degree of consistency even in a church built according to the Grecian or Roman orders. Instead of the lotus, or the honeysuckle, or the acanthus, there might be introduced the vine, the palm, the olive; which in a certain degree have the character of scriptural trees. Many of the emblems of Hope, Faith, and Redemption, found on the tombs of the early Christians, might be advantageously employed; and without the slightest approximation to the rank adornments of popery, the artist could adopt such a system of Christian iconology as should be neither ungraceful nor unappropriate.

Texts or inscriptions may be so managed as to become very ornamental and impressive. But the letters should be large and deep, and

and cu  
the bu  
archite  
mitted  
the lin  
the re  
collec  
to him  
beaut  
being  
labou  
tions  
of mo  
built  
lines  
after  
powe  
terest  
Bridg  
which  
rant  
A  
of ol  
we h  
in bi  
four  
Scrip  
the  
cock  
to en

\* T  
eccles  
spons  
ficata  
tendit  
enim  
propin  
singul  
Virga  
quatu  
quæ v  
id est  
Hæ in  
Per c  
gimus  
colum  
—Ra  
dicts  
antiq

and cut in the hard stone, as a part of the original conception of the building, and not painted on, as a subsequent addition. The architect should also avoid the most vulgar error, so often committed in printed books, of adding chapter and verse at the end of the line. Whenever a quotation is addressed to the *imagination* of the reader, we must assume that we are merely bringing to his recollection the words of an author whose works are already known to him. We should not appear to teach something new. The beauty of an illustrative quotation consists in its being apt, in its being familiar to our minds. It must seem to present itself without labour, not as if we had sought it out. The total want of inscriptions upon our modern buildings is a further proof of the vagueness of modern architecture. It was not thus among the ancients. They built for the people, who saw their chronicles upon the marble. The lines were read by the fathers, the children, the grandchildren, and after the lapse of ages, the moss-grown characters add the most powerful charms to the majestic ruin. These means of giving interest to architecture are now always neglected. The Waterloo Bridge, unquestionably the finest in the world, might for any thing which appears upon the granite, have been erected by a people ignorant of the art of writing. It does not even bear a date.

A church should never vary from the established plans adopted of old; nor should it be wanting in any one of the parts which we have been accustomed to see in sacred buildings. Durandus,\* in his description of a church, finds allegories throughout. The four walls are the four cardinal virtues. By the windows the Scriptures are represented. The columns figure the Doctors; the steeples are Prelates: and he ascends unto the weathercock, which he turns into a tale of mystery. It is not necessary to endue porches and steeples with this kind of reverence; but still

\* The solemn dulness of the allegories of Durandus is almost amusing:—*Turres ecclesie, predicatorum sunt et prelati ecclesie qui sunt munimen et defensio ejus. Unde sponsus ad sponsam in canticis amoris sic loquitur: Collum tuum sicut turris David edificata cum propugnaculis.—Pinaculum turris, vitam vel mentem prelati, quæ ad alta tendit, representat. Gallus super ecclesiam positus, predicatorum designat. Gallus enim profunda noctis pervigil horas suo cantu dividit: dormientes excitat; diem appropinquantem præcinit, sed prius seipsum alarum verberibus ad cantandum excitat. Hæc singula mysterio non carent . . . . .*  
*Virga ferrea in qua Gallus sedet, rectum representat prædicantis sermonem, ut non loquatur ex spiritu hominis sed Dei. Fenestræ ecclesie vitræ, sunt scripture divine, quæ ventum et pluviam repellunt: id est, nociva prohibent, et, dum claritatem veri solis, id est, Dei, in ecclesiam, id est in corda fidelium transmittunt, inhabitantes illuminant. Hæc intus latiores sunt quia mysticus sensus amplior est, et præcedit literalem . . . . .*  
*Per cancellos verò, qui sunt ante fenestras, prophetas vel alios doctores obscuros intelligimus ecclesie militantes, in quibus ob duo charitatis præcepta, quandoque duæ columnæ duplicantur, secundum quod Apostoli bini ad prædicandum mittuntur . . . .*  
*—Rationale Divinorum Officiorum, l. i. c. 1. The mention of the weathercock contradicts a common notion, that it replaced the cross after the Reformation; and proves the antiquity of the custom.*

it is not proper to innovate by mutilating the building of its accustomed members. The influence of visible objects over the mind cannot be resisted, and the absence of architectural costume, if we may so express ourselves, completely destroys the dignity of the building.

In the disposition of the interior, modern architects vary from the proper ecclesiastical arrangements, in a very unjustifiable manner. It is scarcely possible to create a more palpable blemish than that which is occasioned by placing the pulpit in the centre of the nave. In a dissenting meeting-house, it may be proper to assign this station to the preacher, but it is quite inconsistent with the intent of our liturgy, and should never be tolerated. The situation of the reading-desk below the pulpit, like the desk of an auctioneer's clerk, is equally inappropriate. An organ and an organist over the altar must also be considered as an inexcusable violation of the decency of the building. By considering the plans of the earlier Christian churches, many useful hints may be obtained, particularly respecting the situations to be assigned to the ministers and the congregation. Much information on this subject is collected in the '*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*' of Bingham, a writer who does equal honour to the English clergy and to the English nation, and whose learning is only to be equalled by his moderation and impartiality.

Ornaments may be soberly and discreetly introduced. When an altar-piece is admitted, it should never be mounted in a fine gilt frame and considered as a *picture*. In every public building, and, perhaps, in most private habitations, paintings or statues should never bear the appearance of pieces of furniture. They should never look like things which can be put up and taken down at pleasure. The effect produced by such works of art is materially diminished if they seem to be strangers and brought in merely for show. They then are redundant epithets in the *work*, which it would be better to expunge. On the other hand, their value is greatly increased when they have the distinctive character of being required by the predetermined plans of the architect; and indeed they should never be treated otherwise than as ancillary to the architecture. Even the clock, which is usually productive of so much unpicturesque deformity in our steeples, might, if the architect considered it, bear the appearance of belonging to *him*, instead of being supplied 'as per order of vestry' by the manufacturer. In the Flemish churches, instead of the solid shining black face and smart gilt numerals, the architects employ large rings or circles of bronze, between which the figures, cut out of plates of the same metal, are fixed. This open-worked metallic tracery agrees completely with the stone tracery, and does not obscure any part of the architecture. A figure of the sun, the measurer of time, is some-

times

time  
its ra  
the t

M

sequ  
than  
the c  
gran  
body  
pave  
the l  
into  
the r  
ing f  
'hea  
be s  
neces

Th  
order  
diffic  
Goth  
when  
Corin  
—and  
it star  
When  
into a  
ture.  
It is c  
but w  
polis-  
judici  
of tr  
this o  
on th  
tutela  
All  
most  
its ass  
to ave  
and a  
altera  
which  
from  
case

VO

times placed in the centre of the inner circle, which it supports by its rays, and when colouring was required, the architects used azure, the tint of the celestial sphere.

Most of our modern churches have a mean appearance in consequence of their want of elevation; they seldom range higher than the adjoining houses. As long as the custom of depositing the dead in vaults shall continue to prevail, we may add to the grandeur of the building without increasing the expense. The body of the church might be made to stand upon an undercroft, the pavement whereof should not be more than one or two feet below the level of the adjoining ground. This crypt might be divided into sepulchral chapels, and the monies to be raised by the sale of the right of interment to families would go in aid of the building funds. No church should be without a lofty steeple. The 'heaven-directed spire' has a sacred dignity which should never be sacrificed except under the pressure of the most imperious necessity.

There is considerable difficulty in combining a steeple with the orders of Grecian or Roman architecture. Wren mastered the difficulty, and produced combinations scarcely inferior to the Gothic. The Grecian or Roman steeple appears worst and ugliest, when, as at St. Martin's in the Fields, it is seen *riding* athwart a Corinthian portico, to which it does not bear the slightest affinity;—and best, when, according to the favourite practice of Palladio, it stands by the side of the edifice as a campanile or bell tower. When so managed, it is grouped with the lines of the building into a pleasing mass, without being based upon a discordant feature. In London we have only one example of this arrangement. It is exhibited in a building which has been scoffed at and scorned, but which, in truth, is one of the most picturesque in the metropolis—the church of St. George, Bloomsbury. Let any unprejudiced observer view the front of this building, divesting himself of traditionary prejudice, and he will acknowledge the truth of this observation. We will not even censure the statue, which, placed on the summit of the pyramid, appears to look down like a tutelary saint.

All things fairly considered, the Gothic style appears to be the most reasonable order for an English church. It is consecrated by its associations, and the most ordinary architect may easily learn to avoid any marked impropriety. It should be managed freely, and although we would not admit of any fantastic or capricious alterations of the style as existing in the great master-pieces, with which this island abounds, still the architect should not be inhibited from such a discreet power of adaptation as the circumstances of the case may require. Such variations, however, will be very rarely

needed,

needed, and then only in the disposition of the subordinate parts of the edifice. Our modern workmen are capable of executing the finest ornaments of the Gothic style. Mr. Gayfere's restorations of the front of Westminster Hall, and of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, might excite the envy of the most cunning freemason of the elder day. And the science which raised the Waterloo-bridge would enable the architect to groin the loftiest quire. In such of our English Gothic buildings as were erected after the age of Edward I. the drawing of the sculptures is often rude and clumsy: but it is a strange mistake to suppose that when the architect copies the Gothic style, it is also necessary to copy the imperfections resulting from want of skill in a peculiar branch of art. He is under no obligations to reproduce ugliness. Let him take all forms which are beautiful, and reject all such as are displeasing. In the Gothic of France the human figure is often treated with remarkable purity of design; and there is no reason whatever why the statue in a Gothic tabernacle should not have as much elegance as if it were placed in a Roman niche. The costume of the middle ages may be treated with the utmost elegance. The monumental statues now erecting by Mr. Westmacott, for Lord Grosvenor, point out the method in which *real* classical taste—that is to say, the taste which seeks propriety—may be applied to the Gothic style. If a costume, *not being that of real life*, is to be borrowed for our heroic statues, the ancient English state robes have at least as good claims as the Roman mantle, to which they bear a near affinity: and the open crown of Edward the Confessor, encircled by the mystic fleur-de-lys, of which the prototype appears on the monuments of the Pharaohs, would deck the brows of the monarch with full as much grace as the laurel wreaths of the Cæsars. With regard to the subordinate decorations, it may be remarked that painted glass is usually executed upon an erroneous principle. When large plates are used, as by the artists of the Eginton school, they destroy the effect which it is intended they should produce. This art partakes as much of the nature of mosaic as of painting, and it never succeeds except when, as in the excellent productions of the sixteenth century, the figures are formed of pieces adapted to the outline, the lead being lost in the shadows.

In the country some good specimens of Gothic architecture have been recently erected. The episcopal chapels at Edinburgh are well known. These are in the latter styles; but the new church of Theale, near Reading, built and endowed by Mrs. Sheppard, is a happy employment of the early or lancet Gothic, and affords full proof that no style can be worked more easily or with better effect. This foundation deserves a particular account. Mrs. Sheppard is patroness of the living of Tilehurst, in which parish

the

the  
mu  
Til  
vid  
livin  
Til  
tern  
pari  
bett  
desi  
Pre  
bro  
a bu  
ther  
arch  
that  
sum  
all i  
A  
appe  
such  
with  
to co  
neces  
exter  
thick  
eight  
seven  
chur  
the w  
stone  
conta  
bell t  
but v  
happ  
when  
Mrs.  
but f  
Com  
Greci  
as it v  
new b  
was p  
ing w  
vaul

the village of Theale is locally included. Its population had much increased, and being situated three miles from the church at Tilehurst, Mrs. Sheppard obtained an act of Parliament which divided the living of Tilehurst into two rectories, making the new living worth five hundred pounds per annum, while the living of Tilehurst is still worth double that sum. Upon Mrs. Sheppard's determining to erect a handsome and substantial church in the new parish, Mr. Edward Garbett, a young architect, son of Mr. Garbett, the surveyor of Winchester cathedral, was selected to furnish designs, which were submitted to the approval of the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, Rector of Tilehurst, and brother of Mrs. Sheppard. The architect was anxious to produce a building that should be useful and ornamental. His plans were therefore wholly composed from the best examples of the ancient architecture of the early pointed style, which admitted of a design that Mr. Garbett considered he should be able to complete for the sum allowed, and at the same time to imitate as closely as possible all its essential characteristics.

At first the mechanical execution of the mouldings and arches appeared difficult to workmen who had never been accustomed to such employment. Some of the mouldings are seven feet in girth, with numerous enrichments. The architect therefore determined to commence the work himself, and to visit it weekly, or oftener if necessary; and by practice the workmen acquired great facility. The exterior is built of Bath stone, the walls are from four to five feet thick, the length of the church is eighty feet, the width twenty-eight feet, and the height, at the springing of the vaulting, thirty-seven. The whole is built on an arched crypt. Attached to the church is an octagonal robing-room, in a corresponding style. At the west-end of the church is a beautiful open porch, entirely of stone; and although the size of it is only ten feet by thirteen, it contains thirty columns. It is intended to add a campanile or bell tower, copied from that which formerly stood at Salisbury, but which was demolished by the late Mr. Wyatt, under the unhappy notion of improving the view of the cathedral. The building when completed will cost upwards of fifteen thousand pounds, and Mrs. Sheppard defrays the whole expense. In London we have but few specimens of Gothic amongst the new churches. The Commissioners have now determined to adopt nothing but pure Grecian architecture. We greatly regret this resolution, inasmuch as it will tend to give a character of the dullest monotony to the new buildings. The design for the new Gothic church at Chelsea was passed before they had adopted this resolution. This fine building will be distinguished by the peculiarity of possessing a groined vaulting of stone, the first which has been executed since the revival



of Gothic architecture. When the plan of the roof was submitted to the Commissioners they considered it as impracticable; but it has been executed with complete success: and it is ascertained that buildings may be roofed with cross vaulting at less expense than the cost of a roof of iron or timber. If these examples were followed, we might hope for a more speedy improvement in the general feeling.

A few words must be said respecting sculpture. We will not call sculpture a cognate art, because it is really inseparable from architecture. We may lament that in the present age, the professors of the two arts are so completely divorced in practice. They were not disjoined in the good days of Italy, and we have sufficient genius in England to tempt us to wish for their re-union. In historical and monumental sculpture a very questionable taste has been fostered by an ill-directed study of the remains of antiquity. Symbolical representations were employed by the ancients, who always understood their work, with a thorough propriety of invention and of conception. Symbolical figures form as definite a mode of conveying ideas as the letters of the alphabet: when combined they form a word and impart a notion. But the symbols of the classical age are grounded upon a creed wholly foreign to us, and which has reached us only in disjointed fragments. The alphabet has gone out of use, and the language is a dead language; and in its place we mock the ancients by substituting *allegorical* representations, that is to say, by hewing metaphors in stone, vague, strained, and bombastical, affording no satisfaction to the learned, and no instruction to the vulgar.

Artists imagine that they ennoble their work by borrowing ancient costume and attributes; much in the same way as a country school-master keeps up his dignity by making a speech in Latin to the young squire on his birth-day. By these anachronisms, however, they emulate the absurdities of the barbarous ages. In the productions, as well literary as graphical, of the *Gothic* era, there is a constant and ludicrous confusion of costume, both physical and moral. Joshua stalks in plate armour; the daughter of Herodias dances and tumbles on her head; the temple of Jerusalem is built with the belfry of a cathedral. No inconsistency was perceived. Guillaume de Lorris describes the church of St. Venus; Parson Cupid mounts the pulpit and preaches a sermon, and the choristers and canons chaunt anthems and psalms. Absurdities like these, arose from ignorance and bad taste; they cannot be condemned too strongly. But let us be impartial, if we can. Perhaps information and *classical taste*, as it is called in common parlance, produce equivalent absurdities. Our artists often violate propriety with as much boldness as the much reviled Gothic artists. They disguise their contemporaries

temporaries in the costume of Greece and Rome. They people the aisles of the church with the lifeless mythology of Olympus. An incessant war is thus waged against reason and propriety.—Do they not forget the great object of their art?—The object of art is to satisfy the reason. Skill may be displayed in the carving of the statue; the limbs may be moulded with faultless accuracy; they may emulate Grecian symmetry: but more, much more than such qualities, is wanting. Unless the sculptor labours to meet the ideas of those who range at the opposite extremes of mental cultivation, he is not imbued with the true spirit of his art, he is a mere workman still. He must satisfy those men who are his friends and companions, the lovers of his art, by the spirit of poetry which he infuses into the representation of nature. He must idealize the countenance, the attitude, the garb, so as to breathe into the figure a spirit of gracefulness beyond the triteness of common life. This is no easy task, and the statue must prove that the artist has overcome the difficulty without destroying the illusion which it is essentially necessary that the art should produce. If we may so express ourselves, he should sculpture in a style analogous to blank verse, avoiding the prose of conversation, and the rhyme of French tragedy. But having effected this end, he must, nevertheless, continue perfectly significant to the unimpassioned, uninstructed spectator, who asks for nothing but the representation of the common form; to him who is merely seeking for the memorial of the King, the Matron, the Commander, whose memory he loves, or whose fame he admires. Works of art are peculiarly addressed to such spectators. A public monument is a book opened for the perusal of the multitude; unless it declares its meaning fully, plainly, and sensibly, the main use is lost. This principle is so self-evident that it is almost unnecessary to discuss it. And yet how many grand statues, groups and cenotaphs have been cast, chiselled, modelled, and manufactured, in which this plain and first intention is wholly lost!

We may here be allowed to relate a true story, which in itself, as well as in its consequences, affords a volume of instruction. Some years ago a sculptor, whose genius may justly be a subject of national exultation, happened to be present at Guildhall when Nelson's monument was first exposed to view. A child who stood before him, was exceedingly attentive from the moment when the canvass began to fall before the marble. The boy looked anxiously at the statues as they appeared. When they were completely unveiled, he could not possibly conceive that the obscure medallion on the lap of Britannia contained the likeness of the naval hero: so he cried out in a tone of mixed inquiry and of disappointment, whilst he pointed at Oceanus,—

‘Father, is *that* Lord Nelson?’—The sea god, the most prominent figure of the group, naturally seemed to be the personage in whose honour it was erected; but how could the bearded naked giant be the British admiral? The Guildhall cenotaph is of miserable workmanship, but the just censure conveyed by the exclamation of the child, was not lost upon Chautrey, who was then at the beginning of the career in which he has since bounded forward. And his productions, which will hereafter form an æra in the history of English art, prove how successfully real genius can discard conventional aids.

Moderate artists resort to graphic allegory for the same reason that poetical allegory has been favoured by poetasters. It is protected by the harmless graces of mediocrity. Affording a convenient help to poverty of invention, it inspires a decorous kind of traditional respect. We are accustomed to it, and, without much inquiry, its use seems to be sanctioned by the example of a few great men who have employed such representations with success in particular instances, not reducible to general rules. Michael Angelo may be allowed to place Day and Night on the sepulchre. War and Peace, as they are engrafted by Westmacott on the Wellington vase, add to the significance of the trophy. Sin and Death are embodied by Milton. Yet precedents like these forbid imitation, except by the equals of the mighty masters. We have partly confessed this truth by abandoning all heathen mythology and allegory in literature. Neither Mars nor Bellona are invoked in rhyme to aid the slaughter; and Hymen and his altar, and Cupid and his bow, are never seen in colours except upon the Valentine. Allegory has been wholly repudiated by the poet and the painter, and in process of time the sculptor will follow their example. But, unfortunately, in all branches of the fine arts, bad taste and pedantry retain an inveterate hold. Books which are not worth reading soon cease to be read; but works of art which are not worth seeing do not easily cease to be seen. Versifiers outlive their trash; whilst the productions born in the Grub Street of art, continue, in spite of their recognized worthlessness, to exercise some gentle influence over some docile imitator. As long as they continue to be a part of our common stock of visible objects, they pervert the taste of the artist as well as of the crowd. The eye easily acquires bad habits: bad examples haunt the imagination of the artist, and influence him when he thinks he is a free agent. Every glaring picture, or ranting statue, is sure to become the fruitful prototype of an hundred affiliated deformities.

We have hitherto spoken only of ecclesiastical buildings. Public monuments of another description must now be considered. At the conclusion of the war the legislature considered the propriety of

of erecting some memorial which might perpetuate the memory of the events of the mighty conflict. Various plans for naval and military monuments were designed, but no one has yet been adopted, because the money voted by parliament has never been raised. But in the northern part of our island, where a considerable sum was collected by private contribution, some effectual steps have been taken, and a scheme for restoring the Parthenon on the Calton Hill has been promulgated under the ostensible sanction of the 'Sub-Committee appointed by a General Committee of Subscribers at Edinburgh, for carrying into execution the design of erecting a National Monument in Scotland in commemoration of the Triumphs of the late War by Sea and Land.'

Our readers are aware that upon a late application for parliamentary aid, a proposed grant of ten thousand pounds was refused to the Committee of Subscribers. Upon financial grounds the opposition was captious and futile in the extreme, and such as could never have been engendered but by the comfortable spirit of contradiction which it is so difficult to resist; but if we are to examine the project as lovers of architecture, we must candidly acknowledge that the propriety of sanctioning such a restoration as is now proposed, deserves serious consideration.

In a circular printed letter, to which several signatures purporting to be the signatures of the 'Sub-committee' are affixed, it is stated that—

'The Parthenon was built at a period when the arts of sculpture and architecture had attained their highest exaltation; and that it was formed under the direction of men of the greatest taste which the age of Pericles could produce. It is equally well known that this edifice has stood the test of public admiration for above 2000 years, and that it is still regarded as unique, both in the perfection of its design and the delicacy of its execution.

'It is a matter, however, of very serious regret to the lovers of the arts in every part of the world, that this structure, the most perfect which human genius ever conceived, is not only already in a very dilapidated state, but is placed in a situation where its existence is liable to the utmost danger, in consequence of the political conflicts by which it is surrounded. Not only is it at the mercy of ignorant barbarians, totally incapable of appreciating its value, but its situation on the citadel of Athens, and on a military station of much importance, renders it liable to the still greater danger of being destroyed in the course of the conflicts of which that country is already the theatre. And there is reason to fear that the first struggles of Grecian freedom may be followed by the entire destruction of the monuments of that which is past.

'The restoration of the Parthenon, therefore, in a situation capable of displaying its beauties, and among a people qualified to appreciate its excellence, is an object of importance, not merely to the citizens of this

metropolis but to the lovers of the arts in every part of the world. \* \* \* Nature has here offered a situation better adapted than any other in the island for the destined object, and furnished, in the utmost abundance, all the materials necessary for its completion. The freestone in the vicinity of Edinburgh is equal in texture and durability to the marble of Pentelicus, of which the Parthenon was formed, and the Calton Hill is, in the opinion of those who have visited both, a finer situation for the display of the peculiar beauties of the Grecian temple than even the Acropolis, which its able authors selected as peculiarly adapted for that purpose.'

The names subscribed to the letter command so much of our respect and esteem, that we feel considerable difficulty in venturing to state our doubts respecting the expediency of the scheme. We confess, however, that we earnestly hope that it will prove abortive; but our ill wishes arise solely from the respect which we bear towards the country which has produced the worth and excellence of those, by whom the plan is understood to be recommended.

In the first place, we will venture to ask the Committee appointed for carrying into execution the design of executing a NATIONAL MONUMENT in Scotland in commemoration of the triumphs of the late war; whether 'the restored PARTHENON on the Calton Hill' can be truly denominated a *National Monument*? We must confess that we do not clearly anticipate in what manner a satisfactory answer can be given to this question. Possibly we are mistaken; but it seems that it is, at least, desirable, that a *National Monument* should bear some assignable relation to the people by whom it is erected. If the epithet possesses any meaning, the 'Monument' cannot properly deserve the title of *national*, unless it accord with the nation's peculiar customs. Posterity will surely require that the National Monument should be an enduring specimen of the genius and talents of the age when it was planned and executed. Such certainly was the character of the Parthenon of Athens, which we so justly admire. The Parthenon on the Acropolis was truly Grecian. It was the proudest temple of the tutelary goddess of the state. Every portion of the structure was adapted to the religion of the Greeks; every graceful adornment was sanctified by their mythology: and as long as the pages of Thucydides shall be read, the fane will testify the magnificence of the Athenian republic, and the skill of the architects and sculptors who flourished in the age of Pericles. But the Parthenon on the Calton Hill, the Parthenon of Edinburgh, if it perfectly represents its prototype, will therefore necessarily be a Grecian national monument, and not a monument of Scotland in the reign of George IV. If a sumptuous edition of the Persæ were to be published at Edinburgh or at Glasgow, we could hardly give the title

title of a 'national tragedy' to the drama of Eschylus, although the type might have been cast by Foulis, or the presses worked in Mr. Ballantyne's printing office. A simile, we confess, is always a bad argument; yet, we really do not understand by what poetical right or legal fiction, the new edition of the temple of Ictinus can become the property of the Scottish nation, although 'the freestone of which it is composed, equal in texture and durability to the marble of Pentelicus,' may have been quarried in the Lothians, and though the masons of Edinburgh may have executed the mouldings with all possible delicacy and fidelity.

Supposing that this initiatory objection be removed, and that the Parthenon of Athens be made out to be a *Scottish national monument*, a subscriber might inquire in what manner it is proposed to effect its perfect restoration. If the querist should chance to have seen the admirable drawing in which Mr. Cockerell has embodied the descriptions of the ancients by applying them to the actual vestiges of antiquity, he will doubt whether the most faithful model of the mere walls and columns of the Parthenon can be entitled to the name of a restoration. The purple peplum must be extended; Athene must be called to inhabit her abode. The naked empty copy would be as mournful as a ruin.

With respect to the sculptures of the original, the Letter observes a cautious silence, and in attempting to interpret that silence, we find only a choice of difficulties. If the statuary be wholly omitted, then the *Edinburgh Parthenon* cannot possibly claim the name of a restoration of the Athenian Parthenon, of which the imagery formed an integral part. Supposing copies of the Elgin marbles to be placed in their proper places, and the lost portions to be supplied by conjectural interpolations, then we cannot conjecture by what process they are to be improved into '*commemorations of the triumphs of the late war by sea and land.*' Are the slender and graceful maidens of the Panathenæic procession to be considered as typical of the army list and the navy list, from Admirals and Field-marsals down to the Lieutenants of our men of war and our Cornets of dragoons? Do the combats of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ bear any marked resemblance to the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar? Perhaps the Committee would wish to obliterate the Grecian relievocs, and substitute other decorations more pertinently '*commemorating the triumphs of the late war by sea and land,*' and of which the subjects should be found in the Gazette. But the shade of Phidias would be strangely disturbed by such a restoration. Foot-guards and Horse-guards would look ill at ease in the Metopes. And we ourselves should derive no vivid gratification on beholding the Duke of Wellington stationed in the place of Zeus in the centre of the tympanum, with his staff officers on each side,

side, diminishing in standing height according to the angle of the pediment and the dates of their commissions.

The assertion made in the circular letter that the Calton Hill is, in 'the opinion of those who have seen both, a finer situation for the display of the peculiar beauties of the Grecian temple than even 'the Acropolis which its able authors selected as peculiarly adapted for that purpose,' might be true—provided the Calton Hill stood in Attica, where the Acropolis stands—but it does not—and we have some suspicion that this circumstance makes a great deal of difference. How can the Calton Hill be a proper situation for 'the display of the peculiar beauties of the Grecian temple'—so long as other beauties of so peculiar a nature are displayed around it? and well do they deserve the picturesque and glowing verses of the Minstrel of Scotland.

'Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendour red;  
For in the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud:  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
*Mine own romantic town!*

To 'adapt' the Parthenon to this scene, we must begin by blotting out every memorial of Scottish antiquity, power, independence, or piety by which the 'Doric Temple' is surrounded. Though the name of Walter Scott be inserted amongst the signatures to the circular letter, can *he* consent to such a sacrifice? Whilst the abbey and the castle continue to hold their state, the Parthenon will be a perpetual and painful solecism. Justly may the people of Scotland be proud of their *own romantic town*, and of *him* whose transcendent genius has conferred upon all its historic monuments a more than classic immortality. Therefore they should seek to decorate it worthily and nobly, obeying the yearnings of *his* mighty spirit, and so as to recall the memory of the ancient days of energy and independence, not by creating a perpetual dissonance in the landscape, jarring to all moral perception, and  
hostile



hostile to all national feeling. The rudest cairn would be a treasure by comparison.

We have hitherto considered the Parthenon as a 'Scottish historical monument;' we must now proceed to examine its *utility*. We are told in the circular letter, that the restoration is desirable on account of the 'original being at the mercy of ignorant barbarians totally incapable of appreciating its value;' and that 'there is every reason to fear that the first struggle of Grecian freedom may be followed by the entire destruction of the monuments of that which is past.' If the Parthenon is at the mercy of barbarians, we are sorry for the fact; but the Turks have done their utmost to prevent further injury: Lord Strangford prevailed upon the Porte to issue an order especially commanding the Turkish troops, during the present warfare, to respect the monuments of Grecian antiquity. But if the Parthenon should unfortunately be destroyed, if the Greeks should finish the spoil which the Venetians began, still the copy of it will in no respect answer its proposed end. Merely as a model, the restoration of the Parthenon will teach nothing to the architectural student which he cannot learn from the accurate drawings with which he is presented by his contemporaries: there is no lesson relative to the plan, the members, the details, which he cannot now learn upon paper. And, therefore, if it is intended for the purpose of giving instruction in Grecian architecture, it will be simply a useless and expensive work of supererogation. But if it is to answer a more noble intent, if it is to form the taste of the student and rouse his emulation, then we are not without apprehensions that it will be worse than useless.

It is observed in the 'Circular Letter'—

'Of every other species of architecture, however, great and splendid examples are to be found in this island: of the Doric Temple no model yet exists to form the taste of the people, or rouse the emulation of our architects. This, therefore, renders it the more desirable that the present occasion, never likely to recur, should not be lost, of realizing in this island the most perfect model of that style which the world has yet seen, and of spreading over our whole people that warm perception of its beauty which has hitherto been confined to artists who have studied its proportions, or travellers who have explored its remains. By doing this we give the greatest impulse to the *national genius*, and are laying the surest foundation for our own future eminence in the arts of *original design*; conferring thereby the same incalculable benefits upon the architects of this island which the restoration of Virgil and Homer did to the literature of modern Europe, and affording them the means of making the same rapid progress in original design, which Raphael and Michael Angelo did from the study of Grecian sculpture.'

These reasons are specious, yet it is to be feared that the restorers of the Parthenon will not confer an 'incalculable benefit upon

upon the architects of this island,'—that they will not give the greatest impulse to 'national genius,'—and that they will not 'lay the present foundation for our own future eminence in the arts of original design.'—And in denying these propositions, we beg leave to state distinctly that our objections are mainly gathered from the most competent judges in this behalf. We have hardly ventured upon any remark which has not been sanctioned in substance by the approval of the sculptors, architects, and dilettanti of this southern metropolis. We may confidently state that we are the faithful organs of the general sentiment, and that the best informed artists and lovers of art in England oppose themselves to the scheme, because they are firmly convinced that it will powerfully impede the progress and cultivation of architecture and of original design, the great object which it is wished to promote. And here we are glad to find an opportunity of ending the protest which we have entered against these proceedings, and abandoning the plan itself, we will consider, upon general grounds, the most important of the questions suggested by the proposed restoration of the Parthenon.

As similar causes in the physical world always produce similar effects, it may appear reasonable to suppose that the form of a beautiful specimen of architecture, which has afforded a very pleasurable sensation to the spectator, will always retain that power. An exact copy of a pleasing original, when repeated or created anew, may be anticipated to produce the same degree of gratification as it did in its original place. However, when the architect acts upon these premises he is usually disappointed. There are cases, unquestionably, when satisfactory results will follow from such imitations; but a slight consideration of the nature of architecture will convince us that they are of rare occurrence, and that any close or servile imitation of a supposed 'perfect model' must usually prove a complete failure.

Architecture produces its effect upon the mind quite as much as upon the eye. Its forms are understood by the intellect; not merely painted upon the retina. The pleasures which it excites arise from complicated sources; they spring from the thoughts which we bestow upon the object, and not merely from the contemplation of the form. This assertion may be easily exemplified. A building which we *know* to be constructed of Canada deals and cast iron pipes, daubed with 'lithic paint' or 'patent mastick,' will never please us as much as if it were raised of freestone. The lines may have the same elegance, but we cannot disjoin the ideas of grandeur and of durability; and the notion of the instability and slightness of the flimsy edifice derogates from its consequence. Besides which, when we look at a building, we are gratified by considering the

the labour and skill of its construction. We like to see the firm and regular courses of well-squared stone, the shaft compacted with the capital, the wedge stones balancing each other in the arch: but when the materials pretend to perform a part which does not belong to their nature, then we are offended by the deception, at least we receive but a very small proportion of the pleasure which their *forms* would have given if executed in the genuine substance. From the centre of the pit the actress *looks* as fine as the lady in the boxes; but we do not *think* that she is equally well dressed, because we are aware that instead of diamonds, gold, and silk, she is tricked out with glass, tinsel, and gauze, with things that assume to be that which they are not, with *tromperie*. Every deception in architecture becomes a blemish which the mind does not pardon. Windows which exclude the light; doors which cannot be opened; twisted columns which could not stand beneath their superstructure; columns bearing nothing; passages leading to nothing; are imperfections which are obvious to the most inattentive or uneducated observer. They are deformities, because they are of no use; otherwise the idle imposts or columns, which please when properly applied, would have as much inherent beauty—so far as beauty depends upon form—in one situation as in another. But if we cease to derive satisfaction from the parts of a building on account of their false bearing to the whole, can we be better satisfied when the entire building, the ‘perfect model,’ is a falsehood? Every structure raised by the hand of man, derives its entire value from the feelings of the human heart. The hearth gives sanctity to the dwelling; the throne, to the palace; the altar, to the temple. But if we erect dwellings, palaces, or temples, which never can be used by human kind, the walls will rise in cheerless and desolate mockery. A perfect modern model of the most perfect Doric temple, if not applied to some purpose beyond mere ornament, would excite no other feelings than those of labour in vain. No person of common sense ever was satisfied with a temple in a garden; we know it is built merely for a show, and as a show we undervalue and despise it.

It may be asked in what manner we are to commemorate national victories. Certainly not by what are called ‘monuments,’ not by pillars, arches, temples, having no assignable use, and built merely as ‘examples.’ All these are what are vulgarly called ‘follies;’ and deserve no more respect than the tower on Shooter’s Hill. The ancients never raised *monuments*; they never ‘realized examples;’ they never built for display alone; and it was from its connection with actual life that every ancient work of art acquired its vitality.

In copying any Grecian temple, however beautiful, and calling it a Christian church, we depart still more widely from the practice  
of

of the ancients. They never imagined that a restoration of a building which did not belong to them was productive of 'perfect beauty.' In fact, such an epithet, as applied to any building, must be erroneous. Architecture is not an imitation of nature. All the forms of architecture are conventional; it is therefore an art of which the objects do not admit of abstract perfection. Buildings are capable of as many varieties of perfection as of destination: each may be perfect in its kind, if it is perfectly suited to its end. But therefore it follows as a necessary consequence, that it is impossible to transfer its merit to an 'example' erected for another purpose, amongst other people, and in another climate: the more the imitation is 'correct,' the more is its application falsified by its original character.

Any system of encouragement for the arts which inculcates, that perfection is to be attained by compelling the artist to 'faithful imitations,' is the bane of all talent. The ancient architects never 'copied' or 'restored' the structures of the stranger. They knew better. Let us attend to the lessons given by those who have attained the highest station in the art. It was from the banks of the Nile that the gifted Greeks received their art and knowledge; but they instantly surpassed the preceptors who taught them the basis of the art, to which their taste and talent, adapting it to their own purposes, gave a beauty, unknown before. Grecian genius refused to reconstruct exact *imitations* of the majestic temples of Egypt in honour of the Hellenic deities. They did not place their gods in the adyts of Isis and Osiris.—The acanthus twined around the capital which had been shaded by the branches of the date tree; new elegance was given to the spirals of the volute; beams of olive crossed the cell instead of the transverse blocks of massy granite. Relieved from the superincumbent weight, the entire frame of the structure sprang up more lightly. The columns diminished in diameter; the architrave ceased to retain a useless solidity; acroteria ranged upon the roof, unknown in the land where the rain of heaven does not fall. The sculptured pediments terminated the required covering and decked the front: and the heavy magnificence of Thebes was lost in the graceful splendour of the Athenian Parthenon.

Whether inherited from their Tuscan ancestors or discovered by their own science, the Romans possessed the art of turning the arch. They had a full perception of the beauties of Grecian architecture then existing in unimpaired perfection. They justly appreciated its excellence, but they never built copies or 'examples' of Grecian buildings. Following the faith of Greece, they bore away the statues of her gods; but they did not enshrine their Jupiter within the Doric columns of Athens; they did not enter the Forum beneath the Propylea, nor did they copy the Parthenon upon the proud

pro  
pra  
po  
bol  
Cor  
pha  
and  
Gre  
A  
thei  
the  
drev  
wer  
' res  
whi  
ther  
geti  
of t  
com  
to i  
Ret  
bea  
bea  
pan  
Por  
I  
in t  
tual  
pre  
cee  
pro  
erci  
age  
thei  
It w  
vain  
gina  
ther  
selv  
lose  
onc  
ture  
exc  
and  
ferr  
cha

proud Capitoline. The art which they had learnt, they put in practice with good sense and prudence. Possessed of a new power, of which their teachers were ignorant, they applied it with boldness. The huge dome of the Pantheon swelled behind the Corinthian portico; fretted vaults took their span over the triumphal train; arch rose upon arch in the eternal amphitheatre: and though the relationship was not disowned, still every feature of Grecian architecture received a new character in imperial Rome.

Amidst the ruins of Rome the great Italian architects formed their taste. They studied the relics of ancient grandeur with all the diligence of enthusiasm; they measured the proportions, and drew the details, and modelled the members. But when their artists were employed by the piety or magnificence of the age, they never 'restored' the 'examples' by which they were surrounded, and which were the subjects of their habitual study—No—They turned them to a better use. Crude imitation was disdained by this energetic and intelligent race. They felt and understood the beauties of the ancient style; and causing the elements to enter into another combination, a new style was created, which, considered in relation to its intention and employment, possesses transcendent excellence. Retaining the same affinity to the Roman style which the latter bears to the Grecian, it has all the merit of invention, and all the beauty of propriety; and the Pantheon, high in mid air, was expanded into a cathedral worthy of the supremacy assumed by the Pontiff, who claimed to be the Primate of the world.

It was thus that the greatest impulse was given to national genius in those countries where architecture became an inventive, intellectual art. The architects did not linger in contemplation of their predecessors; former generations had advanced, and they proceeded. No style or structure was held up as a perfect model, or propounded as a test. It was their desire to excel by the mixed exercise of judgment and invention. Selecting from the skill of past ages the ideas best suited to the present, they felt that it was their calling to adapt their art to the wants and feelings of society. It was thus that their structures acquired the charm that we would vainly attempt to impart to cold and corpse-like restorations. Original design will never be fostered if artists are taught to defend themselves by precedents. Those who seek to distinguish themselves by the practice of this, the finest of the fine arts, should not lose the benefit derived from experience. The noble writer who is at once the warmest and most learned admirer of Grecian architecture, will best instruct them how to profit by the contemplation of its excellence. 'These models should be imitated not with the timid and servile hand of a copyist: but their beauties should be transferred to our soil, preserving at the same time a due regard to the changes of customs and manners, to the difference of our climate,

and

and to the condition of modern society. In this case it would not be so much the details of the edifice itself, however perfect, which ought to engross the attention of the artist, but he should strive rather to possess himself of the spirit and genius by which it was originally planned and directed, and to acquire those just principles of taste which are capable of general application.' The British architects of the present day are equally distinguished by their genius and their industry: no climate, however remote, has escaped their researches; no toils or dangers are shunned when information and knowledge are to be obtained. The progress of all the mechanical arts has given unexampled means of execution; and the roused spirit of the country will soon furnish them with sufficient employment. Thinking as the ancients would have done, they will not *copy* antiquity, but they will emulate and share its lasting glory.

We might have terminated this Article by making some remarks upon the churches and other buildings which are now constructing in our modern Babylon. It is hardly necessary to observe that the greater part of these edifices do not please us, and that we consider them as liable to censures and objections. But upon consideration we found that we could not dare to criticise. 'Taste'—we dislike the word, but we can find no other—proceeds upon principles which are so uncertain that mere theorists like ourselves must not be allowed to trifle with the reputation of professional men, whose bread depends upon their exertions. We are therefore silent where a loose or hasty observation of ours might inflict a lasting injury; and whatever affection we may feel towards the 'pointed style,' we will never allow our love for lancet arches to become the means of wounding the feelings of the architect who has the misfortune to be equally enamoured with entablatures.

When the fine arts really exert a profitable influence, they act by increasing those sources of reasonable pleasure by which the mind is neither degraded, nor enfeebled, nor depraved. That the love of the fine arts may be made to produce a most beneficial effect, cannot be doubted; for there can be no greater source of good, both to the individual and to the species, than the multiplication of such gratifications as are attainable without diminishing the happiness of our fellow-creatures. But when the fine arts are allowed in any manner to become the subjects of rancour or detraction, then the honour which they possess is lost. The productions of Phidias or of Raphael become despicable if they tend to increase the causes of contention. Unfortunately we are furnished with too many reasons for mutual hostility arising out of important matters. Whether this warfare might not be easily diminished it is not our business to inquire; but at all events let us avoid imitating children—let us not quarrel and fight about our gaudes and toys.

ART.

ART.

T

the  
much  
usual  
the  
and  
be g  
has c  
adm  
racte  
his S  
gene  
cur i  
own  
brou  
hear  
pres  
sible  
world  
men

S  
and  
teris  
of a  
or si  
racte  
situa  
may  
or sh  
hous  
The  
chem  
othe  
copi  
Gasp  
infin  
the  
look  
from  
Mar  
vani  
v

ART. III.—*The Fortunes of Nigel*. By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Kenilworth,' &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1822.

THE whole reading world has been, for the last eight years, employed in criticizing the 'Waverley Novels,' and we think the judgment of our contemporaries, where it is the result of so much discussion, entitled to a great part of the weight which is usually confined to that of posterity. As we attribute so much to the public voice, we have been anxious to collect its suffrages: and on many points we find them nearly uniform. It seems to be generally admitted that the author is the greatest writer who has ever adorned this delightful department of literature. It seems admitted, though with a less approach to unanimity, that his characters are superior to his plots; his humble, to his higher life; his Scotland, to his England; his tragedy, to his comedy; and, in general, his earlier, to his later works. While we have only to concur in these opinions, the task of criticism is easy and safe; but we own we have been puzzled when we have heard the same quality brought forward as matter of praise and of blame; when we have heard *mannerism* attributed by some to him as a fault, and expressions, which are really circumlocutions for it, 'that it is impossible to mistake his hand,' 'that you may at once tell that all his works are from the same master,' employed as terms of high commendation.

Such contradictions lead us to suspect an ambiguity in the word; and we believe that under *Mannerism* two very different characteristics are included. A writer of fiction may deserve the name of a mannerist, either by a continual selection of peculiar persons or situations for imitation, or by constantly attributing to his characters, whether taken at hazard or from a limited class, in given situations, peculiar feelings and modes of conduct. Thus a painter may be a mannerist, either if he choose to paint nothing but rocks or ships, or again if, taking his subjects from the common storehouse of nature, he dress them all in one or two uniform tints. The hunting-pieces of Snyders and the candlelight figures of Schalchen do not differ from the representations of similar subjects by other masters; but they are both called mannerists because they copied no other objects. On the other hand, the landscapes of Gaspar, and the figures of Nicholas, Poussin are taken from an infinite variety of subjects, but the green medium through which the former, and the red through which the latter, seems to have looked upon nature, though their selection of subjects was free from mannerism, have stamped with it their execution. When Marivaux selects for imitation, almost exclusively, the workings of vanity in the female heart, he is a mannerist of the first class.



When he represents love as, in all cases, an instantaneous and irresistible affection, and makes all his heroes and all his heroines catch it, on the first exchange of glances, with as little interference of the mind as if it were a mere bodily disorder, he belongs to the second. So if a poet choose to represent nothing but pirates and renegades, but give them the characteristics to which we are accustomed, he is a mannerist only in his subjects. If he dress them out with honour, constancy, magnanimity, and every virtue and refinement which other writers have avoided as inconsistent with their situation, he becomes likewise a mannerist in his mode of treating them. It is true that, in such a case, most readers would forget the mannerism while dwelling on the inconsistency; but whether we believe such a representation to be correct or absurd; whether we believe pirates and renegades to be magnanimous and refined ascetics, or to be treacherous, cruel and brutish sensualists, we must admit that the poet who describes them such as they never were described before, is a mannerist. The test will always be, the character and situation being given,—does the author's representation differ from that which might have been expected from any other writer? If it do, he is a mannerist of the second class: if it do not, his mannerism, if any, is of the first kind.

Mannerism of the first kind will be diffused over the whole work, but can be faulty only from its excess. We were told long ago by high authority, that 'to be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little—to be acquainted with all the modes of life—to be able to estimate the happiness and misery of every condition—to observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations—and to trace all the changes of the human mind, as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom,' is a task too mighty for a single mind. The knowledge of every individual must be confined within limits, which, however extensive, inclose but a small portion of the whole field open to poetical imitation. Within these limits a prudent author will confine himself; his only caution must be, to avoid that degree of self-resemblance, which would deaden the reader's interest, by re-exhibiting to him characters with which he has already been made familiar, or events following one another in the same train, and therefore capable, when their sequence has once been discovered, of being anticipated. Mannerism of the second kind must be partial, for no writer ever differed from all other writers in his whole representation of every character, in every scene; but, where it does occur, it will generally be faulty. The whole body of poets or of painters is always more likely to be right than an individual: and, though there are doubtless splendid exceptions, it will usually be found that the portraits which differ from all other

copies

copies  
rect  
thou  
and  
char  
orate  
not  
to th  
and  
theor  
those  
woul  
Be  
perso  
chara  
most  
three  
novel  
fierc  
or sho  
utter  
Th  
all th  
wants  
Bride  
the be  
perha  
conce  
We ar  
port t  
rairie,  
Dhu,  
likene  
the no  
in one  
When  
Helen  
a doze  
once v  
up for  
roman  
The  
from h  
expose

copies of the same originals, differ principally through their incorrectness.

From this kind of mannerism our author is in general free: though perhaps it is to be found in the powers of conversation and rhetoric with which he invests his young and inexperienced characters. He gives us, in defiance of the classical proverb, born orators: and they are equally independent of education. 'He is not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.' The illiterate Halbert Glendinning and his rustic attendant, as they ascend the valley of Glendearg, theorize on the effects produced on our language and thoughts by those with whom we converse, with a metaphysical acuteness that would almost appear pedantic in ordinary society.

But of the mannerism, which consists in the selection of peculiar persons and situations for imitation, that is, in the choice of his characters and the management of his plots, he is more guilty than most of his companions. All his readers must have observed the three characters that form the prominent group of almost every novel. A virtuous passive hero, who is to marry the heroine; a fierce active hero, who is to die a violent death, generally by hanging or shooting; and a fool or bore, whose duty it is to drain to the uttermost dregs one solitary fund of humour.

The Abbot, we believe, is the only one of the novels from which all three are absent; but, among the others, the Antiquary alone wants the fierce hero; the passive hero is deficient only in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and in *Kenilworth* alone do we escape the bore: an escape for which we pay dearly in the *Pirate*. It is, perhaps, an objection to this arrangement, so far as the heroes are concerned, that it is too obvious an imitation of Sir Walter Scott. We are always reminded of the similarly contrasted pair that support the plot of almost all his poems—of his *Cranstoun* and *Deloraine*, *De Wilton* and *Marmion*, *Malcolm Graeme* and *Roderick Dhu*, and *Redmond* and *Bertram*. On the other hand, the family likeness of the persons singularly facilitates the adaptation of both the novels and poems to the stage. A performer who has acted in one of them has prepared himself for a whole line of characters. When Mrs. Egerton had studied *Meg Merrilies*, she was ready for *Helen McGregor*, *Norna Troil*, the *Lady of Branksholm*, and half a dozen sisters more. And we suppose that a manager who has once well cast *Guy Mannering*, feels that he has the scaffolding up for the representation of any piece founded on any novel or romance, written or to be written, by the 'Author of *Waverley*.'

The only other instance, for which we have room, must be taken from his plots. The dangers to which writers of fiction in general expose their characters, arise from physical causes, or from the

personal hostility of individuals. They are attacked by robbers or assassins, challenged by rivals, exposed to the hazards of battle, or to moving accidents by flood and fire. One source of danger only, and that the most common in real life, they usually avoid; they seldom venture to bring their heroes into collision with the law—to expose them to judicial trial or punishment; partly, perhaps, from the degrading associations connected with such a danger, and partly because it is one from which they can seldom be extricated by their own courage and exertions. But the expedient so generally avoided by his rivals is our author's constant resource. Like the French directory he has placed the gibbet at the end of all his vistas. It terminates the career of his active, and occasions the hazards of his passive, hero. And in the earlier part of the narrative, where he cannot be suspected of any serious designs against his principal character, his favourite amusement is to heap upon him suspicious appearances, to give the details of an examination, and to exhibit the subtlety, with which even an honest magistrate may be led to warp facts in support of an opinion originally unfavourable, and the dangers to which innocence may be exposed by the combinations of circumstantial evidence. These peculiarities, as might be expected, are in full force in his first work.\* Every body there is hanged, or on the point of being hanged: and, in addition to the dangers incurred by the hero in the actual commission of treason, he is pursued through the two first volumes by false accusations. †Dirk Hatteraick avoids receiving from others the fate of Fergus Mac Ivor only by *inflicting* it on himself. And in Bertram's examination before Sir Robert Hazlewood, and the plausible appearances of guilt in which he is involved, every reader must have recollected the interview between Waverley and Major Melville. Lovel's flight for the supposed murder of M'Intyre, and the commitment of Ochiltree for the theft of the pocket-book, are the corresponding scenes of the Antiquary; wanting the fierce hero, it wants also an execution. In the Black Dwarf, it is by threat of legal evils that Sir Frederick Langley prevails on Ellieslaw and Isabella—and by the power with which the law has armed him, that Earnscliff is ultimately successful. In the tale of Old Mortality, death, by the sentence of a military or a civil tribunal, is ever before our eyes. And again, like Morton, Rob Roy is brought out pinioned for execution. In the same novel, the feeble accusation of Francis Osbaldistone, as to the robbery of Morris, shews how our author clings to this expedient, however unfavourable the occasion. We might have expected him to be satisfied with the legitimate scope which the Heart of Mid Lothian afforded to his legal pro-

\* Waverley.

† Guy Mannering.

pensities;

pe  
up  
for  
be  
he  
sha  
is  
mo  
of  
esc  
sho  
hoe  
for  
the  
aut  
law  
bef  
con  
Pie  
trig  
Hal  
der,  
him  
the  
trem  
veng  
law,  
stric  
Amy  
Varr  
And  
whic  
great  
is ke  
the v  
O  
recon  
and a  
suit i  
about  
civil  
and n  
reden  
runs l  
killed

pensities; but even there he has brought in the suspicions thrown upon Butler, and his examination before Mr. Middleburgh, which form, in fact, a useless episode, merely, as far as we can perceive, because he cannot resist the temptation of painting such scenes, if he can find any excuse for their introduction. Law, first in the shape of impending punishment, and afterwards in that of process, is again mingled with all the terrors of the 'Bride of Lammermoor'; and even among the wild landscape figures of the Legend of Montrose, the most formidable scene of danger is Dalgetty's escape from the jurisdiction of Argyle, and his high gallows and short shrift. The form, but not the substance, is changed in Ivanhoe—witchcraft, the judicial combat, and the stake, are substituted for felony, a jury, and the gibbet; and Bois Guilbert falls under the judgment of God, instead of that of his peers. If any of our author's works could have been privileged from the intrusion of law, it probably would have been the Monastery, for who ever before saw law mixed with the machinery of a fairy tale? But it continues the mainspring of the action, which takes rise from Sir Piercy's retreat to Scotland to avoid legal punishment for his intrigues against Elizabeth, and from the mutual flight of him and of Halbert Glendinning, to avoid the legal consequences of the murder, of which the one is believed by others, and the other thinks himself, to be guilty. Though less obtrusive, legal punishment is the ultimate source of the dangers in the Abbot. When we tremble at the risks of Mary's escape, our real cause of fear is the vengeance which, in case of detection, awaits, under the forms of law, both her and her associate. Again, it is the inquiry, not strictly legal, but certainly judicial, to be held by Elizabeth on Amy's marriage, that knits together the plot of Kenilworth; and Varney, like Dirk Hatteraick, avoids hanging only by suicide. And to conclude an enumeration, which, from the very uniformity which it is meant to prove, must have become tedious, it is the great fault of our author's last work, that the judicial noose, which is kept dangling over the heads of the Pirates from the beginning of the work, does not, at the conclusion, suspend them all.

Our author has not deserted, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' a practice recommended to him by so long an experience. An active hero, and a passive hero, are, as usual, the prominent figures. A lawsuit is the basis of the plot. The poor passive hero is buffeted about in the usual manner, involved, as usual, in the chicaneries of civil process, and exposed to the danger of a criminal execution, and rewarded by the hand of the heroine, such as she is, and the redemption of the mortgage on his family estate. The active hero runs his usual career of fierceness and pettifoggery, and is, as usual, killed when no longer wanted. But we must proceed to further

details—for the outline we have given would suit a dozen of our author's novels as well as that before us.

The scene is laid in London, just before the termination of the reign of James the First. It opens, on a fine April evening, in the shop of David Ramsay, a watchmaker, in Fleet-street, a few-yards to the eastward of St. Dunstan's church. The old and abstracted mechanic, his apprentices, Jenkin Vincent, or Jin Vin, and Tunstall, and the mode of carrying on business by the oral advertisement to passengers of 'What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack? clocks, watches, barnacles—barnacles, watches, clocks'—are set before us with our author's vivid distinctness. A scuffle is heard in the street, and while the apprentices have run out to join it, their master receives a visit from his intimate friend, the benevolent George Heriot, then a goldsmith in Lombard-street. The victim of the fray, a wounded Scotchman, is soon brought in, and a cross-examination by Heriot proves him to be Richard Moniplies, the servant of the passive hero, Lord Glenvarloch.

The next morning finds Nigel Olifant, the young Lord Glenvarloch, in his little apartment, in the mansion of John Christie, a shipchandler, in Paul's wharf. His hostess, Dame Nelly, a round, buxom, laughter-loving dame, with black eyes, a tight, well-laced bodice, a green apron, and a red petticoat, edged with a slight silver lace, and judiciously shortened to show that a light clean ancle rests upon her well-burnished shoe—is endeavouring to account for his servant's absence, when Moniplies himself enters, having spent the night, after leaving Ramsay's shop, in vain attempts to discover Paul's wharf. He is soon followed by Heriot, an old friend of the late Lord Glenvarloch, and the basis of the plot is now skilfully developed in conversation. It appears that Lord Glenvarloch is a creditor of the crown for a very considerable sum advanced by his father to King James—and that his own paternal estate of Glenvarloch is mortgaged for 40,000 marks due ostensibly to one Peregrine Peterson. The nature of this mortgage is so obscure that we give it in our author's own words:—

"I know nothing of a mortgage," said the young lord; "but there is a wadset for such a sum, which, if unredeemed, will occasion the forfeiture of my whole paternal estate, for a sum not above a fourth of its value—and it is for that very reason that I press the King's government for a settlement of the debts due to my father, that I may be able to redeem my land from this rapacious creditor."

"A wadset in Scotland," said Heriot, "is the same with a mortgage on this side of the Tweed; but you are not acquainted with your real creditor. The Conservator Peterson only lends his name to shroud no less a man than the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, who hopes, under cover of this debt, to gain possession of the estate himself, or perhaps to gratify a yet more powerful third party. He will probably suffer his

creature

creat  
action  
be co  
of a

T  
dine  
the  
the  
Paul  
Ram  
next  
the p  
terly

'T  
no b  
was  
name  
half  
were  
amon  
of un  
miser  
self,  
Euro  
again

'T  
dagge  
protu  
figure  
colou  
horn.  
but e  
velve  
which  
ment  
honou  
'S  
name  
nick-n  
broug  
siller.

By  
plac  
some  
the k  
his sil  
Th

creature Peterson to take possession, and when the odium of the transaction shall be forgotten, the property and lordship of Glenvarloch will be conveyed to the great man by his obsequious instrument, under cover of a sale, or some similar device."—vol. i. p. 99, 100.

The interview ends by George Heriot's inviting the Earl to dine with him at noon the next day, and undertaking to present to the King a petition on his behalf for the payment of his claim on the treasury. The good citizen's ride for that purpose from St. Paul's to the palace at Whitehall, his two visits by the way, to G. Ramsay to invite him and his daughter to join the dinner party the next day, and to Andrew Skurliewhitter, a scrivener, who ingrosses the petition, and his reception at Whitehall, are sketched with masterly ease and probability.

'The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest, and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the royal 'prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

'The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.'—vol. i. p. 124—126.

'Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot familiarly by the name of Jingling Geordie, (for it was his well-known custom to give nick-names to all his familiars,) inquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him to cheat his lawful and native Prince out of his siller.'—vol. i. p. 128.

By a manœuvre, which is perhaps a little too theatrical, Heriot places the petition in his hands; and after a little petulance and some debtor-like shifts, easily baffled by the experienced citizen, the king promises, in *verbo regis*, that the young man shall have his siller.

The next scene is George Heriot's dinner, which appears to

have been intended to introduce to the reader some characters whom he has often to meet again.

‘Mr. David Ramsay, that profound and ingenious mechanic, was safely conducted to Lombard-street, according to promise, well washed, brushed, and cleaned, from the soot of the furnace and the forge. His daughter came with him, a girl about twenty years old, very pretty, very demure, yet with lively black eyes, that ever and anon contradicted the expression of sobriety, to which silence, reserve, a plain velvet hood, and cambric ruff, had condemned Mistress Marget, as the daughter of a quiet citizen.

‘There were also two citizens and merchants of London, men ample in cloak, and many-linked golden chain, well to pass in the world, and experienced in their craft of merchandize, but who require no particular description. There was an elderly clergyman also, in his gown and cassock, a decent venerable man, partaking in his manners of the plainness of the citizens amongst whom he had his cure.

‘These may be dismissed with brief notice; but not so Sir Mungo Malagrowth, of Girnigo Castle, who claims a little more attention, as an original character of the time in which he flourished.’—vol. i. p. 148.

We are sorry we cannot give Sir Mungo at full length. He is a man of birth and talents, but naturally unamiable, and soured by misfortune, who now, mutilated by accident, and grown old, and deaf, and peevish, endeavours by the unsparing exercise of a malicious penetration, and a caustic wit, under the protection of his bodily infirmities, to retaliate on an unfriendly world, and to reduce its happier inhabitants to a momentary level with himself.—The dinner is ushered in by a rather exaggerated exhibition of Sir Mungo’s peculiarities. He is silenced by a reply of George Heriot’s, and the whole entertainment is then slurred over with a brief indistinctness. We are merely told that the dinner and the wines were excellent, that Nigel could extract nothing beyond monosyllabic replies and slight simpers from the watchmaker’s pretty daughter, and that the old citizens and the goldsmith talked over commercial matters in technical phraseology. The company soon after separate, Nigel and the clergyman alone remaining with their host while prayers are read. Wine, fruit, and spices are then produced, and Nigel, after having made an appointment with George Heriot to go with him to court the next day, takes his leave.

This appears to us one of the least finished scenes of the work. We expected the manners and the conversation of the city two centuries ago, but we have a mere description of a dinner which might have been given by any modern shopkeeper. It is impossible even to account for the time which it consumes. The guests arrive at twelve; soon after the dinner, which cannot be supposed to employ more than two hours, they separate and prayers follow. Nigel almost immediately departs, under the guidance of a link-boy, which

could



could not have been necessary before seven on an April evening. How has the time from noon been passed? We mention an inaccuracy, which may appear trifling, because we are sure that it is on the completeness of the details, upon a perfect consistency in times and places, that the illusion of fiction principally depends. It is this which gives such an appearance of verity to Swift, and Defoe, and Richardson: and we should be sorry to see our author neglect to keep up a merit which he has as yet possessed in an extraordinary degree.

The next morning is employed in Nigel's presentation at court. In the anti-rooms he is recognized by Lord Huntinglen, once the enemy, and afterwards the friend, of his father. Our author has invested Lord Huntinglen with the privilege which was really enjoyed by Sir D. Ramsay, of obtaining an annual boon from the King. As James's conduct seems to presage the failure of Lord Glenvarloch's petition, Lord Huntinglen descends, *e machina*, to ask as his boon for the year, that the King will make an instant decision, without reference to his council.

"To grant the truth," he said, after he had finished his hasty perusal, "this is a hard case; and harder than it was represented to me, though I had some inkling of it before. And so the lad only wants payment of the siller due from us, in order to reclaim his paternal estate? But then, Huntinglen, the lad will have other debts—and for what burthen himself with sae mony acres of barren woodland? let the land gang, man, let the land gang; Steenie has the promise of it from our Scottish Chancellor—it is the best hunting ground in Scotland—and Baby Charles and Steenie want to kill a buck there this next year—they maun hae the land—they maun hae the land; and our debt shall be paid to the young man plack and baubee, and he may have the spending of it at our court; or if he has such an eard hunger, wouns! man, we'll stuff his stomach with English land, which is worth twice as much, ay, ten times as much, as these accursed hills and heughs, and mosses and muirs, that he is sae keen after."

All this while the poor King ambled up and down the apartment in a piteous state of uncertainty, which was made more ridiculous by his shambling circular mode of managing his legs, and his ungainly fashion of fiddling on such occasions with the bunches of ribbands which fastened the lower part of his dress.

Lord Huntinglen listened with great composure, and answered, 'An it please your Majesty, there was an answer yielded by Naboth when Ahab coveted his vineyard—' The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.'

"Ey, my lord—ey, my lord!" ejaculated James, while all the colour mounted both to his cheek and nose; "I hope ye mean not to teach me divinity? Ye need not fear, my lord, that I will shun to do justice to every man; and, since your lordship will give me no help to take up this in a more peaceful manner—whilk, methinks, would be better

better for the young man, as I said before,—why—since it maun be so—'sdeath, I am a free king, man, and he shall have his money and redeem his land, and make a kirk and a miln of it, an he will." So saying, he hastily wrote an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum in question.'—vol. i. p. 248, 249.

Nigel, accompanied by Lord Huntinglen and G. Heriot, now leaves the palace, and they encounter on their way the Duke of Buckingham, who, as he passes on to the king, very unnecessarily insults the two latter, and informs Nigel that he is his enemy. Lord Huntinglen's house is now the scene of two important events. One is the introduction of Lord Dalgarno, Lord Huntinglen's son, a favourite of Prince Charles and of Buckingham, and the active, or villain, hero of the tale; the other is the transfer to a customer of Heriot's of the mortgage on Lord Glenvarloch's estate. We must again use our author's words, for as we are not sure that we understand them, we cannot give their substance.

" "I partly hinted to Lord Glenvarloch already," said Heriot, "that the redemption-money might be advanced upon such a warrant as the present, and I will engage my credit that it can. But then, in order to secure the lender, he must come in the shoes of the creditor to whom he advances payment."

" "Come in his shoes!" replied the Earl; "Why, what have boots or shoes to do with this matter, my good friend?"

" "It is a law phrase, my lord. My experience has made me pick up a few of them," said Heriot.

" "Ay, and of better things alongst with them, Master George," replied Lord Huntinglen; "but what means it?"

" "Simply this," resumed the citizen; "that the lender of this money will transact with the holder of the mortgage, or wadset, over the estate of Glenvarloch, and obtain from him such a conveyance of his right as shall leave the lands pledged for the debt, in case the warrant upon the Scottish Exchequer should prove unproductive. I fear, in this uncertainty of public credit, that, without some such counter-security, it will be very difficult to find so large a sum."—vol. i. p. 260.

The scrivener, Andrew Skulliewhitter, is set to work on the deeds, and before the close of the evening, Lord Glenvarloch and the citizen

'signed and interchanged, and thus closed a transaction, of which the principal party concerned understood little, save that it was under the management of a zealous and faithful friend, who undertook that the money should be forthcoming, and the estate released from forfeiture, by payment of the stipulated sum for which it stood pledged, and that at the term of Lambmas, and at the hour of noon, and beside the tomb of the Regent Earl of Murray, in the High Kirk of Saint Giles, at Edinburgh, being the day and place assigned for such redemption.'—vol. i. p. 287.

The

The first event at Nigel's lodgings the next morning is a visit from Lord Dalgarno, who, after a conversation, filled on his own side with warm protestations of kindness, and an exhibition of fashionableness rather too flauntly to be characteristic of a high-born and high-bred courtier, induces, almost by force, his new friend to accompany him to an ordinary, an institution then new and fashionable, and serving at once the purposes of a table d'hôte and a gambling-house. The representation of the company, the host, and the entertainment, deserves the high praise of being in our author's best manner. Our expectations rose high when we found the two friends proceed to see Burbage in *Richard the Third*, and that they were to sup at the Mermaid with two or three of the most accomplished wits and poets of the age: but our author seems to have been attacked by an unfortunate fit of indolence or timidity. He dispatches the play in two sentences, and the supper in one; and tantalizes us with a bare statement of excited spirits and emulous wit, which we are not permitted to share. A similar disappointment followed. Nigel is presented to his friend's sister, Lady Blackchester, and spends, we are told, a lively day among the gay and the fair: but our author, with unaccustomed and ill-timed caution, shrinks from an exhibition of the high-born dames of King James's days, and introduces no British female of higher rank than the watchmaker's daughter. The narrative, which has as yet been a journal, now for the first, and indeed the only, time, ceases to be so for several weeks, during which Lord Glenvarloch's life is thus described.

'The ordinary was no bad introduction to the business of the day, and the young lord quickly found, that if the society there was not always irreproachable, still it formed the most convenient and agreeable place of meeting with the fashionable parties, with whom he visited Hyde Park, the theatres, and other places of public resort, or joined the gay and glittering circle which Lady Blackchester had assembled around her. Neither did he entertain the same scrupulous horror which led him originally even to hesitate entering into a place where gaming was permitted; but, on the contrary, began to indulge the idea, that as there could be no harm in beholding such recreation when only indulged in to a moderate degree, so, from a parity of reasoning, there could be no objection to joining in it, always under the same restrictions. But the young lord was a Scotsman, habituated to early reflection, and totally unaccustomed to any habit which inferred a careless risk or profuse waste of money. Profusion was not his natural vice, or one likely to be acquired in the course of his education; and in all probability, while his father anticipated with noble horror the idea of his son approaching the gaming-table, he was more startled at the idea of his becoming a gaining than a losing adventurer. The second, according to his principles, had a termination, a sad one indeed, in the  
loss

loss of temporal fortune—the first quality went on increasing the evil which he dreaded, and perilled at once both body and soul.

‘However the old lord might ground his apprehension, it was so far verified by his son’s conduct, that from an observer of the various games of chance which he witnessed, he came by degrees, by moderate hazards, and small bets or wagers, to take a certain interest in them. Nor could it be denied that his rank and expectations entitled him to hazard a few pieces (for his game went no deeper) against persons who, from the readiness with which they staked their money, might be supposed well able to afford to lose it.

‘It chanced, or perhaps, according to the common creed, his evil genius had so decreed, that Nigel’s adventures were remarkably successful. He was temperate, cautious, cool-headed, had a strong memory, and a ready power of calculation; was, besides, of a daring and intrepid character, one upon whom no one that had looked at him even slightly, or spoken to though but hastily, would readily have ventured to practise any thing approaching to trick, or which required to be supported by intimidation. While Lord Glenvarloch chose to play, men played with him regularly, or, according to the phrase, upon the square; and, as he found his luck change, or wished to hazard his good fortune no farther, the more professed votaries of fortune who frequented the house of Monsieur le Chevalier de Saint Priest Beaujeu, did not venture openly to express their displeasure at his rising a winner. But when this happened repeatedly, the gamesters murmured among themselves equally at the caution and the success of the young Scotsman; and he became far from being a popular character among their society.’—vol. ii. pp. 34—37.

We must add that he leaves Paul’s Wharf, and fixes his residence near the Temple. The first symptom of the effect of his present conduct on his reputation is a request from his servant, Moniplies, to be discharged.

“‘This chambering, diceing, and play-haunting,” says the honest, conceited, and pedantic Scotchman, “is not my element—I cannot draw breath in it—and when I hear of your lordship winning the siller that some poor creature may full sairly miss—by my saul, if it wad serve your necessity, rather than you gained it from him, I wad tak a jump over the hedge with your lordship, and cry ‘Stand!’ to the first grazier we met that was coming from Smithfield with the price of his Essex calves in his leathern pouch!”

“‘You are a simpleton,” said Nigel, who felt, however, much conscience-struck; “I never play but for small sums.”

“‘Ay, my lord,” replied the unyielding domestic, “and—still with reverence—it is even sae much the waur. If you played with your equals, there might be like sin, but there wad be mair warldly honour in it. Your lordship kens, or may ken, by experience of your ain, whilk is not as yet mony weeks auld, that small sums can ill be missed by those that have nane larger; and I maun e’en be plain with you, that  
men

men notice it of your lordship, that ye play wi' nane but the misguided creatures that can but afford to lose bare stakes."

"No man dare say so!" replied Nigel, very angrily. "I play with whom I please, but I will only play for what stake I please."

"That is just what they say, my lord," said the unmerciful Richie, whose natural love of lecturing, as well as his bluntness of feeling, prevented him from having any idea of the pain which he was inflicting on his master; "these are even their own very words."—vol. ii. p. 54.

"And so, my lord, to speak it out, the lackies and the gallants, and more especially your sworn brother, Lord Dalgarno, call you the sparrow-hawk. I had some thought to have cracked Lutin's pate for the speech, but, after a', the controversy was not worth it."

"Do they use such terms of me?" said Lord Nigel. "Death and the devil!"

"And the devil's dam, my lord," answered Richie; "they are all three busy in London—and, besides, Lutin and his master laughed at you, my lord, for letting it be thought that—I shame to speak it—that ye were over well with the wife of the decent honest man whose house you but now left, as not sufficient for your new bravery, whereas they said—the licentious scoffers!—that you pretended to such favour when you had not courage enough for so fair a quarrel, and that the sparrow-hawk was too craven-crested to fly at the wife of a cheese-monger."—vol. ii. p. 59.

Moniplies departs, and Nigel immediately afterwards receives an anonymous caution against relying on Lord Dalgarno, or winning at the ordinary. To dissipate by exercise the uneasy reflections which are thus forced upon him, he repairs to St. James's Park, and is instantly pounced upon by Sir Mungo Malagrowth. In the exquisite scene which follows, he hears again all that Moniplies had collected of painful and degrading reports, sharpened and aimed by the wit and malignity of his misanthropic countryman. The conversation is interrupted by the appearance of Prince Charles, accompanied by Buckingham and Dalgarno, and a splendid train, who sweep across our author's stage with the picturesque reality that belongs to his representations of visible objects. A few words addressed by the Prince to Sir Mungo, and a frown cast on himself, convince Nigel how far and how high the misrepresentations of his character have extended, and on the separation of the prince's train he fastens on Lord Dalgarno to demand, in no very placable manner, an explanation. We must insert the termination of the spirited dialogue which follows.

"I will cut this matter short," said Lord Dalgarno, with haughty coldness. "You seem to have conceived, my lord, that you and I were Pylades and Orestes—a second edition of Damon and Pythias—Theseus and Pirithous at the least. You are mistaken, and have given the name of friendship to what, on my part, was mere good-nature and compassion for a raw and ignorant countryman, joined to the cumbersome

some charge which my father gave me respecting you. Your character, my lord, is of no one's drawing, but of your own making. I introduced you where, as in all such places, there was good and indifferent company to be met with—your habits, or taste, made you prefer the worse. Your holy horror at the sight of dice and cards degenerated into the cautious resolution to play only at those times, and with such persons, as might ensure your rising a winner—no man can long do so, and continue to be held a gentleman. Such is the reputation you have made for yourself, and you have no right to be angry that I do not contradict what yourself knows to be true. Let us pass on, my lord; and if you want further explanation, seek some other time and fitter place."

"No time can be better than the present," said Lord Glenvarloch, whose resentment was now excited to the uttermost by the cold-blooded and insulting manner in which Dalgarno vindicated himself,—“no place fitter than the place where we now stand. Those of my house have ever avenged insult, at the moment, and on the spot, where it was offered, were it at the foot of the throne.—Lord Dalgarno, you are a villain! draw and defend yourself.” At the same time he unsheathed his rapier.

“Are you mad?” said Lord Dalgarno, stepping back; “we are in the precincts of the court.”

“The better,” answered Lord Glenvarloch; “I will cleanse them from a calumniator and a coward.” He then pressed on Lord Dalgarno, and struck him with the flat of the sword.

The fray had now attracted attention, and the cry went round, “Keep the peace—keep the peace—swords drawn in the Park.—What, ho! guards!—keepers—yeomen rangers!” and a number of people came rushing to the spot from all sides.

Lord Dalgarno, who had half drawn his sword on receiving the blow, returned it to his scabbard when he observed the crowd thicken, and taking Sir Ewes Haldimund by the arm, walked hastily away, only saying to Lord Glenvarloch as they left him, “You shall dearly abye this insult—we will meet again.”

A decent-looking elderly man, who observed that Lord Glenvarloch remained on the spot, taking compassion on his youthful appearance, said to him, “Are you aware this is a Star-Chamber business, young gentleman, and that it may cost you your right hand?—Shift for yourself before the keepers or constables come up—Get into Whitefriars or somewhere, for sanctuary and concealment, till you can make friends or quit the city.”—vol. ii. pp. 100—103.

To Whitefriars accordingly, now a collection of warehouses and manufactories, lined by wharfs and bustling with industry, but then consisting of crowded and ill-built houses, privileged in most cases from the intrusion of legal authority, and therefore inhabited by those whose safety was inconsistent with the administration of the law, Lord Glenvarloch betakes himself, under the guidance of Reginald Lowestoffe, a young Templar, of the frank, thoughtless, bustling character which seems appropriated, in fiction at least, to his

his class. The remainder of this day, the whole of the next, and the following night,\* are spent by the hero in Whitefriars, or Alsatia, as was then its cant name; and the scenes to which his residence gives rise are as powerful in conception and execution as they are, to us at least, disagreeable in their effect. They are pictures of avarice, sensuality, rapaciousness, falsehood, selfishness, cruelty and want; of all the lowest misery and debauchery of a capital; of objects which excite neither our sympathy nor our curiosity, and where the only merit is fidelity of resemblance—a merit which our want of familiarity with the originals makes us taste very imperfectly. We must pass rapidly over Nigel's reception into the freedom of Alsatia, and his establishment as a lodger in a large dilapidated house occupied by Trapbois, a superannuated usurer, and his daughter Martha, a new variation of our author's well known class of tall, decisive, unsympathizing and masculine females. He receives the next morning, from Lowestoffe, the casket containing his money and papers, the most important of which is the King's order in his favour on the Exchequer; and, after a day varied only by the intrusive visits of his associates in the sanctuary, retires to bed.

‘ There was a slight fever on Nigel's blood, occasioned by the various events of the evening, which put him, as the phrase is, beside his rest. Perplexing and painful thoughts rolled on his mind like a troubled stream, and the more he laboured to lull himself to slumber, the farther he seemed from attaining his object. He tried all the resources common in such cases, kept counting from one to a thousand, until his head was giddy—he watched the embers of the wood fire till his eyes were dazzled—he listened to the dull moaning of the wind, the swinging and creaking of signs which projected from the houses, and the bay-ing of here and there a homeless dog, till his very ear was weary.

‘ Suddenly, however, amid this monotony, came a sound which startled him at once. It was a female shriek. He sat up in his bed to listen, then remembered he was in Alsatia, where brawls of every sort were current among the unruly inhabitants.—But another scream, and another, and another succeeded so close, that he was certain, though the noise was remote and sounded stifled, it must be in the same house with himself.

‘ Nigel jumped up hastily, put on a part of his clothes, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the door of his chamber. Here he plainly heard the screams redoubled, and, as he thought, the sounds came from the usurer's apartments. All access to the gallery was effectually excluded by the intermediate door, which the brave young lord shook with eager but vain impatience. But the secret passage occurred suddenly to his recollection. He hastened back to his room, and succeeded

\* This is our computation. The author has in one place, vol. ii. 152, supposed the time longer.



with some difficulty in lighting a candle, dreadfully agitated by hearing the cries repeated, yet still more afraid lest they should sink into silence. He rushed along the narrow and winding entrance, guided by the noise, which now burst more wildly on his ear, and while he descended a narrow staircase which terminated the passage, he heard the stifled voices of men, encouraging, as it seemed, each other. "D—n her, strike her down—silence her—beat her brains out,"—while the voice of his hostess, though now almost exhausted, was repeating the cry of "murder," and "help." At the bottom of the staircase was a small door which gave way before Nigel as he precipitated himself upon the scene of action, a cocked pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and his naked sword under his arm. Two ruffians had with great difficulty overpowered, or rather were on the point of overpowering, the daughter of Trapbois, whose resistance appeared to have been most desperate, for the floor was covered with fragments of her clothes and handfuls of her hair. It appeared that her life was about to be the price of her defence, for one villain had drawn a long clasp-knife, when they were surprised by the entrance of Nigel, who, as they turned towards him, shot the fellow with the knife dead on the spot, and when the other advanced on him, hurled the candlestick at his head, and then attacked him with his sword. It was dark, save some pale moonlight from the window, and the ruffian, after firing a pistol without effect, and fighting a traverse or two with his sword, lost heart, made for the window, leaped over it, and escaped. Nigel fired his remaining pistol after him at a venture, and then called for light.

"There is light in the kitchen," answered Martha Trapbois, with more presence of mind than could have been expected, "Stay, you know not the way—I will fetch it myself.—Oh! my father—my poor father!—I knew it would come to this—and all along of the accursed gold! They have MURDERED him."—vol. ii. pp. 331—334.

'It was no pleasant situation for one unused to such scenes to remain in the apartment with two dead bodies, recently those of living and breathing men, who had both, within the space of less than half an hour, suffered violent death; one of them by the hand of the assassin, the other, whose blood still continued to flow from the wound in his throat, and to flood all around him, by the spectator's own deed of violence, though of justice. He turned his face from those wretched relics of mortality with a feeling of disgust, mingled with superstition; and he found, when he had done so, that the consciousness of the presence of these ghastly objects, though unseen by him, rendered him more uncomfortable than even when he had his eyes fixed upon, and reflected by, the cold, staring, lifeless eye-balls of the deceased. Fancy also played her usual sport with him. He now thought he heard the well-worn damask night-gown of the deceased usurer rustle; anon, that he heard the slaughtered bravo draw up his leg, the boot scratching the floor as if he was about to rise; and again he deemed he heard the footsteps and the whisper of the returned ruffian under the window from which he had lately escaped. To face the last and most real danger, and to parry the terrors which the other class of feelings were like to impress

impr  
to of  
lower  
it wo  
who  
sesse  
way

A  
water  
toffe  
him,  
mori  
as gr  
fogs  
Trap  
fathe  
and h  
landl  
an ex  
force  
to a  
Dete  
gains  
with  
wha  
neare  
break

'A  
escap  
what  
" "  
" "  
seen  
but le  
" "  
jesty,  
" "  
shoul  
" "  
so bus  
breaki  
given  
necess  
never  
'K  
staine  
knife  
VOL

impress upon him, Nigel went to the window, and was much cheered to observe the light of several torches illuminating the street, and followed, as the murmur of voices denoted, by a number of persons, armed, it would seem, with firelocks and halberds, and attendant on Hildebrod, who (not in his fantastic office of duke, but in that which he really possessed of bailiff of the liberty and sanctuary of Whitefriars) was on his way to inquire into the crime and its circumstances.—Vol. iii. p. 9, 10.

Among the crowd is a young man in the green plush jacket of a waterman, who informs Nigel, on the part of his friend Lowestoffe, that a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice is out against him, and that a wherry will be at the Temple stairs early the next morning to take him out of its reach; and accordingly, as soon as grey, or rather yellow light is beginning to twinkle through the fogs of Whitefriars, the hero embarks, accompanied by Martha Trapbois, who takes this opportunity to remove herself and her father's strong box from her dreadful residence. He lands Martha and her treasure at Paul's Wharf, with a recommendation to his old landlord John Christie, and as soon as they are off Greenwich, by an exertion of independent volition, quite solitary in his history, he forces the watermen to abandon their own scheme of taking him to a vessel bound for Scotland, and to land him at the palace. Determined to appeal to the king himself for justice or mercy, he gains admittance into the park, and is fortunate enough to meet with James unattended, just at the conclusion of the chase. 'And wha may ye be, friend?' says the King, now finding leisure to take a nearer view of Nigel, after having received his assistance in breaking the deer,

'And observing what in his first emotion of sylvan delight had escaped him,—“Ye are nane of our train, man. In the name of God, what the devil are ye?”

“An unfortunate man, sire,” replied Nigel.

“I dare say that,” answered the King, snappishly, “or I wad have seen naething of you. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themselves, but let bowls row wrang wi' them, and I am sure to hear of it.”

“And to whom else can we carry our complaints but to your Majesty, who is Heaven's vicerent over us?” answered Nigel.

“Right, man, right—very weel spoken,” said the King; “but ye should leave Heaven's vicerent some quiet on earth, too.”

“If your Majesty will look on me,” (for hitherto the King had been so busy, first with the dogs, and then with the mystic operation of *breaking*, in vulgar phrase, cutting up the deer, that he had scarce given his assistant above a transient glance,) “you will see whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur.”

King James looked; his blood left his cheek, though it continued stained with that of the animal which lay at his feet; he dropped the knife from his hand, cast behind him a faltering eye, as if he either

meditated flight or looked out for assistance, and then exclaimed,—“Glenvarlochides! as sure as I was christened James Stuart. Here is a bonny spot of work, and me alone, and on foot too!” he added, bustling to get upon his horse.

““Forgive me that I interrupt you, my liege,” said Nigel, placing himself between the King and the steed; “hear me but a moment.”

““I’ll hear ye best on horseback,” said the King. “I canna hear a word on foot, man, not a word; and it is not seemly to stand cheek-for-chowl confronting us that gate. Bide out of our gate, sir, we charge you, on your allegiance.—The de’il’s in them a’, what can they be doing?”

““By the crown which you wear, my liege,” said Nigel, “and for which my ancestors have worthily fought, I conjure you to be composed, and to hear me but a moment!”

“That which he asked was entirely out of the Monarch’s power to grant. The timidity which he shewed was not the plain downright cowardice, which, like a natural impulse, compels a man to flight, and which can excite little but pity or contempt, but a much more ludicrous, as well as more mingled sensation. The poor King was frightened at once and angry, desirous of securing his safety, and at the same time ashamed to compromise his dignity; so that, without attending to what Lord Glenvarloch endeavoured to explain, he kept making at his horse, and repeating, “We are a free King, man—we are a free King—we will not be controlled by a subject.—In the name of God, what keeps Steenie? And, praised be his name, they are coming—Hillo, ho—here, here—Steenie, Steenie!”—vol. iii. p. 86—88.

The train of hunters gallop up, Nigel is roughly seized, and the discovery of pistols under his cloak convinces the timorous king of his treasonable intentions. He is dragged through the town, placed in a boat with a poursuivant and two yeomen of the guard, and rowed swiftly up the river.

“They passed the groves of masts which even then astonished the stranger with the extended commerce of London, and now approached those low and blackened walls of curtain and bastion, which exhibit here and there a piece of ordnance, and here and there a solitary sentinel under arms, but have otherwise so little of the military terrors of a citadel. A projecting low-browed arch, which had loured o’er many an innocent, and many a guilty head, in similar circumstances, now spread its dark frowns over that of Nigel. The boat was put close up to the broad steps against which the tide was lapping its lazy wave. The warder on duty looked from the wicket, and spoke with the poursuivant in whispers. In a few minutes the Lieutenant of the Tower appeared, received, and granted an acknowledgement for the body of Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch.”—vol. iii. p. 102.

We have now reached the point at which the underplots bear on the main story, and must lead our readers back nearly to the spot from which they set out. We must inform them that Margaret

Ramsay,

Ramsay, the watchmaker's pretty daughter, notwithstanding her sense and his reserve; notwithstanding their difference in rank, greater then than even it would be now, though knowing nothing of him but that he was handsome and a lord, fell deeply in love with Lord Glenvarloch when he spent an hour or two in her company at George Heriot's formal dinner. What is, if possible, still more extraordinary, she is instantly aware of the nature of her feelings, and the same evening makes a confidante of Dame Ursula Suddlechop, one of those bustling intrigantes of lower life whom our author generally employs to connect the broken threads of his story, to do whatever is below the dignity or beyond the power of his other agents, and to perform for him the services which his early predecessors in romance received from the fairy or the enchanter. Through Dame Ursula, Margaret learns from time to time the progress of Glenvarloch's fortunes—by her assistance she transmits to him the anonymous note which warns him of his danger from Lord Dalgarno; and, when ruin seems coming upon him 'like an armed man,' she employs Ursula to contrive his escape from Whitefriars. The instrument whom Ursula selects for this purpose is Jenkin Vincent, the watchmaker's apprentice, whom our author generally designates by the pet appellation of Jin Vin. But there are obstacles which seem to disqualify him. He had himself, after the manner of apprentices whose master has an only daughter, formed designs upon Miss Margaret; and Ursula, to whose counsels he had resorted, had dressed him in fine clothes and sent him to the ordinary, where he was to learn the manners of the court, and win a fortune at Gleek and Primero, and gain his mistress's heart in his assumed character, as soon as he was 'perfect in his gallantries and as rich as the king.' Nigel, however, has crossed this hopeful scheme, by winning, first, Margaret's heart, and, afterwards, Vincent's money; and the poor apprentice comes in great wrath to reproach Ursula with the consequence of her advice. In a long dialogue, which is one of the most masterly passages in the work, she soothes his anger, feeds his hopes, coaxes his vanity, and at length induces him to play the part of the green jacketed waterman in Nigel's escape.

While agents, of whom he scarcely knew the existence, were thus labouring for the hero,—events, equally uninfluenced by him, had prepared the ruin of his enemy. Lord Dalgarno, while in Spain, about three years before the opening of the story, had seduced, by the trite experiment of a mock marriage, a Genoese lady of large fortune, called the Lady Hermione. After some very novel-like persecutions by inquisitors and lady-abbesses, she takes refuge with her deceased father's correspondent, G. Heriot, and on the morning of Nigel's adventure in Greenwich Park, she forwards to the king,

by her attendant, Monna Paula, a petition, containing a statement of her injuries. Margaret Ramsay, in boy's clothes, accompanies Monna Paula, to the palace, and in the alarm excited by Nigel's supposed attempt, she is seized as a stranger, and carried before the king. She manages to plead the cause of Nigel; and her beauty, the romance of her situation, and James's own self-satisfaction at the dexterity with which he has detected her disguise, assist the earnestness of her representations. This impression is aided by the proofs of Lord Dalgarno's villainy contained in the petition of the Lady Hermione; and the king resolves to ascertain his prisoner's guilt or innocence, by placing himself in a situation in which he can hear all that passes, and then exposing him to the visits of those with whom his conversation was likely to be unguarded. Margaret Ramsay, in her boy's disguise, is first introduced into his apartment as a fellow-prisoner. He is then visited by John Christie, who charges him with having seduced his wife—a crime of which Lord Dalgarno had in fact been guilty, but which Christie, aware how faintly he had denied an undue intimacy with her, very plausibly fixes on Nigel. Christie is followed by Heriot. As his business relates to the obscure affair of the mortgage, we must let our author explain it.

"You cannot have forgotten, my lord," said Heriot, "the transaction which took place some weeks since at Lord Huntinglen's, by which a large sum of money was advanced for the redemption of your lordship's estate?"

"I remember it perfectly," said Nigel; "and your present austerity cannot make me forget your kindness on the occasion."

Heriot bowed gravely, and went on.—"That money was advanced under the expectation and hope, that it might be replaced by the contents of a grant to your lordship under the royal sign-manual, in payment of certain monies due by the crown to your father. I trust your lordship understood the transaction at the time. I trust you now understand my resumption of its import, and hold it to be correct."

"Undeniably correct," answered Lord Glenvarloch. "If the sums contained in the warrant cannot be recovered, my lands become the property of those who paid off the original holders of the mortgage, and now stand in their right."

"Even so, my lord," said Heriot; "and your lordship's unhappy circumstances having, it would seem, alarmed these creditors, they are, now, I am sorry to say, pressing for one or other of these alternatives—possession of the land, or payment of their debt."

"They have a right to one or other," answered Lord Glenvarloch; "and as I cannot do the last in my present condition, I suppose they must enter on possession."

"Stay, my lord," replied Heriot; "if you have ceased to call me a friend to your person; at least you shall see I am willing to be such to your father's house, were it but for the sake of your father's memory."

If

If you will trust me with the warrant under the sign-manual, I believe circumstances do now so stand at court, that I may be able to recover the money for you."—vol. iii. pp. 146, 147.

But when the casket that has contained it is opened, the warrant is missing. Nigel's expressions of surprize extort little confidence from his matter-of-fact friend.

"Ay, ay, young man," said Heriot, shaking his head, "make me believe that, if you can.—To sum the matter up," he said, rising from his seat, and walking towards that occupied by the disguised female, "for our matters are now drawn into small compass, you shall as soon make me believe that this masquerading mummer, on whom I now lay the hand of paternal authority, is a French page, who understands no English."—vol. iii. p. 152.

Nigel had already discovered his companion's sex, had felt that he recognized her features, and had been trying in vain to recollect where he had seen them, when her detection by Heriot removes all the mystery. We must let our author relate how he falls in love with her almost literally *stans pede in uno*.

"Here, warder," says George Heriot, "permit us to pass to the Lady Mansel's apartment."

"The warder said he must have orders from the lieutenant; and as he retired to procure them, the parties remained standing near each other, but without speaking, and scarce looking at each other save by stealth, a situation which, in two of the party at least, was sufficiently embarrassing. The difference of rank, though in that age a consideration so serious, could not prevent Lord Glenvarloch from seeing that Margaret Ramsay was one of the prettiest young women he had ever beheld—from suspecting, he could scarce tell why, that he himself was not indifferent to her—from feeling assured that he had been the cause of much of her present distress—admiration, self-love, and generosity, acting in favour of the same object; and when the yeoman returned with permission to his guests to withdraw, Nigel's obeisance to the beautiful daughter of the mechanic was marked with an expression, which called up in her cheeks as much colour as any incident of the eventful day had hitherto excited. She returned the courtesy timidly and irresolutely—clung to her godfather's arm, and left the apartment, which, dark as it was, had never yet appeared so obscure to Nigel, as when the door closed behind her."—vol. iii. pp. 162, 163.

If this exchange of glances left any thing undone, it is completed by a visit from Sir Mungo, who, after bestowing upon his young friend much benevolent information as to the certainty of his conviction and the mode of his punishment, lets him know the state of Margaret's affection, for the kind and prudent purpose of cautioning him against giving way to it.

With this interview end the king's experiments on Lord Glenvarloch; and, to sum up this part of his story, he receives a full pardon

pardon the next day, asks instantly the hand of the watchmaker's daughter, and is, of course, accepted.

Lord Dalgarno's business is now to be decided on. He is offered by the king the alternative of marrying the Lady Hermione, or banishment from court; and after going out of his way to insult, *de gaieté de cœur*, the king, the prince, Buckingham, and his father, he chooses the former, chiefly moved, as he states, by finding in the list of the lady's effects, the mortgage on the Glenvarloch estate. The next day at noon is the time fixed for its redemption, and, confident that Nigel cannot pay the mortgage money, Dalgarno anticipates the delight of starting the day after to take possession. But to secure a vengeance by violence if civil means should fail, he sends to him by Moniplies a challenge to meet him at Camlet Moat in Enfield Chase, at four in the evening assigned for his journey, a message, which that prudent servitor carefully neglects to deliver.

Lord Dalgarno, it appears, was right in supposing that the estate would not be redeemed by its proprietor; but at half past eleven the next day, while his agent the scrivener is counting the minutes to the fatal hour of noon, Richard Moniplies, with Lowestoffe and another templar as his witnesses, and followed by porters bearing the 40,000 marks in gold, stalks into the office, tenders the redemption money, forces the unwilling scrivener to accept it, and bears off in triumph the title-deeds of the estate. They have scarcely departed before Lord Dalgarno arrives, and desperate at the interruption of all that remained to him, his vengeance, he resolves still to pursue his northern journey, taking with him the gold, and to hold out Glenvarloch Castle against the owner by means of his own ammunition. Unhappily he mentions the road he intends to take, and the hour at which he is to be the next day at Camlet Moat. From the scrivener this information passes to a Captain Colepepper, a bully and bravo, who fills much too large a space in the work, but who appeared to us too trite and uninteresting to deserve earlier mention. Colepepper resolves to way-lay so rich a traveller, and Vincent, driven to despair by the failure of his schemes on Margaret Ramsay, is solicited to join him. While raging with disappointment and indignation, he is encountered by Moniplies, and in giving vent to his grievances tells the insulting proposal that has been made to him. Moniplies, anxious to save 'a kindly Scot,' and having private reasons to desire a meeting with the bravo, who was suspected of the murder at Whitefriars, forms a plan with Vincent and the two templars to rescue Lord Dalgarno and surprise Colepepper and his gang, and Camlet Moat becomes the next day the rendezvous of three separate parties.

The first on the scene is Lord Dalgarno, followed by a page, whose



whose horse bears the money, and accompanied by John Christie's faithless spouse, a companion whose presence, inconsistent as it is, with Dalgarno's first object, we must forgive, while we read the dialogue which beautifully contrasts her folly and her goodnature, her vanity and her shame, her regret for what she has lost and her anticipation of grandeurs to come, her fond recollection of poor old John Christie and her love and fear of her seducer. He seats himself on Camlet Moat, and thinks over the encounter that is to come.

'As he thus reflected, and called to mind the disgrace which he had suffered, as well as the causes he imagined for hating Lord Glenvarloch, his countenance altered under the influence of his contending emotions, to the terror of Nelly, who, sitting unnoticed at his feet, and looking anxiously in his face, beheld the cheek kindle, the mouth become compressed, the eye dilated, and the whole countenance express the desperate and deadly resolution of one who awaits an instant and decisive encounter with a mortal enemy. The loneliness of the place, the scenery so different from that to which alone she had been accustomed, the dark and sombre air which crept so suddenly over the countenance of her seducer, his command imposing silence upon her, and the apparent strangeness of his conduct in idling away so much time without any obvious cause, when a journey of such length lay before them, brought strange thoughts into her weak brain. She had read of women, seduced from their matrimonial duties by sorcerers allied to the hellish powers, nay, by the Father of Evil himself, who, after conveying his victim into some desert remote from human kind, exchanged the pleasing shape in which he gained her affections, for all his natural horrors. She chased this wild idea away as it crowded itself upon her weak and bewildered imagination; but she might have lived to see it realized allegorically, if not literally, but for the accident which presently followed.

'The page, whose eyes were remarkably acute, at length called out to his master, pointing with his finger at the same time down one of the alleys, that horsemen were advancing in that direction. Lord Dalgarno started up, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed eagerly down the alley; when, at the same instant, he received a shot, which, grazing his hand, passed right through his brain, and laid him a lifeless corpse at the feet, or rather across the lap, of the unfortunate victim of his profligacy. The countenance, whose varied expression she had been watching for the last five minutes, was convulsed for an instant, and then stiffened into rigidity for ever. Three ruffians rushed from the brake from which the shot had been fired, ere the smoke was dispersed. One, with many imprecations, seized on the page; another on the female, upon whose cries he strove by the most violent threats to impose silence; whilst the third began to undo the burthen of the page's horse. But an instant rescue prevented their availing themselves of the advantage they had obtained.'—vol. iii. pp. 312. 314.

The rescue, thus a moment too late, consists of Moniplies and his companions; and that moment has been lost in mounting Christie

tie behind one of the party. But, though too late for prevention, they are early enough for vengeance. Colepepper is killed on the spot by Moniplies, the page gallops off with the treasure, and Nelly is restored to her husband: how soon, and how far forgiven, is not expressly stated. The wedding of Nigel and Margaret is now celebrated with the forms and the publicity which were in fashion 200 years ago, and while the company are waiting the summons to the banquet, unbidden guests arrive, Richard Moniplies, gorgeously attired, and the austere form of Martha Trapbois, his new made bride. She comes to restore to Nigel the king's warrant, which had been purloined from him at Whitefriars by her father, and to give up to him, as the preserver of her life, the title-deeds of the Glenvarloch estate, the redemption of the mortgage having been effected, as our readers will anticipate, by Moniplies as her agent, out of the funds collected by her father's long accumulation. The king, a guest at the wedding, and now under the influence of a hearty cup of wine, hastily knights Mr. Richard, and drops the curtain by exhorting his lords and lieges present to haste to dinner, 'for the cock-a-leekie is cooling.'

We feel that our readers must have had great difficulty in following our abstract of the fable. Part of the blame we are ready to take on ourselves, but we must be allowed to throw part on our author. To confess the truth, the narrative is perplexed and unintelligible even beyond his wont. On one point, the mortgage, he appears either to have had no distinct conception of his own meaning, or to have trusted that the indolence of his readers would prevent their detecting its inconsistency. The transaction, as he has described it, affords some pretty '*coups de théâtre*,' but a little reflection will convince us that it never could have taken place. The property is pledged for one-fourth of its value, and Nigel is unable to borrow the money on so ample a security, though he can obtain it on the very questionable one of the King's warrant. The money indeed is advanced, and the estate redeemed, or rather the mortgage transferred, twice in the short time occupied by the fable; but each time, it is done as a great favour to Nigel, and in the first case the party advancing the money is supposed to risk it, and in the second, absolutely to give it up. But as the lender always had, in the estate itself, a security of four times the amount, it is obvious that no risk could ever have been incurred, and that Nigel, without recurring to any other funds, could always have paid off his mortgagee for the time being, by having the mortgage transferred to a new creditor, not as a matter of favour, but of mutual accommodation. And thus the estate, as has been the case with half the great estates in the kingdom, might have continued subject to the mortgage, from century to century, without the proprietor

prietor or his heirs running the slightest risk of losing the lands, or the mortgagee his money. And let us not be accused of hypercriticism, for we are discussing the mainspring of all the machinery. The contest, whether this mortgage shall be redeemed or foreclosed, first sets the fable in motion, and gives it all its unity and connection. It is the ground, not indeed sufficient, or clearly made out, of Buckingham's and Dalgarno's hostility towards the hero; it is the motive of his visit to London, and alone gives interest to the success of his claim on the treasury. It is continued throughout the three volumes, and the decision is reserved as a *bonne bouche* for the catastrophe. When we discover that the question, so long, and so fiercely debated, never could have arisen, the whole story loses its credibility. If our novels are to consist of law, we really may demand that it be good law.

It is unfortunate that the three characters who principally support the action,—Nigel, Dalgarno and Margaret, should be those in whom our author has been least successful. Nigel is to us, less interesting than even most of his insipid predecessors. 'A thing never acting but perpetually acted upon,—protected by one friend, deceived by another; but in the advantage he receives from the one, and the evil he sustains from the other, as passive and helpless as a boat without oar or rudder,—a courtier, because Heriot so advised it,—a gamester, because Dalgarno so contrived it—an Alsatian, because Lowestoffe so willed it. Even his marriage seems the result of circumstances rather than of well founded love, or even preference. The author is, of course, in these his dominions supreme. We believe therefore that Nigel was a man of good sense, and good feeling, and that among his foibles was an overweening sense of the pride of birth, and a disposition to value others according to the number and fame of their ancestors. We believe all this because we find it so written: but if we were to judge him, like other men, from his actions, we should say that he was a man of weak judgment, and facile disposition, whose pursuits, when left to himself, generally terminated in the acquisition of money. It is to solicit a claim on the treasury that he first comes to London,—it is no slight inducement to his ignoble practice of gambling, that it places him beyond the necessity of borrowing. And when, after only a second interview, he engages himself to marry the wealthy daughter of a mechanic, as there really does not seem to have been time for very violent love, we cannot but suspect either that Lord Glenvarloch's pride of birth was not so overweening, or that in conquering it, Love was assisted by the clearer perception, and more rapid operation of his powerful and long tried auxiliary—Avarice.

But his conduct, however unheroic, is unhappily not improbable:

bable: we doubt whether such a being as Lord Dalgarno ever existed. His prominent quality is malevolence, generally on inadequate grounds, and sometimes without any. It was probable that he should be hostile to Nigel's suit, while there was a chance of his patron's obtaining the Glenvarloch estate: but the instant Heriot had paid off Peregrine Peterson, a transaction which took place in Dalgarno's presence, Buckingham's hopes were at an end, and all the advantages to be obtained from Nigel's ruin appear, from the story itself, to have belonged to the person for whom Heriot was the agent. Yet it is now that Dalgarno's malignity commences. After the blow in the park, we can understand it; but till then it seems absolutely without a motive, unless we suppose one in the former feud between their families, long ago healed; which Nigel does not seem even to have known, which Lord Huntinglen remembered only as matter of history, and which Lord Dalgarno, after an English education, was less likely to have attended to than either of them. We cannot but attribute this deficiency to the practice, against which our author must permit us again to remonstrate, of writing without a digested plan. He had resolved to persecute and dignify his hero, by giving him a powerful enemy; and began to write without deciding on a cause for Lord Dalgarno's hatred—but, as he went on, he forgot, or would not take the trouble, to supply one, and the work has been finished, or to speak more correctly, published, with a principal link omitted. Lord Dalgarno's behaviour, again, at the council table, where he insults all those whose hostility would be most fatal to him, and whose favour he had spent his life in acquiring, merely, as it seems, to vent his spleen upon the witnesses of his humiliation, is totally inconsistent with the powers of self-command and dissimulation attributed to him at the outset, and which are implied in the character of an accomplished courtier. It is, indeed, the constant fault of novelists to paint villainy more intense and more unmixed than it is found in nature, but our author is too superior to his companions to shelter himself under their example.

Margaret is well drawn as a city beauty and fortune,—demure among strangers, and pert where she is familiar, very headstrong and very good natured, with a characteristic contempt of her equals, and readiness to attach herself, at first sight, to the first nobleman she meets. The suddenness of her love, her relative situation to the person who is its object, the mode in which it exhibits itself, the dangers by which it is stimulated, even the male disguise under which it becomes successful, are rather too obvious repetitions of the story of Mysie Happer and Sir Piercy Shafton. But our author in that case foresaw the mesalliance, and softened

it

it by degrading the Percy blood with a sartorial infusion. Margaret's noble marriage was probably an afterthought. She seems to have been originally intended for Jin Vin or Tunstall. We doubt whether any of our readers have been quite satisfied with her elevation to be Countess of Glenvarloch.

The remaining characters, and they are unusually numerous, bear the sçeau de Voltaire. It is difficult to select where all are admirable; but perhaps the very best is the King. History presented to the author a character in which reserve and familiarity, avarice and profusion, knowledge of books and ignorance of mankind, the most absolute pretensions in theory, and the meanest practical subservience, are so closely interwoven and so glaringly contrasted, that the boldest colouring could not be accused of caricature. And in the boldest colouring he has indulged; using only the precaution of covering his picture of united wisdom and folly, with a varnish of bonhomie which would have reconciled us to its apparent inconsistencies, even if we had not known them to be warranted by history.

Monipplies and Sir Mungo are both portraits of the highest merit: opposed to each other in their principal features—separated again by the peculiarities which give to each of them an existence as individuals, and yet corresponding in one tinge of nationality. Sir Mungo is our favourite—chiefly perhaps from personal feelings. When we found him invested with the office of bore, we prepared ourselves, and with as much resignation as we could muster, for his exercising it after the manner of his predecessors: and we hope we feel properly grateful to our author, and to Sir Mungo, for having abandoned a system which confounded in suffering, the innocent reader with the personages on the stage; and for having adopted one which, while it administers to the latter their fair quantity of torment, spares the former the ennui of hearing it inflicted, by the eternal iteration of the same sentiment, couched in the same expressions.

Vincent and Tunstall do not appear to retain, in the progress of the story, the precise rank which was intended for them at its commencement. The latter, after having been elaborately finished, remains on our author's hands unemployed during the remainder of the work; while Jin Vin acts a more important part than could have been anticipated at his introduction. Well as he is drawn, we must confess we often wished him away: but, in a representation of London at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so important a body as the apprentices deserved perhaps to appear at full length. George Heriot is another full length in the same picture,—and not so much the portrait of an individual as the representative of the commercial aristocracy of that period. The same

same remark applies to most of the remaining figures; they are well made out, and bear the character of the age, and of the situation assigned to them, but they are in general too distant from the spectator, and occupy too small a space on the canvas, for the minute touches which produce individual distinctness.

On the whole, we are not sure that 'the Fortunes of Nigel' will be a great addition to Captain Clutterbuck's patrimony. In dramatic power, and in the delineation of character, it is equal to any thing our author has written, and there are no words by which higher praise can be given; but the obscurity and improbability of the fable, the uninterestingness of all the actors, excepting the King, and the harassing, or degrading, or painful nature of the scenes through which we follow the hero, will always make it among the last to which we shall recur, while enjoying, what we hope again and again to enjoy, a reperusal of the novels by the 'Author of Waverley.'

ART. IV.—*Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the Request of the London Missionary Society; being a Narrative of a Second Journey in the Interior of that Country.* By the Rev. John Campbell. 2 vols, London. 1822.

WITH every feeling of respect for the 'Directors of the London Missionary Society,' and every disposition to approve their motives and applaud their exertions—with the utmost readiness to acknowledge the gratification we have received whenever we found (to use their own words) 'pious missionaries, whilst zealously pursuing their grand object—the conversion of the heathen to Christianity—materially contributing to the stores of general science, and particularly to the advancement of geographical knowledge'—we must honestly confess that the impression left on our minds by the perusal of the present work is not so favourable to their judgment as we could have wished. To speak plainly, the person selected appears but indifferently qualified for fulfilling either of the purposes which the Directors state themselves to have had in view; but more especially that 'of exploring the treasures of nature.' We are aware of the difficulty of combining the two characters, and of procuring men possessed of the requisite qualifications for instilling into the minds of the lowest of the human species the light of the gospel; and, at the same time, directing their attention to the secondary object of making observations on men and manners and of entering upon physical researches. We know that, in general, these pious men, neither from education nor previous habits, are qualified for such undertakings; yet we also know that there are a few among them, who,

by

by a very short preparation and with a few plain instructions, would be able to note down observations of considerable value to physical science, and to collect objects of natural history at once interesting and important.

From a former work of Mr. Campbell, we judged him to be a person of this description. We could not but observe that, with all his zeal for the conversion of the heathen, his attention was occasionally drawn aside to some of the various objects which passed before him; and we took up the present volume in the full expectation of finding that he had turned the interval between the two Journeys to account, and acquired some preliminary information on the natural objects which promised to solicit his notice. In this we have been grievously disappointed, and are therefore led to conclude either that on his former journey he must have derived some assistance from others, or that, in the late one, the directors omitted to furnish him with instructions for collecting subjects of natural history, and to direct his attention to particular objects of interesting inquiry: he could not else have failed to bring back with him a more satisfactory account of his travels into one of 'those extensive regions of the earth which remains to be explored.' In his First Journey, he considerably enlarged the sphere of our knowledge of Southern Africa; but we cannot say much in favour of the result of his Second Expedition. In going over a great deal of new ground he has collected but few observations, and those are thrown together in a very loose and slovenly manner. A considerable portion of the work is occupied with what he calls 'the Lives' of a few savages, whose names are now heard of for the first and probably the last time; consisting, as might be expected, of little more than a dull and uninteresting summary of the number of cattle stolen from their neighbours, and of the owners killed in defending them. Another part is made up of the absurd conversations which Mr. Campbell held with the various wild tribes he visited, which tend rather to impress us with an idea of the simplicity of his heart, than of the depth of his understanding. Several of the questions put to these untutored children of nature—to say nothing of those of an irreverent tendency, such as 'how long God had lived,' &c.—respecting the matter and magnitude of the sun, the stars, the earth, and others far more abstruse and obscure than these, to few of which Mr. Campbell himself could give any satisfactory answer—evinces a very lamentable want of the proper mode of dealing with them. In the midst of this idle farrago, however, there is still something left to cull; something that justifies the old adage—*Africa semper aliquid novi offert*.

Mr. Campbell begins well. On reaching the Gomka, a small stream



stream that loses itself in the Karroo, or desert, 'I took a ramble,' he says, 'along its banks'—

'Many lizards were running about in various directions. A wide-spreading mimosa, standing by itself a little way off, attracted my attention by the liveliness of its green foliage and the number of the flowers with which it was studded, and which glittered in the sun like so many newly-coined guineas. It consisted of seventeen long shoots proceeding from one ancient stump; the circumference of the ground which it shaded measured sixty-six steps; our cattle were feeding around, coveys of pheasants were flying over it, butterflies of great beauty were extracting their food from its honeyed treasures, and lizards of various hues were enjoying its shade. Those persons only can appreciate such an assemblage of the most beautiful objects in nature, who have met with them as we have in the midst of a desert.'—vol. i. p. 15.

Had we found a few passages of this lively and pleasant strain, we would gladly have followed our traveller in the earlier part of his journey; but as this was not the case, and we have had so many occasions to describe that portion of South Africa which lies to the southward of Orange River, we shall content ourselves with taking up Mr. Campbell at Griqua town, to the northward of that river, where a mission has been established for some years. Mr. Helm, who superintends it, has introduced the Madras system of education, and, by the appointment of four native Hottentot boys as monitors, and the activity and authority displayed by them, succeeded in obtaining an attendance of about one hundred children of both sexes. The town had increased in size, and the buildings were in an improving state. Many of the female inhabitants had adopted the European dress. The scholars, to the number of a hundred, were examined in the Dutch catechism, and 'I never heard children,' says Mr. Campbell, 'repeat more readily, not only the answers, but many of them, the proofs from the Scriptures.'

About a hundred miles to the northward of Griqua is New Lattakoo, situated near the source of the Krooman, a main branch of the Orange River; and fifty miles beyond that stands Old Lattakoo, which was visited by Messrs. Truter and Somerville some years ago; each of these towns contains about four thousand inhabitants, whom Mr. Campbell sometimes calls *Bootshuanas*, and sometimes *Matchappees*. Their king (for every petty chief is a king, in the vocabulary of our author) is named Mateebe. Here also is a mission, apparently in a thriving state: a commodious place of worship had been erected, capable of containing four hundred persons, and a long row of missionary houses, to each of which was attached an excellent garden.

It

It does not appear, however, that any progress had been made in the improvement of the natives or in the instruction of their children, for, on Mr. Campbell expressing to the king his regret at finding so few children in the school, his majesty carelessly observed, 'they had to look after the cattle.' From mere curiosity some of the inhabitants occasionally attend the prayer-meetings of the missionaries, but are little solicitous in being instructed in any thing which these pious people have yet proposed to teach them. They appear to be a peaceable and good humoured race, with faculties somewhat obtuse and dull: the men pass the day in indolence, lounging and sleeping in the public squares or enclosures, whilst the women are employed in reaping the corn, or in the various branches of domestic duties. The former, however, tend the cattle, which are sent out to a distance to graze, and are frequently carried off by the Bushmen. On such occasions, the whole male population is summoned to pursue the spoilers, who, if overtaken, are put to death without mercy. On their return from these expeditions, the women and children go out to meet the conquerors, singing and dancing before them till they reach the public square, where a *peetso*, or general meeting of the captains, takes place, when the chiefs in set speeches relate to the assembly all the circumstances of the contest, and its result.

These *Peetsos* are also held on any great public occasion, when long orations are delivered by the chief; and the debates are conducted with the greatest freedom and the utmost latitude of speech: from the pauses and measured cadences, Mr. Campbell thought that some of them resembled blank verse. He gives an instance of the liberty of speech in which the orators indulge, by quoting that of a young captain, (a kind of Matchappee dandy,) who told the king, that he did not like to see kings with thick legs and corpulent bodies; they ought (he said) to be kept thin by watching and defending the cattle. The reply of the monarch was not without point:—'You come before me powdered and dressed, and boast of your expeditions, but I believe you are unwilling to go on them; you can talk bravely before the women, but I know you too well to take you against those nations'—namely, those who had stolen their cattle. These speeches are accompanied with dancing, shouting, and all manner of tumultuous noise. 'Few scenes,' Mr. Campbell says, 'can be conceived more completely savage, almost bordering on the frightful; but the tones of voice and the actions of most of the speakers were oratorical and graceful, and they possessed great fluency of utterance—in fact they exhibited a singular compound of barbarism and civilization.' Had Mr. Campbell ever assisted at a debate in the camp before Troy, we suspect that he would have spoken less harshly

harshly of the mode in which the Booshuanas express their approbation or disapprobation (for it is nothing more) of the sentiments of the different speakers.

The peetsos may certainly be considered as singular exhibitions among a people so little advanced in civilization. If correctly reported by our author, they display a much greater share of talent, notwithstanding the 'three howls,' or 'yells,' or 'shrieks,' or 'barks of a young dog,' with which the disputants are said to commence their oratory, than one would expect to find among so slow and phlegmatic a people. There are however to be met, even in Lattakoo, men possessed of a larger share of cunning than the rest, which enables them to live upon the credulity of their countrymen. The first in rank of this description is the Rain-maker. This important personage is found in all the separate states; but as a prophet (which he also is) has no honour in his own country, Lattakoo sends a rain-maker to Mashow, and Mashow to Kurrekanee, while the latter probably supplies the other two places. As rain is indispensable to the growth of their crops, the rain-maker's employ, in seasons of drought, is to gather the clouds, and compel them to discharge their contents. To effect this, (in other words, to gain time,) he contrives something of a tedious and difficult nature to be performed by the people, as a necessary prelude to success; and in case of failure, he is never at a loss to contrive a plausible excuse. And well may the poor Booshuanas be deceived, when even Mr. Campbell seems to think that these conjurors are in earnest, and that they believe in their own power, notwithstanding their frequent failures and the shifts to which they are sometimes driven in consequence of them. When the old Egyptian astronomer told Imlac of the powers which he possessed in regulating the seasons, *he* was in earnest: the rage of the dog-star which he restrained, and the fervours of the crab which he mitigated, were the rage and the fervour of a dis-temperéd brain; over which he could exercise no controul. And we also believe Mr. Campbell to be in earnest when, after all the efforts of the rain-maker had failed, the missionaries, at the request of the natives, held meetings to pray for it, 'and it pleased Divine Providence to answer their prayers by causing rain to come.' We doubt not his sincerity, because the sect to which he belongs believes in the interference of a special and particular providence. But the Booshuana rain-makers are evidently impudent impostors, who, by his own showing, are constantly employing craft to conceal their impotency;—one proof of which is, that, like wise folks in other countries, they have sagacity enough to fix on the changes of the moon as the likeliest times for the success of their operations.

The

The next considerable personage to the Rain-maker is the doctor, who deals partly in simples, but mostly in quackery. During the continuance of sickness in a family, a reed is stuck on the fence before the door, as a warning against entering uninvited;—a precaution not taken with any view of guarding against infection; but because, so long as the doctor is in attendance, every thing in the house belongs to him; and he would therefore have a claim on the portable property of every stranger who might chance to come under the roof: the whole concern, as the Polynesians would say, is *Tabboo* to the doctor. Thus when Mr. Campbell asked for the two twirling sticks, with which *King Mateebe* excited fire, he was refused, under the pretence that his majesty had been sick, and that every thing was still under the gripe of the *Lattakoo Galen*.

The following are a few of the peculiarities of this people. A Booshuana, after his return from a journey, washes himself from head to foot, and has the hair of his head and beard shaven clean off, lest strangers should have subjected him to the power of witchcraft, sorcery, or any other evil. On a cloudy morning, while the corn is on the ground, no one must go into the fields, lest he should frighten away the rain; nor must the milk-tree be cut down at that time, as it would cause drought. Fond as they are of salt, they never take it out of the pond, but purchase it from others; and though they readily eat potatoes, they cannot be prevailed on to plant them, because they resemble nothing which has been handed down to them by their forefathers, to whose manners and customs they appear to be strongly, not to say superstitiously, attached. The women eat with their husbands at home, but are not allowed to be present at public feasts. If the wife should fail in providing a supper for her husband according to his liking, he proceeds to the door of the house, and certifies her negligence, with a loud voice, to the whole neighbourhood. If, on the contrary, the husband takes the correction of his wife into his own hands, she repairs to the same spot, and publishes her grievance to such of her neighbours as may choose to listen to it. Something not much unlike this, takes place, we believe, in countries nearer home.

These, however, are innocent prejudices and habits; but they have other customs which are of a contrary character. When a woman, for instance, bears twins, one of them is put to death. Old age, which by most nations is held in respect and reverence, is here utterly disregarded. 'An old woman,' says Mr. Campbell, 'was lately allowed to starve at Lattakoo for want of food, after which they dragged her body, as if she had been a dog, to the outside of the town, that it might be devoured by the wolves; and

' At length we cleared the wood and entered what resembled an extensive

tensive English common, when we observed scores of women and children running with all possible speed from the corn-fields to witness the novel sight of travelling houses, or waggons. They all kept at a respectful distance, except a few boys who had the boldness to approach within twenty yards of the waggons; for boldness it certainly was when all things are considered. The motion of the wheels appeared the chief attraction, and proved highly diverting to them. They no sooner saw a spoke pointing upwards, than immediately its position was reversed; this wonder they were noticing to each other as the waggons went forward.

'On drawing near to the town, a great number of the inhabitants came rushing forth armed with spears, battle-axes, and long sticks, wearing hairy skin caps, skin cloaks, and sandals, and all of them painted red. Altogether they presented a frightful appearance, though they certainly came to us as friends. After some salutations we all walked into the town together, and, by their directions, our waggons were brought into an inclosure near the chief entrance, about three P. M.'—(vol. i. p. 153.)

The population of this town is stated to be from six to seven hundred souls, the greater part of whom regarded the Missionaries and every thing belonging to them with the utmost astonishment. Having favoured these people with a discourse, which was conveyed to them at second-hand by an interpreter, they continued their journey to Mashow, passing through extensive fields of caffre-corn till they reached a hill covered with mimosas, from which, says Mr. Campbell, 'we had a view of a country exceeding in beauty any thing I had yet seen in Africa.' From this place, hills and valleys, richly clothed with wood, succeeded each other, till the *city* of Mashow appeared on an eminence, and shortly after the inhabitants, pouring forth in crowds to meet them. On entering, they were led, as usual, to the great public enclosure, where his majesty, king Kossie, and his chiefs were assembled to receive them.

Mr. Campbell speaks of nine-and-twenty villages which he could see from Mashow, and estimates the population at ten or twelve thousand, scattered over a circumference, mostly of corn-fields, of more than twenty miles. The people differ in nothing from the Booshuanas; but their houses are somewhat better built and more commodious, having in their front raised terraces, about three feet in width, and in the shape of a crescent. The women were observed to be somewhat smarter in their dress, and wore a profusion of beads round the neck and arms. Mr. Campbell says, the Mashows inoculate in the forehead for the small-pox, a practice which they told him they derived from white people who lived in the north-east,—the Portuguese, no doubt, at or about the Mozambique.

As they proceeded, the beauty of the country continued to increase. Hitherto all the streams which Mr. Campbell had crossed ran to the westward, but at the distance of two days journey beyond Mashow their direction changed to the eastward. The country on all sides was so thickly covered with trees as to exhibit a boundless forest. The larger species of wild beasts were abundant; and gnoos, hartebeests, quachas and rhinoceroses supplied the party with plenty of food. Of the last mentioned animals one, of a large size, was shot near the waggons. 'I was astonished,' says Mr. Campbell, 'at its bulk, being eleven feet long; six feet in height; four feet broad or in thickness; three feet from the top of the nose to the ears; length of the fore legs two feet; circumference of the upper part of the fore leg three feet; length of the hind leg three feet, and its circumference at the upper part three and a half feet; the circumference of the body about eleven feet.—The whole party set about cutting it up, and in less than an hour every inch of that monstrous creature was carried off, and nothing but a pool of blood left behind; and when they halted in the evening no less than fifteen fires were set a blazing, and eighty-nine persons all busily employed in roasting, frying, boiling and devouring rhinoceros flesh with disgusting voraciousness.' A dead quacha was brought in by way of a second course. In order to cook the lower legs and hoofs of the rhinoceros, (the calipash and calipee of a Booshuana epicure,) an ant's nest is selected, being a structure of hard clay about three feet high, and shaped like a bee-hive; the inside is a cellular turfy substance, which being removed, and the cavity heated by burning brushwood within it, an excellent oven is prepared for the purpose.

A river running to the west was said to be the Molopo, the farthest point from which any direct intelligence was received from the unfortunate Cowan and his companions. Near the same spot other streams were running to the eastward. From this circumstance it was evident that Mr. Campbell was now travelling on the highest ridge of this part of Africa, a continuation of the Niewfeld, the Sneuberg and the Tarka mountains, and of that immense chain behind the Mozambique, (said to be perpetually covered with snow,) which are marked upon our charts as the Lupata mountains, and which are probably continued to the border of the Red Sea. The Portuguese are the only people who have seen, or are supposed to have seen these mountains, of which their account is very jejune and vague. That the land in the interior rises to a great height towards the equinoctial we have no doubt; the fact, indeed, was confirmed a few years ago from the report of the severity of the weather given by some slave children who had been marched down for sale to the infamous slave-mart

of



of Zanzibar, established by the Portuguese, (but to which the only traders now resorting are the subjects of his Most Christian Majesty,) and who, in describing their journey to the coast, (to a lady at Bombay, who had taken great pains to instruct them in the English language) said, that they waited on the borders of a great inland sea till the water became *hard*, and would allow them to walk over it: this was probably the large lake marked on the charts by the name of Maravi or Zemba, near the western margin of the above mountains, and supposed to stretch almost to the equator.

Mr. Campbell was delighted, and apparently not without reason, with the beautiful appearance of the country, which continued to improve in every respect the farther he advanced to the northward. On the eighth day from Mashow the party crossed a large river, called the Lukoowhai, and entered a picturesque valley, which opened upon a large plain, with corn-fields of great extent, from which they had a view of the *city* of Kurreechane, situated upon one of the highest hills in this part of Africa. In an instant men, women, and children poured down from every side to gaze upon the strangers, and their horses, who were at least objects of equal curiosity. All was clamour and confusion and wild screaming for joy. The strangers were conducted, as a matter of course, to a large enclosure within the town surrounded by a stone wall. The *king* was a minor; but there was a regent, and he lost no time in waiting on the strangers. Mr. Campbell was proceeding to state the object of their visit, when the chief stopped him short, observing that this could be done only at a public meeting.

In the mean time milk, boiled caffre-corn and sugar-cane were sent to them; after which they ascended the heights, and were surprized to see an immense plain bounded by hills, with large towns on each of them: they then walked about Kurreechane, and observed, with pleasure, that every house was surrounded with a good stone wall, some of them plastered on the outside, and painted yellow:

'In some houses there were figures, pillars, &c. carved or moulded in hard clay, and painted with different colours, that would not have disgraced European workmen. They are indeed an ingenious people. We saw among them various vessels, formed of clay, painted of different colours, and glazed, for holding water, milk, food, and a kind of beer, made from corn. They had also pots of clay, of all sizes, and very strong. Every part of their houses and yards is kept very clean. They smelt both iron and copper. The rain-maker took us to see one furnace, in which they smelted the iron. It was built of clay, almost equal in hardness to stone. A round opening was left at the top for receiving the ore, and an excavation underneath for holding the fire, which was open behind and before, not only for admitting the fuel, but also the wind from the bellows.'—vol. i. 228.

After allowing the travellers a few days for repose, the Peetso, to which Mr. Campbell naturally looked forward with some anxiety, was announced. It seems to have been got up with a good deal of savage magnificence, and must really have been a very interesting spectacle. The speeches, in which there was no novelty, were preceded by song and dance, and wild and fantastic displays (not always ungraceful) of courage and dexterity. The appearance of the chiefs is thus described.

‘There were a great diversity of dresses at the peetso. They all resembled each other, however, in having their bodies painted with pipe-clay from head to foot, and in wearing a kind of white turban, made from the skin of the wild hog, the bristles of which are as white as the whitest horse-hair. Many wore tiger-skins, and several were ornamented with eight or ten coverings resembling fur tippets, hanging from their shoulders, and others wore them depending from the middle of their bodies. There were a great variety of skin cloaks without the hair. Yet, notwithstanding all this finery, few scenes could be conceived more completely savage, almost bordering on the frightful; but the tones of voice and the actions of most of the speakers were oratorical and graceful, and they possessed great fluency of utterance. None seemed to have the smallest timidity, nor were they reluctant to express their minds with freedom.’—p. 268.

The Kurreechanes are chiefly employed in attending the cattle, dressing skins, and making them into cloaks; their women are occupied in domestic concerns, in threshing the corn, and storing it up in large clay vessels, also made by them, each capable of containing from ten to twelve bushels. Our travellers observed several blacksmiths at work, whose implements were pretty nearly the same as those in use at Lattakoo; consisting of a stone anvil, an iron hammer, and bellows made of skins with a cow’s horn at one end for the pipe, two pair of which one workman contrived to blow, by alternately lifting the upper wooden board of each. Articles of copper were so common that Mr. Campbell had no doubt they were manufactured on the spot, as he had been previously informed; but he was unable to satisfy himself on this point, as the furnaces were said to be behind the houses of some of the captains, and there was an apparent unwillingness to let him see them: they made no difficulty, however, in showing him the iron furnaces, which were constructed of clay. He brought home several specimens of their earthenware, which is generally of a chocolate colour; many of the articles are handsome in shape and texture, and far superior to the common Roman pottery. Of ivory these people make knife-handles, whistles, rings for the legs and arms; of copper, rings for every part of the body; of rushes, baskets and bonnets; of leather, cloaks, caps, sandals and shields; of wood,

wood, household furniture, dishes and spoons; and of a soft stone, pipes to smoke tobacco, which Mr. Campbell says they raise in great abundance. Whence did they get it?—or does not Mr. Campbell mean hemp? which is used as tobacco by the Booshuanas and other South Africans, and which we think he occasionally calls by that name.

Like the Booshuanas, the *Marootzee* inoculate for the small-pox between the eye-brows; and the Regent informed our traveller that they procured the matter from a people to the north-east, called Mahalatyela, who ride upon elephants. They make incisions in the temples to cure the head-ache, and bleed copiously for several diseases. 'It was impossible,' Mr. Campbell says, 'to number the houses in Kurreechane, but probably the population may amount to sixteen thousand, it being at least four times the size of New Lattakoo.'

From many circumstances which Mr. Campbell observed among these people, particularly from the rite of circumcision and from the practice of the king sitting in the gate to administer justice, he considers them to be of Arabian or Jewish origin. There is not the smallest doubt of this; the whole Caffre nation, of which they form a part, is obviously derived from a mixed breed of Arabs and native Africans; but Mr. Campbell has not observed attentively when he talks of the men having wool on their heads, and the sheep hair—the covering of the latter is certainly a mixture of hair and wool, but the heads of the men, though curly, are not covered with woolly hair. We suspect that, in tracing this ridge of South Africa to the northward, the inhabitants will be found to approach more and more to the Jewish character, until all traces of black blood lost are in the Abyssinians.

It appears, from various sources of information procured by Mr. Campbell, that the whole country to the eastward of the elevated level on which he travelled was fertile and populous, but that to the westward it was one continued karroo or desert, on which a few miserable Bushmen gained a scanty subsistence, as far as to the shores of the southern Atlantic; stretching northerly to the Portuguese settlements on the western coast, or up to the fifteenth parallel of south latitude. On account of its barren uniformity and vast extent, Mr. Campbell thinks it may properly enough be named the Great Southern Zahara. The latitude of Kurreechane, the extreme point of his travels to the northward, is placed in  $24\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S. which is about a degree and a half to the northward of De la Goa Bay. The streams therefore which he saw running to the eastward united probably in the great river Mafumé, which falls into that bay.

The peetso, of which we spoke above, having determined that

it was a good thing to have missionaries among them, Mr. Campbell, who had no ulterior object in view, returned to Mashow. During his absence several rhinoceroses had entered the town, two of whom were killed by the inhabitants, and two others by a hunting party, not far from it. One of these was either of a different species or a variety of the common African species. The head was presented to Mr. Campbell, and is now in the museum of the Missionary Society in the Old Jewry. He thus describes it.

'The common African rhinoceros has a crooked horn resembling a cock's spur, which rises about nine or ten inches above the nose and inclines backward; immediately behind this is a short thick horn; but the head they brought had a straight horn projecting three feet from the forehead, about ten inches above the tip of the nose. The projection of this great horn very much resembles that of the fanciful unicorn in the British arms. It has a small thick horny substance, eight inches long, immediately behind it, which can hardly be observed on the animal at the distance of a hundred yards, and seems to be designed for keeping fast that which is penetrated by the long horn; so that this species of rhinoceros must appear really like a unicorn when running in the field. The head resembled in size a nine-gallon cask, and measured three feet from the mouth to the ear, and being much larger than that of the one with the crooked horn, and which measured eleven feet in length, the animal itself must have been still larger and more formidable. From its weight, and the position of the horn, it appears capable of overcoming any creature hitherto known. Hardly any of the natives took the smallest notice of the head, but treated it as a thing familiar to them.\*—vol. i. p. 294.

The length, the little curvature, and the position of the horn, together with its very superior size, are differences from the common species sufficiently remarkable; but they become still more so, if, as Sir Everard Home has asserted, 'they make it bear so close a resemblance to the fossil skull from Siberia as to leave no prominent characteristic mark between them;' and that 'were it not that the one is in a fossil state and the other recent, they would be decided to belong to the same species.† We cannot, however, agree with Sir Everard, that this solitary fact, supposing it to be so, has at all shaken the theory that 'all the bones hitherto found in a fossil state, differ from those belonging to animals now in existence.' We believe they are all essentially, if not speci-

\* Mr. Campbell tells us the lower jaw was left behind, but that the upper part is in the Missionary Museum, and that for such as may not have the opportunity of seeing the head, (it is the skull merely) 'the annexed drawing of it has been made.' Having seen that skull, we do not hesitate to say that the drawing is no more like either the head of the animal as it was, or of the skull as it is, than the head of a cow is like that of a horse. Indeed the London-made prints to the work are paltry daubs, and calculated only to mislead.

† Philosophical Transactions, part 1, 1822.

fically different. Whether, as he supposes, this African rhinoceros be the unicorn of Job, we pretend not to decide; but we feel no difficulty in saying that the rhinoceros of the country where Job lived, is wholly different from the African rhinoceros; and, with submission, we do not see why the common Asiatic species would not suit the lofty metaphorical and poetical description of Job as well as the other.

From Mashow, taking a sweep to the eastward, Mr. Campbell returned to the missionary establishment of Griqua town, where we took him up, and where we must now take our final leave of him.

We are not aware that, in passing over these desultory volumes, we have omitted any thing that could be considered as interesting or amusing in any material degree. In justice to Mr. Campbell, however, (whose piety and many amiable qualities command our respect,) we ought to remark that the subjects connected with the southern angle of Africa are so nearly exhausted, that none but a skilful physiologist can now hope to succeed in giving to it much additional importance.

ART. V.—*The Elements of the Art of Packing, as applied to Special Juris, particularly in Cases of Libel Law.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esquire, Benchor of Lincoln's-Inn, London.

IN the earlier part of Mr. Bentham's life, his philanthropic mind was employed in many ingenious endeavours, to bring to perfection the art of constructing places for the confinement of his fellow-creatures. None of his contrivances perhaps were more deserving of eulogy than those adapted for retaining the objects of incarceration within the precincts of their dungeon, and securing to them the benefits of prison-discipline, by providing against furtive or forcible eruptions. 'To facilitate the discovery of treachery or insurrection, light was to be copiously diffused, and in all directions eyes were to be placed, 'availing themselves of that light;' conversation tubes were to convey speedy intelligence to the remotest cells; and it was proposed to surround the panopticon with a range of wires, connected with a series of bells, so placed, that an attempt at escape would detect itself by communicating, throughout the circumference, a tintinnabulous sound.\* But all this was not sufficient; and as a last precaution, guard-houses were to be erected at convenient distances, each of them furnished with

\* 'On the top of the wall all round, a range of spikes, iron or wooden, of such slightness that in the attempt to set a ladder against them, or throw a rope over them, to get up by, they would give way and break, and in either case strike against a range of wires, by which a number of bells would be set a ringing.'

'a dog

'a dog or dogs, of the sort of those which in the night are set a barking by any the least noise.' When the dogs were 'set a barking,' and the bells 'set a ringing,' the fugitive was sure to be brought back.

But it is not only for the protection of a prison, that animals endowed with the propensity to bark on slight occasions are serviceable. Such qualities are found to be equally advantageous in the guardians of the body politic; and it is fortunate for the country we live in, that our English watch-dogs are not without a due proportion of the attributes of the cur. No deficiency on this head can be imputed to our author; a very little of fact and less of reasoning is sufficient to call him into action: and his proneness to bark at 'any the least noise' is well evinced by the present publication, originating, as he informs us, in a newspaper article, and unsupported by any other proof of the existence of the evils for which it proposes a remedy.

The work was written, it is stated, in 1809, and printed in 1810; but 'circumstances prevented its being at that time exposed to sale.' What these circumstances may be we are not informed, except by an intimation, that, if known, they would 'afford a striking illustration of the baneful influence of the principles and practice it is employed in unveiling.' We have not been able to call to mind the subject of this mysterious allusion, unless it be the circumstance of Mr. Bentham's having, since the date assigned to the composition of his work, been relieved from the situation in which he then stood, or considered himself to stand, of a government contractor. A plan had been in agitation for the erection of a prison, according to his theory, and to be placed under his superintendence: it had proceeded so far that a considerable sum of money had been advanced to him for the purpose, and a piece of land of sufficient value to produce an agreeable addition of about £700 per annum to his income, had been purchased and put into his possession.\* The scheme was abandoned, and we know not whether Mr. Bentham may have been dissatisfied with the compensation awarded him for the loss of the emoluments which he anticipated from his reversionary gaolership; or whether it has happened to him, as it has to many others, that the 'abruption of a connection' with the 'executive' has opened his eyes to its vices, and impressed on his mind a more lively sense of the evils arising from misrule: but it is certain that, since that time, he has found frequent occasion to lift up his voice in the public cause, and that his writings, no longer merely speculative, have assumed a tone of

\* See Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Penitentiary Houses—1811. p. 147.

rancorous abuse against all who stand in the way of his projects. It is since that time, that he has made those numerous assaults upon the religion and constitution of his country, which have not failed of being mischievous from any want of intention on the part of their author; and it is since that time that this fierce attack upon the purity of the administration of justice has been released from the concealment which it endured, as long as he entertained an hope of the humblest employment under those whom it denounces.

It is the common error of projectors that, aggravating the importance of their own discoveries, they are apt to imagine that whatever evils they either see or fancy, are referable to causes to which their theories would afford a remedy. Mr. Bentham carries this parental weakness somewhat farther: not content with attributing the mischiefs which he discerns, to the disregard of his doctrines, he collects by some process of reasoning what mischiefs the errors of the present system must, according to his views, occasion, and thence assumes as a fact, that those mischiefs actually exist; from this cause his writings present a frightful but fancied picture of the miseries and vices of mankind.

Thus he has persuaded himself, by arguments, for which he refers to another of his multitudinous publications, that from our judicial system having been framed when the world had not the benefit of his legislative inventions, the interest of the judge and 'the prejudices begotten by those interests, are in a state of constant, universal, and diametrical opposition to his duty—to every branch of that duty,—to every one, without exception, of the ends of justice.'—(p. 59.) It should be observed that it appears to be part of the moral theory of Mr. Bentham, that pecuniary interest is not only the *primum mobile*, but the paramount and exclusive director of human actions. His limited acquaintance with his fellow-creatures, or the peculiarities of those from whom he has formed his opinion of the rest, seem to have concealed from him the fact, that there are men who do not always postpone their duty to the love of lucre. The existence of such characters is not dreamed of in his more simple philosophy. Rejecting the complication of motives to which others would be inclined to attribute some weight, it is sufficient with him to ascertain what line of conduct will be most productive of emolument, and it follows as a necessary consequence that that line will be pursued. Having therefore satisfied himself that the interest of a judge is always directly at variance with his duty, he does not hesitate to adopt the conclusion that that duty is always disregarded; a conclusion which, as far as we can perceive, he only arrives at by the process we have described. There is, we are told, no other country in which corruption in the highest rank of judges has place to an extent approaching



proaching that to which it has spread in this; it is in fact 'constant and universal.' They (the judges) are *comforted* exactly in the same proportion in which the suitors are tormented; they are 'linked by the bands of a common interest' with every delinquent; falsehood, extortion, swindling and deception are familiar to them.

A result thus condemning to infamy one of the most respected classes of society would, to one less confident in his own philosophy, present something startling, and tempt him to inquire into the fact, and ask whether all this depravity actually exists, and what symptoms of it are discernible? But Mr. Bentham scorns an appeal to facts; and admitting, as he does, that the purity of the English judicature is so universally believed in, as to have become in a manner proverbial, this 'contradictoriness' of general opinion only renders him more positive. It is by no means 'vulnerable' to his hypothesis, but on the contrary, is 'evidentiary' of its truth. 'The popularity of the system, so far from being a proof of its excellence, affords a proof, inasmuch as it is among the results, of its depravity.'—(p. 71.) It arises, in fact, chiefly from the interested eulogies bestowed on the system, by the 'men of law,' which others are simple enough to believe, and which, singular as it may seem, rise in proportion to its demerits. Though we are not disposed to admit this proposition, or the former one connected with it, that popularity is the result and proof of depravity, yet a reference to the events of our own times forbids us from denying them altogether; and we are not sure that our author in propounding them has not been slily casting a stone at some of those whose notions are most nearly allied to his own.

This judicial iniquity has been more felt in its effects on our system of trial by jury than any where else. It seems that at a very early period the judges, to gain their private ends, formed 'a determination to subvert, as far as it might be found practicable and convenient, this part of the constitution.'—(p. 18.) But prudently resolving not to hazard the achievement of their object by attempting too much, they limited their design 'to all cases in which it was likely that the judge, or any of the servants of the crown, his confederates, would have any special interest.'—(p. 19.) The means employed were chiefly those of corruption and deception. Our author, fond of displaying his discriminative powers in forming classifications, has explained to us the different kinds of deception most frequently in use: it may be *special* or *general*; it is sometimes *humiliative* or *depressive*, and sometimes *self-exaltative*; again; there is the *regular* and the *casual corruptor*. So numerous are the snares laid for the probity of jurymen!

Special juries were introduced as one step towards the accomplishment of the object on which the judges had resolved; it being found,

found, we suppose, that men of property were most easily bribed, and men of intelligence most easily imposed upon. It may perhaps be matter of surprize to the many excellent persons who have at some time of their lives found themselves 'inhabitants of a jury-box,' to be informed that they have only been placed there from their known corruption, and from the other qualifications they possess for forming part of 'a board secretly composed of commissioners, paid, placed, and displaceable by the servants of the crown.'—(p. 43.) But this is nevertheless the fact; our author has discovered by a process of reasoning, unaided by facts, that the jurymen are selected from a secret list 'of sure men,' of persons on whom the officer of the court who nominates them can depend, to return whatever verdict he may think fit; the power of challenging is merely nugatory; the officer of the court notwithstanding directs the verdict: 'the whole forty-eight being alike at his devotion, alike the creatures of his choice, what matters it to him which are the twelve that serve?'—(p. 32.)

In the general profligacy that surrounds us, we are not only taught to dread the influence of the crown and the judges, the *regular corruptors* of juries; there is, besides the casual corruptor, the individual party who, desirous of justice, buys the votes of his jury by private contract. We are told a story of a verdict that cost as much as £1500; a story probably fabricated by some person indulging his 'quizzatorial' propensities, at the expense of our author's credulity of evil. He talks familiarly about 'corrupting the requisite number of jurymen,' and we do not collect that he apprehends any other difficulty than that of providing sufficient funds. Such is the force of money, that if one be corrupted, the verdict is secured; the influence of bad motives is, at least, eleven times stronger than that of good, so that one who has been bribed may always bring over to his side the other eleven.—(p. 242.) It is to be observed that the whole of this rests upon inferences, suspicions, and possibilities; no attempt is made to show by any facts that, in any single instance, a corrupt or undue influence has been used; it is supported only by hypothesis, or by reasonings which will be found to resolve themselves into a principle, on which a great part of our author's ethics are apparently founded;—namely, that every man practises all the wickedness that his situation in life admits of; no opportunity for crime is lost; and when it is shown that there is some mode in which, at the risk of a heavy responsibility, a jury might be packed; it is assumed that, in point of fact, every jury is packed. It does not, of course, occur to him to reconcile with his notions, the fact that in so many cases verdicts are given against the crown, and in many more against the opinion  
of

of the judge; if his accusations required an answer, that alone would be sufficient.

We wish, for the sake of Mr. Bentham, that before he proceeds in his inquiries, he could a little elevate his opinion of those beings for the government of whom he employs himself in framing laws. For of what avail are all his contrivances, if his fellow-creatures be the wretches that he supposes them? If mankind be so intensely corrupt, if the world be the pandæmonium which he paints it, legislation would be in vain: chrestomathic education, and panopticon discipline would be fruitless: let the laws be ever so good, and codified after the latest pattern, unless there be some portion of integrity in those to whom the execution of them is confided, the labour of the lawgiver will be lost. The machine cannot work without a fulcrum; and if there be no honesty or virtue to which we can trust the support of our system, we may be assured, however much its checks and counter-checks may be multiplied, it will not support itself.

ART. VI.—*Cœuvres complètes de Démosthène et d'Eschine, en Grec et en François. Traduction de l'Abbé Auger, de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres en Paris. Nouvelle Edition, revue et corrigée par J. Planche, Professeur de Rhétorique au Collège Royal de Bourbon. Tom. i.—iv.*

WHATEVER political economists may say to the contrary, man is a generous and magnificent animal, fond of prodigality and amorous of expense. Of all the periods of human history, the most grateful to a lettered mind are those in which the names of Pericles and Augustus, Lorenzo and Louis, imply, that princes could afford to be generous, and that the arts which minister to the pride and pleasure of man could throw into the shade those which contribute only to his necessities.

Whoever shall be content to accompany us through our remarks (and it is for the purpose of looking into one of the most splendid departments of human literature, that the present title stands at the head of our pages) will see hereafter that these thoughts naturally arise out of a subject well deserving a much more extensive investigation than we can give, but of which we can at least promise a fuller account than the unsatisfactory dissertation prefixed to the volumes before us. If the greater part of Grecian oratory was dedicated to the business of life, it will be our future business to show, that one branch of it (and that not the least delightful) was devoted to the amusement of life; that its chief appeal was to the ear, and that it regarded the  
pomp

pomp and prodigality of words without any close attention to the truth or reality of things.

That we may not, however, to other faults add that of exciting expectations only to disappoint them, we hasten at the very outset to observe, that almost our last purpose in thus taking up the Greek orators will be that of discriminating and appreciating their various styles and beauties; and they who are most versed in the critical writings of antiquity, and who are aware that difference of style among the Greeks depended upon such minute shades and differences,\* that the most exact erudition is perhaps only capable of *knowing* and not *feeling* them, will be the first to absolve us for not making such an attempt. Our object will be rather to make ourselves acquainted with the character, manners, and institutions of the singular people of whom these orators formed a part, and to see whether graver authorities bear us out in that estimate and opinion of the Greeks, which we may by some be thought to have taken up on much lighter testimony. If the value of our undertaking be considerably lessened by such an explanation, we feel very sensibly that we have also much lessened the difficulty and responsibility of our enterprise.

Grecian eloquence began, where among such a people we should look for its origin: it was cradled in poetry. That wonderful being, who stands before us, like the stupendous Asiatic ruins, a proof of some anterior state of empire, made his two great poems the depository of all that went before him, and left in them the germ of all that was to follow him; history, geography, tactics, the fine arts, philosophy and oratory. The eloquence of Homer, like the music of Handel, is not less the expression of impassioned feeling in the individual, than of that mass of feeling, which is to be found in multitudes, and of which the most popular speakers embody into themselves a portion. The opening speeches in the *Iliad* are more particularly, as it were, the pibrochs of different clans; and only he, whose powerful genius has seized upon a similar state of manners with Homer, could have put a meeting of Highland chiefs into speech and action with the same perfect mixture of roughness and refinement, ferocity and gentleness, which in all ages belongs to a state of half-civilized manners. But it is less with a view of specifying the eloquence of Homer, than of pointing out the results which, thus embodied, it had upon the Grecian oratory, that we have

\* For a confirmation of this opinion we refer generally to the writings of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and more particularly to his treatise 'De Compositione Verborum,' a delicious piece of criticism, but which gives less pleasure perhaps from the information it imparts, than it does mortification from showing us, how much there is in antiquity which we can never thoroughly appreciate.

been

been led into these remarks. That beautiful structure of verse, in which the *Iliad* is composed, and which, it has been observed, under all faults of pronunciation, is found to contain something universally agreeable to the ear, had an effect upon the lively minds of his countrymen, which nothing could efface. Even where language was relieved from the strict confinement of metre, some portion of its graceful slavery was still thought requisite: and oratory more particularly was not to be without its chains. A metrical arrangement therefore, though differing in its kind, is perceptible even to a modern ear, in all the speeches of antiquity. It is found in the fiery zeal of Lycurgus, in the angry invective of Deinarchus, in the sad and chastened tone of Andocides: in Demosthenes, it is one among all other excellencies; while on a portion of Grecian oratory, to which we have already alluded, and on which we shall presently dwell somewhat fully, it bestowed cadences of the most soothing and melting modulation.

Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.\*

Had the philosophical poems of Empedocles come down to us, it is probable that we should have found in them a golden link to let us down from the eloquence of poetry into the eloquence of prose: he had the two noblest ingredients of an orator in him—a powerful intellect and an upright life—and his diction was said to be as poetical as Homer's: but these poems have been lost in the stream of time; and the speeches of Peisistratus, Solon, and Cleisthenes were, we believe, never collected or put into writing. Tradition has said so much of the eloquence of Themistocles, that there is still more reason to regret, that time has allowed us no proof of the excellence on which this fame is built. We have to descend therefore at once from the simple and sublime eloquence of Homer, into eloquence in its most hateful, and eloquence in its most perfect shape: into a war of opinion between all that is sound in principle and correct in taste, with all that is false in the one and vicious in the other. Never did the two principles of

\* As our remarks are addressed to general readers, we must refer for more particular information on this point to various passages in Cicero's rhetorical pieces, and to the critical writings of Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Hermogenes. The latter more particularly (a remarkable youth, in whom nature revenged an early precocity of intellect by an early imbecility) specifies the particular feet which the Greek orators were fond of using, according to the precise feeling of mind which they wished to excite. For those who think that this nicety of rhythm might be neglected with impunity, we quote the following indignant protest. *ἀν εἰς πρῶτος τι καὶ τελευταῖος καὶ μέσος ὁ μέγας σοφιστὴς Ἠγησίας; ὑπερ ὃ, μὴ τοι δια καὶ τῆς ἄλλης διὰς ἀπαντας, οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτι χρεὶ λῆγειν, ποτὲρον τοσαῦτα περὶ αὐτοῖς ἢ ἀναίσθησια καὶ παχυτέρη. ὥστε μὴ συνεῖαν αἰτῶναι εἰσὶν εὐγάνης ἢ ἀγάνης ῥυθμοί, ἢ τοσαῦτα διαβλαβεία καὶ διαφθορά τῶν φησὶν, ὥστε ἰδὼτα τῆς κριτικῆς, ἐπειτα αἰετῶσαι τῆς χειρὸς; ὃ καὶ μάλλον περὶ δομαί.*—Dion. Hal. de Verborum Compositione. p. 18. Sylb. edit.

good

good and evil come into a more awful conflict than they did, as far as oratory is concerned, in the separate schools of Gorgias and Pericles. There is something consolatory in the reflexion, that this conflict never takes place but the end is invariably the same: the battle may be for a while with the latter, but the final victory, whatever havoc and ruin may intervene, inevitably remains with the former. The speeches of Pericles, accordingly, are yet a perennial fountain at which the wise of all ages feel themselves too happy to be allowed to drink; the eloquence of the sophists has become a bye-word of infamy and contempt, and it is perhaps known only to the most learned of our readers, that any specimens of it are yet to be found. Two \* speeches however of Gorgias, their prince and leader, have contrived to escape that gulph into which his fellow-traders in iniquity have dropt; and, as curiosities in themselves, they may not be undeserving a moment's notice.

It was our melancholy task once before to follow this pestilent race into their dark recesses, and to point out by what means they endeavoured to effect that dislocation and looseness in the moral frame, which their infamous doctrines caused among the *men* of Greece. But they were not persons who did the work of villainy by halves, or who were content to debase only the rougher part of the creation. Woman was their game as well as man: and as they varied their attack on the latter, because man, being attached to society by many links, may perhaps hold faster by one, since he has broken ten others; so in their powerful assault upon the gentler sex, they skilfully selected that point of attack which, by severing woman from the tie of family feeling, throws her at once out of the system, and leaves her an erratic comet, in whose very beauty there is fear; and which gives the first promise of security, when it sinks into that privacy, out of which it has too suddenly risen. For a being weak by nature, and whose feebleness is often rather increased than supported by society; for a creature, whose aberrations society takes care severely to chastise, and who sins less, perhaps, from motives of self-gratification, than because she wants power to deny any thing to those she loves; for such a being, we have all the compassion which the common infirmities of our nature demand: but if there be in nature one feeling of abhorrence more strong than another, it belongs to a writer like that before us, who endeavours to loosen all the ties between woman

\* The second of the speeches ascribed to Gorgias seems to us to bear marks of being a forgery. At least we remember no other speech, where the term *κρηται* is applied to men acting in a judicial character, otherwise than at the theatres. Every one must feel the 'Encomium Helenæ' to be a genuine production; or, if a copy, to be so perfect a facsimile, that, like the Lexiphanes of Lucian, it does not much signify whether we have the original.

and such a situation ; who deliberately sits down to a defence of adultery as to the solution of a mathematical problem, with only this difference, that the demonstration comes first and the enunciation afterwards ; and who rises from his ' plaything ' (to use his own expression) with that apparent satisfaction, which we had been taught to believe, resulted only from the successful investigation of abstract truths. Yet, stript of its flimsy sophistry, what is the speech in praise of Helen but that which we have described ? and by what infatuation of the human mind was it, that a speech as contemptible in composition, as it is corrupt in principle, is to be numbered among those, which gained for its author, when living, a statue of gold ?

What Burnet, on some occasion, says of the learning of the Popish doctors, may not unaptly be applied to the species of eloquence, which we are now considering ;—' that it was a slight of tossing some arguments from hand to hand, with a gibberish kind of language, that sounded like somewhat that was sublime, but had really nothing under it.' A profusion of those splendid words, which, because singly they characterize noble things, are supposed by incautious readers to do the same, when heaped together—a smaller particular insidiously hung upon a manifest truth, and the subordinate article passed off upon the credit of the main proposition—a solemn mode of enunciating very common-place matter, and the terms of the schools thrown out at decent intervals, as if there was more in these things than philosophy is aware of—things earthly and things heavenly, the properties of substance and the accidents of metaphysics all hashed up into an heterogeneous jumble—a judicious mixture of those mysterious terms, to which fools give up their reason, and fine gentlemen and poets surrender their better spirits—fate, fortune, destiny, necessity—these, with all the jugglers' tricks that could be played on a language plastic to every volition of the mind ; strong antitheses not only of sentiments and words, but even of syllables—short sentences, which put the fiat upon the author's own opinions, or which are fired like minute-guns over opinions of others sent to an early grave—these, with other tricks of legerdemain, make Gorgias a sort of antic to laugh at in a sultry summer's day, when the mind feels unequal to graver and to better business. Whence then did the sophistic eloquence derive its success in its own day ? There was novelty, that moon at the full, which finds every crack and crevice in weak brains—there was a new people, and a new people, like a new man, must have every thing levelled down to its own capacity—there was an administration, which for its own selfish purposes had opened a door for the licentiousness it was afterwards unable to restrain ;—and there was a swarm of cunning and needy ad-  
venturers,

\* D  
† Q  
accom  
pronou  
cap. 10



venturers, who had skill to discern, and perseverance to complete the plans by which such a system of things might be turned to most advantage.

We feel no temptation to transfuse into our pages any portion of this scribbler's works, at once a coxcomb and a villain; but we take advantage of this brief reference to his remains to impress upon our readers, these incontrovertible truths—that there is a succession of moral as well as physical cycles in the world; that national manners and national style have a more intimate union than is often imagined; that the outworks of man's intellect are to be as vigilantly guarded as the outworks of woman's chastity; that he who allows himself to be cheated with words, will soon allow himself to be cheated with things; that there is a fruit, (fabulous it may be,) which, though fair to the eye, turns to ashes in the mouth; and that the lightning, which plays brilliantly round the head, has within it a bolt which may penetrate to the heart, and leave it a scathed and withered waste!

We have but one word more to add on the subject of this wretched sophist. That the style of Gorgias, with all its faults, had some unaccountable fascination in it; there can be little doubt; since Plato, the foremost and the happiest to ridicule it, had, if we may believe an eminent critic of antiquity,\* the weakness to vitiate his own style by an occasional imitation of it; but that Cicero should have left the immoral tendency of this sophist's writings untouched, and have visited his defects of style with no great severity, will appear little extraordinary to those who have somewhat more than a common acquaintance with that great man's own writings. Next to the establishment of his own fame as an orator, it is clear that the great object of Cicero's literary life was to make the Grecian literature both known and fashionable at Rome; and these two purposes he completely effected, not less by exquisite translations in verse as well as in prose, (for we must not take a sarcastic line of Juvenal in too close a sense,) than by artful and well-timed compliments to the powers of his native language.† Now it certainly did not fall in with such a purpose to place any part of Grecian literature in an unfavourable light, even on mere points of style; and a less satisfactory reason must be given, why the reader is to expect little caution against the moral defects of Gorgias in the pages of Cicero. Among the few painful impressions which

\* Dionysius Halicar. in *Epist. ad Cn. Pompeium*.

† Quintilian, writing at a later period, and when Cicero's object had been completely accomplished, could assume a very different tone from his predecessor, and more safely pronounce upon the respective merits of the two languages. *Institutiones*, lib. xii. cap. 10.

the perusal of those pages leaves behind them, is the irresistible conviction that their author had trod the mazes of the Academic school, till his moral perception of the effects of literature had become almost lost; that he judged of compositions merely as a matter of art; and that a writer was little more in his opinion than an actor, whose business it was to throw the utmost effect which he could into that character which he sustained for the moment.\* With the exception of that fervid strain of eloquence into which a comparison† of the Epicurean and Peripatetic philosophies hurries him, only a few detached passages of his writings can be brought to indicate, that, consummately versed as he was in the Greek writings intellectually considered, he ever bestowed much thought upon them, in their moral or political relations to mankind.

We have now, as well as the slender materials we could find would allow us, brought down the progress of Grecian oratory to a period, when it would be advisable to trace it rather in masses, than in detail; but before we come to this division of our subject, it will be proper to place one more of our band of orators before the reader, because he has left specimens of his labours, which bring him into relation with the better and the worse species of orators, of whom we have just been treating; and because a fair opportunity occurs of hanging upon him some general observations relative to Grecian eloquence, for which we might not elsewhere find so convenient a place. The writer to whom we allude is Antiphon of Rhamnus.‡

If the son of Sophilus had possessed no other claim to notice than that of having formed the mind of Thucydides, posterity would have awarded him, for that single service, no mean place in the annals of Grecian eloquence; but Antiphon can stand upon claims of his own. Fifteen of his speeches have come down to us; and if twelve of these must for manner, though not for matter, take their place in the school of the sophists, and may therefore be hardly said to deserve a perusal, the three remaining speeches will to those, who wish to see the Grecian eloquence in all its forms, be as much an object of curiosity as any which have reached us. They are indeed the only specimens now left

\* Mr. Melmoth remarks (vol. ii. p. 232.) that in his Letters it is no unusual thing with Cicero to vary his sentiments so as to accommodate them to the principles or circumstances of his correspondents; and that even on so important a doctrine as the soul's immortality, his opinions are by no means consistent.

† De Finibus, lib. v.

‡ The Antiphons were a numerous family in Athens; and according to the practice of the times, they were characterized by a variety of nick-names. The orator was generally distinguished, as in the text, by the title of his ward or borough.

of what was considered the austere\* style in oratory; for we presume that the judicial speeches of Antiphon bore somewhat of the same character as his political did. As our object, however, is not mere curiosity; and little is to be found in them which bears very decidedly upon the inquiry we have in view, we shall consider the two kinds of speeches into which we have divided the remains of Antiphon, merely as a means of adding something further to our general knowledge respecting the nature of Grecian oratory.

Such trifling prozers as Goethe's Wagner may complain of the hardships, and such dauntless orators as ———,† may think themselves above the necessity of much mental labour. The Greek orators, however, were too wise in themselves not to be well aware that as perfection in the commonest art is unattainable without labour, so any degree of skill in the noblest of all arts is unattainable without consummate labour; and they had audiences to deal with who presently let them into the secret, whenever it happened to slip them. Hence we find, among the comparatively small remains of Grecian oratory which have come down to us, occasional specimens of the mere exercises of the professors, (*μελεται*) trials of their skill, or what painters would call studies. To this class may undoubtedly be referred the twelve speeches of Antiphon to which we have alluded, as they all grow out of one common subject, the supposition of an accidental murder, in which the charge of criminality is alternately urged and refuted: and to the same class may perhaps be referred many speeches, which the critics have determined not to be genuine productions of the authors to whom they are ascribed, and which, it is probable, were only the exercises of young practitioners, endeavouring to copy that author's particular style and manner. We are fearful of overloading our subject, or this might be the place to refer to another set of writings, which we know indeed rather by tradition, than by any actual remains of them. It is impossible, however, to look over the list of the lost works of antiquity, of which the titles are preserved in Diogenes Laertius, without perceiving that every philosopher made it a sort of duty to deliver his sentiments on that feeling which has been the most powerful in the world ever since

\* 'H δὲ τοῦ Θουκιδίδου λέξις καὶ ἡ Ἀντιφωντος τοῦ Ῥαμνυσίου, καλῶς μὲν συγκρίνεται τῇ Διο, ὡς περὶ τινὲς καὶ ἄλλαι, ὡ μὲν ἦδυν γε πάντων.—Dion. Hal. de Collocatione Verborum. Sylb. edit. p. 9. Ταυτὴς δὲ τῆς ἁρμογίας (τῆς αὐφνης) πολλοὶ μὲν ἐγινόντο ζήλωνται κατὰ τὰ ποιησὶν καὶ ἱστορίαν καὶ λόγους πολιτικούς, διαφέροντες δὲ τῶν ἄλλων, ἐν μὲν ἐπικῇ ποιήσιν ὁ τὸ Κολοφώνιος Ἀντιμαχὸς καὶ Ἐμπίδοκλος ὁ φυσικός· ἐν δὲ μελοποιίᾳ, Πίδαρος· ἐν δὲ τραγῳδίᾳ, Λισχυλός· ἐν δὲ ἱστορίᾳ Θουκκίδης· ἐν δὲ πολιτικῶν λόγους, Ἀντιφών.—Idem. p. 22.

† We want a term and a name for what Cicero calls the 'Operarii quidam singula ceteri et exercitatus,' i. e. Corporation Orators.

its creation; and what the philosophers made a matter of sentiment, the orators no doubt made a matter of language. Love, after all, was so much 'the unknown god' of the ancients, that from the two specimens preserved on the subject, there seems no great reason to lament, that where Lysias and Demosthenes can hardly be said to have succeeded, there should want proofs for showing, that their rivals and competitors absolutely failed.

But the writings of Antiphon remind us of a much more important remark to be made on the subject of which we are treating; a remark without which Grecian eloquence will be ill appreciated as a matter of art, and incautious readers be much deceived by writers on Grecian oratory in matters of fact. It has been well observed by the English historian of Greece, that in a popular government the art of public speaking cannot fail to be important, and that in Athens it was more extensively so; because no man, who possessed any thing, could, by the most upright conduct, be secure against prosecution,—and because it was expected of the prosecuted, though friends or counsel might assist, that they should nevertheless, also, speak for themselves. Hence the profession of the rhetorician, who composed orations to be spoken by others, arose, and gained high credit. The joint testimony of Quintilian and Diodorus assures us, that this practice originated with the orator of whom we are now treating, and the three speeches therefore, to which we have referred above—that which details the crimes of the cruel step-mother and her guilty accomplice,—that which shows how soon a Greek litigant began to strain the laws to his own feelings—and that wherein some of the customs connected with the Greek stage are detailed in so interesting a manner, may all be considered as growing out of the writer's trade. If the term last used should suggest something to the disadvantage of the Greek pleader as compared with the Roman advocate, (whose labours were generally at the *gratuitous* service of the distressed,) some consolation will be derived from the reflection, that posterity by this practice have gained something on the side of truth, and something, also, on the side of art. Many hints and reflections on the nature and character of his country escaped the rhetorician, when writing for another, which in his own person, perhaps, he would have been cautious of hazarding; and there can be little doubt that this practice obliged the writer to mix somewhat of the dramatist with the rhetorician, and while he drew up the argument and arrangement of the speech from his own resources, to give to the language and manner a certain colouring, derived from the manner and language of the person in whose service it was composed. The intelligent reader will easily suggest to himself,

himself, that while this consideration adds greatly to the interest with which Grecian oratory may be perused in a body, it adds very much to the difficulties, before pointed out, of selecting, in a short disquisition, any one single speech which shall give a clear idea of a speaker's peculiar manner. There is one more reflection connected with the name of Antiphon, and, agreeably to our first annunciation, we ought to pursue it; but we shall have tragedies enough to commemorate hereafter, not to make us delay the task as long as we can.

Our way now lies pretty clear before us: we have only to lay open our general division of the Grecian oratory, and as our task will then lie a great deal in translation, those who have been content to follow us through these opening remarks will perhaps be reminded of certain mountains mentioned by a lively French traveller,\* whose sides, he says, it was sufficiently laborious to ascend, but on whose tops there was found a bed of violets.

Of the three branches into which Grecian oratory divides itself, the nature of two, the judicial and deliberative, or the legal and political, will be easily comprehended by the least learned of our readers. With the third there will be a little more difficulty. Of the three terms by which the ancients themselves characterized it, the first will not be understood at all by the general reader; the second will be misunderstood, and the third will be thought unnecessary, as being comprehended in the second. We hesitate, therefore, whether to call it for the present Epideictic, Panegyritical, or Laudative. The second will perhaps be the best; and the reader will not have very far to go, before it will lie in our course to make all the three terms perfectly intelligible to him.

We believe it was the French mathematician Le Sage, who, when his day's labour was concluded, invariably dressed in full costume; and then to the tones of his valet's violin, (himself in gala dress,) the good man, with a large bouquet at his breast, used to dance the Minuet de la Cour. As Science closed her day's labours in France, so it appears to us that the Panegyritical Oratory must have begun her's in Greece. We never think of Isocrates, her principal favourite, but our minds insensibly slip over twenty centuries, and he is visibly manifested to us at his studies in the severest costume of modern days; ruffles, bag-wig, and sword; every cut in his coat anatomically arranged, and every plait in his linen as virtuously correct, as if morality had applied the crimping irons. On one occasion the unwearied man is supposed to have preserved this attitude for ten years, and then to have left his study as if it had been his dressing-room. The

\* *Mémoires du Baron de Tott*, t. ii. p. 26.

result of this \* 'séance extraordinaire' is now in our hands, and a noble performance it certainly is. Like Goldsmith's Mr. Crispe, it is somewhat *oriental* in its turn of expression, but then the 'bounce' is made with so grave a face, and in so magnificent a tone, that none but cold-hearted people like ourselves would ever think of questioning its veracity; and its praises more particularly of democracy are in such a transcendent style of excellence, that to translate them with spirit might cost half the sovereigns of Europe their crowns.

To prevent this catastrophe, let us bestow a few moments attention on the Panegyrical oratory both as to its outer and inner form. A little sober examination may perhaps tend to show, that its vehement praises of ancient Democracy are less at variance than might at first be thought with our own recorded opinions on that subject; and in building up this species of oratory, like the Russian ice-palace, only to dissolve it into thin air as soon as it has served our purpose, we shall perhaps impress upon our readers that very idea of the splendid pageant which its authors themselves intended to convey.

And first for the Panegyrical oratory in its outward form. It was into this branch of the art that the Greeks threw all the powers of a language, compared with which, as Voltaire observes, all succeeding tongues have been like the croaking of crows compared with the songs of nightingales, and allowed themselves ample compensation for that abstinence of imagination to which they rigidly submitted in their stricter oratory. The Panegyrical oratory was not merely art, but the ostentation of art; it was not plenty, but luxuriance; it was lusciousness rather than sweetness, profusion rather than liberality. Diction, as bold as that of poetry itself—rhythm that bordered on the very confines of metre—the most elaborate opposition of sentiment, and the most polished balance of sentences—every artifice, in short, which could not merely satisfy but satiate the ear, was allowed to this favourite branch of the art. And the inner form and substance adapted itself to the outward frame and structure. In the Panegyrical oratory, all the ordinary rules of composition were suspended, or thrown aside. 'To diminish the great—to magnify the small—to dress up in a new form what was ancient, and to give an air of antiquity to what was recent,'† were privileges

\* Wieland, in his admirable translation of the 'Oratio Panegyrica,' has laboured hard to prove from internal evidence, that the length of time usually ascribed to its composition is an exaggeration. The common statement, however, does not, as the learned German seems to suppose, rest upon the assertion of Plutarch, but upon a much better authority, that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.—*De Compos. Verb.* 30.

† Isocr. in Paneg. i, p. 100. From the ridicule which Longinus (sect. 38.) throws upon this passage, it is not impertinent to say, that that eminent critic had wholly mistaken the nature of the Panegyrical oratory.

which

which she claimed, not merely as occasional licenses, but as her birthright, and groundwork of existence. There are times when even the gravest among ourselves consider that a happy moment which throws them back into the feelings of infancy; and the oratory, of which we now treat, formed part, as will be seen hereafter, of a season of festive mirth and geniality, when Wisdom in her severest garb would have been ridiculous, and when the intellect itself, if we may so speak, was allowed to be in that very sort of state of boyhood which Longinus makes a subject of complaint.

Anticipating with almost prophetic view, that Greece would ever remain the central point of civilization to the world, the orator took care that the leading state of Greece should be drest in the gaudiest of colours; and it was accordingly declared, that what had not immediately descended from heaven to bless mankind, had come to them from Athens; for Egypt was as much forgotten on these occasions as the ladder which the ambitious man kicks from under him as soon as it has served his purpose of rising in the world. It was too notorious, indeed, that Athens had invented little more than the drama, for her to claim this praise unquestioned; but there is a way of stating things without absolutely asserting them, and this the Panegyrical oratory well understood: *τας μὲν εὐρεῖσα, τὰς δὲ δοκιμαζούσα*, is therefore the mode of establishing this part of the praises of the imperious metropolis of Greece, as if what she had not herself invented was of little worth till her stamp of acknowledgment had been set upon it. With history he took a bolder step. Seizing upon a number of traditions, all small in themselves, or of which the individual chronology was very uncertain, the orator boldly put the fragments together, and pronounced the pretty piece of mosaic to be the early history of Athens. Paradox, above all things, was his delight; he raised or diminished numbers\* as he pleased; he altered periods and events,† as suited his purpose; and, for so doing, he appealed only to one arbiter—the ear. Leaving truth as a domain for the advocate and the senator, the panegyrist claimed for him-

\* It would carry us far beyond our limits to give proof of all these assertions; but one will serve instead of twenty. There is no circumstance in Grecian history more known or better ascertained than the arithmetical number of Greeks, who achieved the celebrated retreat under Xenophon. This numerical account it suited the purpose of Isocrates on one occasion to conceal; he accordingly diminishes it at once from ten thousand to six; and as if this were insufficient, he adds, 'and these were not picked men of Greece, but men who from poverty or flagitiousness had not the means of living in their own country.'

† A curious proof of this occurs in Isocrates's Panath. ii. 271, where the orator confesses that he has altered some historical facts, or what were considered as such, for the purpose of improving some political arrangements between the Athenians and their general enemies, the Thebans.



self the land of illusions; he plunged into the mythological tales of his country, and rioted in all those enchanting fables which delight us in infancy, and which return, with double force, upon our manhood, when experience has taught us that there is little new or interesting, and that the world, that growth of 6000 years, displays some of her best attractions in her cradle.

It is to two speeches of Isocrates, (for these, with a fragment of Lysias, comprehend the whole of this species of oratory now left us,) that the reader must look for a fuller development of these opinions than we can now afford to give; and we have no doubt that an attentive consideration of the notices scattered about in the speeches themselves, and a comparison of the assertions of oratory with the recorded facts of history, will bring a reader to the same conclusions as ourselves. As to any weakening, which the argument might receive from the authority of Longinus, we beg to oppose the opinion of another great critic of antiquity, who, if he wanted something of the exquisite taste of Longinus, had at least an equal share of his judgment. In speaking of the style of Demosthenes, Dionysius asserts as we did, without being aware that we had so good an authority for the opinion, that it was a style formed out of the best models of every opposite species of style, worked up into one common and consistent texture. But when, in this description of opposite styles, we find *Panegyrical* opposed to *veracious*,\* just as grand to simple, loose to compact, or austere to cheerful, it seems pretty conclusive, that the critic of Halicarnassus allowed of the same difference between the Panegyrical and the other two branches of Grecian oratory, which it has been our object to establish; that he felt, in short, that the Panegyrical oratory was in prose, what the Aristophanic comedy was in verse, A GREAT LIE; that both speakers and auditors knew it to be such, with this difference, that the dramatist's lie was directed to the imagination, and his truth to the judgment; while the orator was allowed to play the trickster both with the judgment and the imagination. And, indeed, upon what other principle can we explain the contradictions, which, without this easy solution, meet us in every page of Isocrates? We have been in the habit of passing some reflections on the Greeks more severe than is agreeable to our own taste, and in the necessity of justifying them we know no ancient writer to whom we might with more propriety have recourse than to Isocrates. Had it in the same way been our duty

\* εἰ ἀπαρτὺν ὅ αὐτὸν ὅσα κρατίστα καὶ χρησιμώτα πρὸς ἐκλογίματος, συμφραίν, καὶ μάλιστα πολλὰν διὰλεκτικὴν ἀπετέλει, μεγαλοπρεπῆ, λίαν περιττὴν, ἀπεριττὴν ἐξηλλαγμένον, οὐτεδὲ ΠΑΝΗΓΥΡΙΚΗΝ, ΑΛΗΘΙΝΗΝ αὐτῶσαν, ἰλαρὰν συντόνῃ, ἀνιμῶσαν ἥδιαν, πικρὰν ὀδύνην, παρρητικὴν κ. τ. λ. Περὶ τ. Δημοσθέν. Διονυσίου. p. 167.

(which

(which it was not) to hold up democracy and Athens to approbation, we could have dressed up both in the most glowing colours from this very writer. How is this contradiction to be explained? By a very simple process,—the reproaches of Isocrates occur, where he writes for the closet; the praises, when he was composing, as we shall presently see, for the public festivals of Greece or the private festivals of Athens: in the one instance he spoke in all the admitted license of fiction; in the other, he wrote like a man of honour and veracity. We must always, in short, distinguish between Isocrates the pamphleteer, and Isocrates the rhetorician; as no man could turn a compliment with more address than he, so no man could tell wholesome truths with more courage, yet withal with more candour and discretion.\* If satire ever occurs in his Panegyrical oratory, it is always under a covert form, and is insinuated as what 'our ancestors' did not do. As long as 'our ancestors' imply the heroes of Marathon and Plataea, we have nothing to object to the assertion: but besides her stately step, the Panegyrical oratory had a large mouth, and a far vision, and 'our ancestors' were soon found at as dim and convenient a distance, as any new family could wish the genealogical trunk to be, from which are to sprout out for them the honours of antiquity.

Nothing now remains but to give a more definite meaning to a term, which we have hitherto been obliged to employ somewhat loosely and inaccurately; and if in so doing, it should appear that the Panegyrical oratory grew out of a strong feeling of the pleasure of existence, we shall be able to apply a collateral class of speeches to the development of another powerful affection in the Greek mind—a strong feeling of the privation of existence.

---

\* We had some thoughts of collecting a set of opposite passages from Isocrates for this purpose; but it would have led us too far. The real state of Athenian supremacy, (and to enforce the claim to this supremacy was one of the great objects of the Panegyrical oratory) is thus truly detailed in a few sober words of Andocides. 'The time was, when our city possessed neither walls nor ships; but with the acquisition of these two articles originated all our prosperity; and if that prosperity be still an object of ambition, we must look to these two materials as the instruments of it. Upon this principle our fathers set out, and upon this foundation they created such a superstructure of power as no other city ever possessed—employing for their purpose, as occasion might require, PERSUASION, STRATAGEM, BRIBERY and VIOLENCE. As an instance of the first, I mention that proceeding which made Athens the common deposit of the treasures and fleets of Greece: as an instance of the second, that artful trick practised on the Peloponnesians, when our walls first rose: for a proof of bribery, I need no other appeal than to the sums expended at Lacedaemon, as a preventive against the vengeance which awaited these proceedings; and the sway which we hold over universal Greece, is the best proof of the fourth.' In the Panegyrical oratory all this passed off in a well rounded period, which informed the auditors, who no doubt kept their gravity, 'that for seventy years their wise guidance had kept the allied states of Greece in perfect repose.' When people are bound hand and foot, (and Athens so bound her allied states,) it is difficult for them, as Wieland observes on the passage, to be otherwise than in a state of repose.

Man,

Man, a solitary animal in cold and cheerless climates, and requiring a literature which will adapt itself to solitary feelings, or which will cherish and support the domestic ones, is, under warmer suns, the most gregarious of creatures; and literature, always following the progress of the mind, invents the means of meeting it half way, whatever may be its mood. Out of this feeling grew that species of the Panegyrical oratory, to which we have hitherto more immediately directed our attention, and with which we have not yet done. Though every city in Greece had its calendar crowded with holidays, and though the common intercourse of life drew its inhabitants together, much more than modern habits do, all this was insufficient for their social inclinations; and the least learned of our readers must have heard of those annual meetings in Greece, where the separate states melted, as it were, into one body, and came to recognize certain common principles among themselves. No operation of war or other circumstance was allowed to interfere with these regular assemblies: a solemn truce for the time rendered them safe; and meetings, adapted to all the sensations of peace, and arising, perhaps, out of the very bosom of the most ferocious warfare,\* were among those contrasts in which, as we have had frequent occasion to observe, the Greek character so much delighted. On his road to these meetings the Greek became, what every traveller in some degree becomes—Briareus-handed, and Argus-eyed: the beautiful spots which every where arrested his attention, gave him the traveller's 'thirsty eye,' and the Athenian more particularly returned to his home, ready to devour all those splendid descriptions of external nature, which the tragedians of his country so continually supply. What he found at these meetings themselves, every school-boy knows—every specimen of strength, activity, and skill; all the pomp which wealth could display, or vanity command, and every species of intellectual amusement, from the reading of Homer's poems to the attractions of the booth and the fair, dance, lyre, and song included. Out of all this aggregate of men and objects, mind and matter, grew the word Panegyrical, which we have so long used without fixing on it a definite meaning; and to a more severe and simple branch of this species of oratory our attention may now be turned.

In considering the Funeral and Panegyrical Oratory of the Greeks, as divisions of one and the same class, we feel fully jus-

\* For a proof of the contrast between personal security during the games, and danger from almost perpetual hostility at other times, see Demosthenes, 2, 1248—50. The Greek love for these periods of festivity is powerfully shown in a few words of Antiphon, (7, 762,) *σπῆρας τοιαύτης, ἡσυχῆς, εὐφροσύνης, ἀφ᾽ ἑαυτοῦ*. Such was the painful climax of exclusion.

tified

tified by the numerous topics which belonged to them in common. Both delighted in recurring to the early antiquity of Greece—to those mythical stories which belong to the physical history of the world—to those fabulous wars and combats which always precede the moral history of a nation. The funeral too, like the panegyrical oratory, dealt in large masses and divisions of mankind, of which as Spartan and Athenian were the more immediate, so Greek and barbarian were the more general lines of demarcation. Theories of government were favourite themes with both; and vehement praise of Athens and democracy was scarcely more certain with both, than was violent abuse of monarchy, Sparta and Lacedæmon. The right of presidency (*ἡγεμονία*) over the inferior states of Greece was also a darling topic of both; and the orators of either kind, while they pursued their separate subjects of encomium, as regarded others, took care to cast also a side-glance of commendation upon themselves; it being a recognized principle in both branches of oratory that the speaker was to *show off* himself as well as others, to the utmost advantage; in other words, that he was to be *laudative* in the one case, and *\*epideictic* in the other. For those who read with a critical eye, some reflections may hereafter arise, growing out of the different manner in which these common materials of the funeral oratory were handled by different artists, according to their several sentiments and dispositions. But let us first trace the feeling itself, and the manner in which that feeling was expressed.

Death was by necessity to the Greek, what to such men as Hobbes it is by choice—a great leap in the dark; and if our utmost admiration is commanded by the general courage with which this leap was taken, our sympathies are not less alive to the amiable weaknesses, and even to the superstitions which, among a people so nicely organized, the ‘mysteries of death’ occasioned. How much these ‘mysteries’ sometimes affected even the least thoughtful of the sons of Greece, may be easily traced in the liveliest of her poets. Amid his cups, his roses, and his light loves, a tender melancholy still creeps upon the Teian bard, and still he reverts to the unsubstantial realm,

Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,  
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun  
Had tried his beams athwart the gloom profound.

With the bright sun of Greece before his eyes, and an unclouded atmosphere, that never pressed upon the sense, above him, his

\* Ἄμα δὲ προκίνας τῷ τῷ καλλίστῳ ἵνα τὸν λόγον, οἱ τῷ περὶ μεγίστων τυγχάνουσιν οὐκ, καὶ τὸΥΤΕ ΛΕΓΟΝΤΑΣ ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ ΕΠΙΔΕΙΚΝΟΥΣΙ, καὶ τῷ ἀκρότης πλῆθος ἀφελουσιν.—Isocr. in Pan. 98.

thoughts

thoughts had still a downward look, and he asked, with the first wanderer,

Where is my earth? let me look on it,  
For I was made of it.

But the feelings which Anacreon threw into verse, belonged also to the veriest dealer in prose; and hence those feelings for the dead, and that regard for the tomb, which often touch us so closely in the works of the ancients. To have done service to his parents—to have fought his country's battles—to see that there was a *paternal sepulchre*—and to have paid his taxes and his contributions, were four things more particularly required of those who aspired to the direction of public affairs: as in private life to have portioned the daughters and sisters of indigent citizens—to have redeemed captives from slavery—and to have given money for the purposes of sepulture, were among the most distinguished marks of a liberal citizen. A dying person sometimes specified by name what persons he did not wish should approach his tomb; and if the most painful of death-beds was that where the dying left a 'desolate house,' and no family to bring sacrifices to his manes, there was a painful reflection which seemed to go even beyond the grave—the fear lest some hateful enemy should participate in the rites which at stated seasons were paid there. We could fill pages with traits of this and a similar kind, but we should be forgetting the purpose for which they are introduced.

If this feeling for the dead has led to some results in Grecian poetry, which rather militate against modern taste,\* it has also gained for us some specimens of oratory, which even the admirers of Bossuet will own to be an ample compensation.

When the valiant Tartar prince Krim-Gueray found his mortal hour approaching, he gave the signal to a band of musicians previously stationed in his apartments, and his soul was surrendered to Him that gave it to the sound of trumpets and of shawms. The dying warrior among the Greeks, whatever or wherever might be the manner or place of his death, knew that an hour would come, when a music sweet as that of Krim-Gueray's would attend his obsequies. In what manner the funeral of those who had fallen in their country's service was publicly solemnized, Thucydides has left an interesting account, and Mr. Mitford's pen will save us the trouble of translating it. 'Three days before the ceremony of burial, the bones, collected from the bodies previously burnt, according to the ordinary practice of the Greeks, were arranged under an

\* We allude to the performance of funeral rites for Patroclus, Ajax and Polyuces, which, without reference to the opinions of the Greeks on these points, seems, as Warburton observes, a vicious continuation of the story, and a violation of the unity of action.

ample

ample awning. While thus, according to the modern phrase, they lay in state, it was usual for the relations to visit them, and throw on any thing that fancy or superstition gave to imagine a grateful offering to the spirits of the deceased, or honourable to their memory among the living. The day of the burial being arrived, the bones were placed in ten chests of cypress-wood, raised on carriages, one for each ward of Attica, and an eleventh carriage bore an empty bier, with a pall, in honour of those whose bodies could not be recovered. Procession was then made in solemn march to the public tomb in the Cerameicus, the most beautiful suburb of the city; the female relations of the deceased attending, and, according to the Grecian custom, venting their lamentations aloud. From the institution of the ceremony, the tomb in the Cerameicus had been the receptacle of all who had been honoured with a public funeral, excepting those who had fallen at Marathon; who, for the supereminence of their merit, and the singular glory of the action, had been buried in the field of battle, where their peculiar monument was raised over them. Some person of superior dignity and eminent abilities was always appointed by the people to speak the funeral panegyric. When, therefore, the ceremony of entombing was over, the appointed orator passed through the crowd to a lofty stand raised for the occasion, so that he might be heard by the attending multitude the most extensively possible; and thence delivered himself in language, something like what we now present to the reader. (The orator, drawing towards the conclusion of his harangue, delivers a supposed communication from the departed warriors, addressed through himself to their surviving children and parents:)

‘To our children we would thus address ourselves:—

‘That you are the descendants of brave and honourable men, there needs no proof but that which is before your eyes: with the sacrifice of honour, life might still have been ours; but we thought any thing better than to bring a reproach upon you and your posterity, or to reflect disgrace upon our fathers and those who preceded them: it was ever our opinion, that with him who had dishonoured his connections, life had already ceased; and that to such a person there remained no good will from gods or from men, either in this world, or in that which is to come. Let our words, then, command your attention, and whatever be your pursuit, let it be accompanied by a fearless and a virtuous mind, that companion without which every pursuit or possession is worthless and degrading. Wealth, without courage, is no ornament to its possessor; such an one is rich for others, and not for himself; and beauty and strength, when lodged in a base and cowardly frame, are so far from being a credit to their possessor, that they only bring

bring his defects into a broader glare of day. Even knowledge itself, when separated from justice and its attending virtues, loses its proper aspect, and becomes craft rather than wisdom. Let it be your earliest and your latest study, then, to see how you may best surpass both us and our ancestors in that renown which the practice of virtue confers; knowing that to be thus conquered, would be to us a source of happiness—as to be left the victors, would be a source of infinite misery. And this victory would display itself most conspicuously on your part, as the defeat would be most apparent on ours, if you should be seen neither to abuse nor to tarnish the reputation of your ancestors, but to act like men thoroughly persuaded, that to him who has elevated notions of himself, nothing is more disgraceful than to owe his honours to the reputation of those who have preceded him and not to his own efforts. This reputation, transmitted from sire to son, is indeed a great and glorious treasure: but to live upon this treasure, whether it consist in wealth or honour, and from want of private resources, not to transmit it to posterity, is such a scandal as robs manhood of its very name.

‘Let your pursuits, then, be such as we have directed, and when the work of destiny is done, you will find among us the departed nothing but friends. Should it be otherwise, your reception here will be that of necessity, and not of consent. And let this suffice for our children.

‘For our fathers, and those of tenderer name, if any such survive, and need the voice of consolation, let it be of that kind which may best teach them to bear their misfortune (if so it must be called) with decency and composure: let there be no incitement or encouragement to sorrow; the work of fate is enough without it. Let their wounds be touched with a gentle and a soothing hand; and above all, let them be reminded, that the gods have already granted to them the warmest of their wishes; for their prayer to the gods was, not that their sons might be immortal, but that they might be brave in their lives, and glorious in their deaths; and these noblest of blessings their sons have achieved. Man, that is mortal, must not look to see every thing in this life succeed to his wishes; and our parents, by supporting misfortune with magnanimity, will best attach the credit of bravery to themselves, and to us their offspring; as by giving way to their sorrows, they will create one of two suspicions; either that they have no claim to that title of paternity which they affect, or that the praises our eulogists have bestowed upon us, have no foundation in truth. But far from them be either supposition; may they rather unite the two characters, being themselves, by their conduct, our best eulogists,



gists, and showing that brave in their own persons, they were also the fathers of brave men !

‘There is an old saying in our country, “that excess of all kinds is to be avoided ;” and it is a saying pregnant with wisdom and propriety. That man, who either wholly or in part has made himself the centre of his own actions, not leaving his happiness or misery to point as the fortune of others may direct its course to good or ill, that man has provided himself with the best resources of life, and to him belong the names of prudent, brave and wise. The accidents of property or family, as they admit of loss or acquisition, make no impression on him. Obedient to that wise proverb, he is neither excessive in his joy nor his grief. Such a man would we have our fathers to be ; and such we boldly pronounce them to be : that ourselves are no strangers to the feeling, let our present bearing suffice to show ; the termination of life, if it must come, will find in us neither perturbation nor terror. May a like feeling belong to those who gave us birth, and may it direct the remainder of their days ! may they be assured that we want of them neither tears nor lamentations ! if there be any sense of living things to departed spirits, the most ungrateful feeling to us will be that of knowing that our parents have suffered by too painful a sense of misfortune, as the greatest gratification will be that of learning, that they bear their sorrows with ease and moderation. Death, indeed, has been for us rather a subject of triumph than of lamentation ; for it has come to us in that shape which, among men, has ever been considered the most honourable. Let them rather turn their thoughts to our wives and to our children ; in supporting and protecting them, they will find the best means of forgetting the accidents of fortune, of shaping their own lives honourably and uprightly to themselves, and in a manner the most gratifying to us. And so much for those who are united to us by the ties of blood. To the city in general we have but one exhortation ; it is to take into her protection our parents and our children ; to find for the one a virtuous education, and to provide for the age of the other a decent subsistence ; the exhortation, we are well aware, is unnecessary, and your bounty would have seen to it without our application.’

The learned reader need scarcely be informed, that the specimen of oratory which we have just produced, is a closet composition of Plato, evidently intended by the jealous master of the Academy as a rival to the funeral speech of Pericles. We shall presently endeavour to bring them into comparison together : but there are two other orations belonging to this species of eloquence, to which we must previously direct the reader’s attention. Some doubts, we are aware, have been thrown on the authenticity of

both ; and the genuineness of that ascribed to Demosthenes has been more particularly questioned. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with observing that, whether genuine or not, it is formed on the strictest canons of this particular branch of oratory ; and if far below the usual powers of Demosthenes, let it be remembered that the great statesman was then at his worst ; and the star of his genius may be supposed to have grown dim with that of his fortune. The merits of that of Lysias cannot be quite so rapidly dismissed. An incomparable sweetness of diction—words placed so happily, that they drop upon the ear just at the moment most necessary for giving them effect, and almost supply the effects of images—sentiments nicely interwoven with the narration, and a curious talent of coupling two distinct thoughts together, and giving them a sort of unity ; that method of arrangement which, with the critical amateurs of oratory, constitutes a real *δυστοργία*, but not an apparent one, and of which the effect is to leave upon the mind a general tone of high feeling, rather than the shocks of partial sublimity ;—all these traits are to be found in the Funeral, as they are in the higher Political speeches of Lysias. As compared with the funeral speeches of his competitors, we more particularly recognise in Lysias that intense love of glory, which belonged equally to the Greek and Italian republics ; which in Athens made statesmen strangers to \*their beds ; and which in Dante renders the very damned less thoughtful of their punishments below, than of the state of their fame in the world above. A perfect rhetorician, Lysias understands how to make the little great, and the great little ; yet he keeps, as became this branch of his profession, within the ostentation of his art. Penetrating every corner of his subject, and setting what is before us in the fullest contrast of opposition, he overpowers by the variety of the sensations which he excites : the tears are scarcely brought into the eyes by one pathetic stroke, before the fountains of sensibility are called to open for another ; and both are presently dissipated by some noble appeal to the loftier feelings of our nature, which make tears seem a disgrace to manhood, unless when shed to wipe out the remembrance of error or of crime.

But the great struggle for pre-eminence in this branch of composition must lie between Plato and Pericles ; and though the politician has fallen into some errors, which the philosopher has taken care to avoid, yet we feel no hesitation in saying that the superiority rests with Pericles. Hallowed as the grave is with

\* Noctu ambulabat in publico Themistocles, quod somnum capere non posset ; querentibusque respondebat, Miltiadis tropæis se a somno suscitari.—Ciceronis *Tusc. Quæst.* l. 4. § 19.

us, a modern taste will not much tolerate the side blows which the orator makes at his country's more peculiar enemy, nor those touches, which, like another Rochefoucault, he throws out at human nature in general; but these few sacrifices to the insolence or malignity of his hearers excepted, there is, perhaps, no human composition, as far as eloquence is concerned, on which the mind can dwell with more perfect satisfaction than on the funeral speech of Pericles. It brings us at once into a state of things of which the present seems a corrupt degeneracy; it has a colossal breadth about it, which belongs to other men and other times; we feel, in its presence, as we do before the recumbent Theseus, or the nameless statue of the Palatine hill: a sense of grandeur, calm but complete in all its parts, pervades our senses; something has passed into the mind, which ever after becomes identified with its thoughts; and the first intrusion which snaps the chain of these feelings, seems like a penalty inflicted on human presumption, for seeking something more than its ordinary and privileged state of felicity. A statesman in the fullest sense of the word, Pericles treats his subject like one accustomed to the thoughts and cares of government. The fabulous imagery connected with his subject he wholly abandons, and touches but lightly even on those great actions with which he supposes his auditors to be familiar;—internal policy and regulations are what he principally dwells upon; and though the lover of Aspasia may be supposed not to have wanted the tenderer feelings, they nowhere exhibit themselves in this speech; he knows woman only in her relation with the state, as mother, wife, or widow: *his* dealings are with warriors and men.

This view of things did not quite accord with the tender and impassioned soul of Plato; and, without trenching too much on the severity of the Funeral oratory, he contrived at once to satisfy his sensibility, and with inimitable dexterity, to pay a certain tribute to democracy, without too much compromising the opinions which he was known to entertain on the subject. Of all the fables, therefore, which traditionally belonged to his subject, he seizes with avidity on that which made his countrymen the indigenous produce of their own soil; and thus gave to the name of country a feeling which no other soil can hope to impart, implying maternity in its two greatest senses, birth and nutriment. This idea of maternity runs like a softening spirit through the whole speech of Plato—it enables him to soothe internal division, and heal the bleeding wounds of civil war—it divides the world into two great classes, Greek and Barbarian—and the feeling of Grecism, as opposed to Barbarism, becomes like that sentiment in our old ro-

mances, which, under the word Christendom, comprised a host of hallowed and common feelings as opposed to Turk and heathen.

We have endeavoured to point out that feeling in Plato, which puts him most strongly in opposition with Pericles: it would otherwise have been our task to trace those noble artifices of oratory by which he places the valour of Athens in its strongest point of view, to that previous *aperçu* of things, which sets all her real great actions in their best lights—to that clearness of perception which, in the various battles he has to record, seizes the precise point which most distinguished the one from the other, and to the wisdom which in the victory of Salamis, discerned the element on which it best behoved the Athenians to seek their triumph. If the language of Pericles betrays too proud a feeling of what had been already done, that of Plato points to what is yet to be achieved; the one inspires a love of virtue, the other, perhaps, a spirit of confidence and presumption. If Pericles braces the nerves, Plato warms and purifies the blood: the contemplative man will find his pleasure in the one, but the intellectual not less than the active man, must, we think, finally ascribe the superiority to the other.

Such was the funeral oratory of the Greeks!—it is not certainly for the countrymen of Pitt and Fox and Burke to speak disrespectfully of modern eloquence, or undervalue its achievements: but, some few master-works excepted, may not the great spirit of antiquity look down from his eminence, and pronounce the rest to be ‘dishonourably slim?’ Such were the funeral speeches of Pericles and Plato!—An eloquent French writer, now resident among us, seems to think the reading of a wise man will eventually confine itself to the perusal of the *Iliad* and the Sacred Writings; much as we admire the selection, we feel that in this case our day of wisdom has not yet come: for any selection would appear to us narrow, which did not comprise within it the two speeches of which so imperfect an account has here been given.

May the brave of all countries win for their obsequies a similar triumph! The finest wreath which heroism receives, is that which genius lays upon its bier: for this, among other purposes, was the Muse given to man; and never did she so betray her high trust as when she looked upon a field, noble as that of Marathon itself, and scornfully bad the bones that lay upon its plain, to whiten in the wind—unblest!

- ART. VII.—1. *An Account of the Military Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America, &c.* By William James. 2 vols. 8vo. London.
2. *Historical Sketches of the late War between the United States and Great Britain; blended with Anecdotes illustrative of the individual Bravery of the American Sailors, Soldiers, and Citizens.* By John Lewis Thomson. 8vo. Philadelphia.
3. *The Letters of Veritas; containing a succinct Narrative of the Military Administration of Sir George Prevost during his Command in the Canadas; whereby it will be manifest that the Merit of preserving them from Conquest belongs not to him.* 8vo. Montreal.

**A**MIDST the agitations of the stupendous struggle which convulsed the continent of Europe, we had no thought to bestow upon American warfare. During the continuance of a conflict in which embattled nations were the actors, and empires the stake, anxiety could in vain be demanded for the insignificant result of a Canadian skirmish, or the puny vicissitudes of a campaign on the Niagara. It was natural, therefore, that, with the public of Great Britain, the late war in America should fail in awakening any considerable degree of attention, and the circumstances of that contest have accordingly in this country been hitherto little known or regarded. But though surpassed in magnitude and eclipsed in splendour by the achievements of our army in Europe, the details of the military operations in the Canadas and on the coasts of the United States are both interesting in themselves, and of importance to the future security of our transatlantic possessions.

In the prosecution and close of the hostilities in which the United States chose to embark, they had assuredly little cause for satisfaction or triumph. The British Orders in Council were the first ostensible pretext for a war of aggression. But when it was discovered that the alleged source of grievance had been already removed, resistance to the right of search became the plea for perseverance in the contest, of which the real object was the conquest of the Canadas. Yet, after the sacrifice of their commerce, the repulse of every attempt upon the British provinces, the capture of their armies, the ravages of their coasts, and the insult of their capital, they were finally reduced to negotiate a peace, which left our possessions uninjured, and omitted all mention of their original pretensions. With Great Britain the war was purely defensive. She fought not for new conquests, or to establish new claims, but for the protection of her colonies and the maintenance of rights, which had received the solemn confirmation of time. And these objects were completely se-

cured; the ratification of the treaty of Ghent by America was a tacit abandonment of every assumption against which the government of this country had contended.

But though the war gave neither reputation nor aggrandizement to the American Republic, it must be admitted that, in the progress of operations in the Canadas, the British arms were not always crowned with that fulness of success which might have been anticipated from the high qualities of the troops. The portion of our brave army employed on the Canadian frontier possessed the same characteristics, and consisted of the same materials as the men of Badajos, of Salamanca, of Vittoria; how then did it happen that their exertions received not that brilliant consummation which, on another theatre, rendered the British army the admiration of the world? It is due to the reputation and the services of the defenders of Canada to point out the real causes of that failure in enterprise, which so frequently marked the course of the war of America, at the very period when their more fortunate brethren in Europe were reaping a rich harvest of victory.

But it is in another point of view that an examination of the subject possesses the strongest claims upon our attention. The problem, how Canada may best be preserved, if again it should be invaded, is one for which the study of the late war must necessarily afford the readiest solution; and when regarded with reference to such a contingency, the occurrences of the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, become invaluable lessons of practical instruction. By aid of the experience which they will afford, we may confidently hope, should trial of the event be unfortunately hereafter requisite, to escape a repetition of that indecision, miscarriage, and error, which mocked the courage and baffled the zeal of our troops on many of the principal occasions of the last contest.

It may be well, before we advance farther, to offer a few observations upon the works whose titles are prefixed to the present article. Of these, the first, the 'Account of the Military Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America,' is a laudable effort to oppose a plain and unvarnished narrative of facts to the exaggerations and misstatements of the American press. It is but justice to the author to declare, that he has evinced much zeal for the national honour, and unimpeachable integrity. He has collected the evidence of our own accounts and those of the enemy with great accuracy, and compared the details with the utmost care and minuteness: his book is therefore highly valuable as a storehouse of materials for the future historian of the war. And here we regret that our commendation

commendation must stop; beyond the merit of a patient and faithful chronicler, Mr. James has no great claims to literary praise. The story of every petty skirmish is so overloaded with circumstance that he leaves us no clue to distinguish between the most important and trifling events. Before the reader can arrive at the result of any engagement, he must toil through many wearisome pages of critical investigation into the truth or falsehood of American narration; and he will search in vain for a concise or scientific survey of the prominent features of a campaign. Mr. James, we are led to conclude, is not a military man; and he unfortunately brings no advantages of composition to supply his deficiencies in professional information.

The 'Historical Sketches of the late War' enjoyed great popularity in the United States, and rapidly passed through several editions. We have therefore noticed it here as affording a favourable specimen of other American publications on the same subject. Bombast, exaggeration, and falsehood are among the leading characteristics of Mr. Thomson's book, which we have however neither space nor leisure to particularize; and we feel the less inclination for the task, because Mr. James has already sufficiently exposed them. But Mr. Thomson is by no means the Munchausen *par excellence* of American writers. He has not, as others of his countrymen have done, seriously assured us that a force of raw and undisciplined American militia routed several times their number of veteran British regulars at the point of the bayonet. He has not compared the defence of Fort Sandusky to that of the pass of Thermopylæ; nor likened the successful issue of the affair at New Orleans to the glories of Cressy and Agincourt. We have chosen to refer to Mr. Thomson as the representative of American *historians*, because, compared with some of his fellow labourers, he is modest, correct, and impartial. From his admissions some important conclusions may be occasionally deduced, and the work is therefore not without its utility.

The 'Letters of Veritas' were originally printed in a weekly paper published at Montreal in Lower Canada, and subsequently collected into the little volume before us. Within a small compass, these unpretending Letters contain a greater body of useful information upon the campaigns in the Canadas than is any where else to be found. They are, we believe, the production of a gentleman in Montreal of known respectability. Though not a military man, he enjoyed the best opportunities for acquaintance with the circumstances of the war; and as these letters, which excited great attention in the Canadas, appeared in successive papers while Montreal was filled with almost all the officers of rank who had served in the country, it may reasonably be



presumed that his errors, had he committed any, would not have escaped without censure. Yet no reply was ever attempted to his statements; no doubt ever expressed in the provinces, of the correctness of his assertions.

With the assistance of these works and that of other sources of information, on which our readers may confidently rely, we shall proceed to offer a sketch of the war in the Canadas from its commencement to the termination of hostilities.

From the mouth of the great river St. Lawrence to the military post of St. Joseph's upon Lake Huron, we have the prodigious extent of more than fifteen hundred miles for the length of the British line of defence and communication in the Canadas; and if we take only the city of Quebec as the commencement of the chain, and regard St. Joseph's as merely an insulated station, we have still a distance of above eight hundred miles from the walls of the capital of the provinces, to the fort and naval arsenal of Amherstburgh at the head of Lake Erie. When it is added, that, along the whole of this line, the British possessions are opposed by the northern boundary of the United States, it would at first sight appear a hopeless undertaking to attempt the preservation of colonies, separated from the mother-country by the Atlantic, and exposed to the assaults of a numerous people. But nature has afforded peculiar advantages for the protection of this lengthened frontier. The Lakes Erie and Ontario present a direct line of four hundred miles, which a naval ascendancy on their waters may at once convert into an impregnable barrier; and above two hundred and sixty miles more—from Quebec to the spot where the boundary between British and Republican America strikes the St. Lawrence at Regis—are covered by a range of woody and half-cultivated country, which, except at two or three points of easy maintenance, forbids the advance of an invading army, and secures all Lower Canada from that quarter. Behind this again flows the St. Lawrence, as a second line of defence for the whole of its northern bank, on which the capital towns and most important part of the province are situate. From the head of Lake Erie therefore to Quebec, the only really assailable frontiers of the Canadas, provided the superiority on the lakes be not yielded to the enemy, are the banks of the Detroit River, from Lake St. Clair to Erie 40 miles; those of the Niagara River, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, 36 miles; and the course of the St. Lawrence, from Kingston at the foot of Ontario to St. Regis, about 110 miles. Even these weaker portions of the Canadian frontier, and particularly the last, may receive a very considerable accession of strength from the command of the waters. A slight glance at the map will enable the reader to follow

follow this delineation with ease, and at the same time assist him in forming a general idea of the military posts scattered on either side of the boundary.

At the opening of the war in July, 1812, the regular force in the Canadas consisted of seven regiments of infantry, three of which were fencible battalions, one of veterans or invalids, and a detachment of artillery, amounting in all to less than 4,500 men. The incorporated militia of the two provinces probably amounted to an equal number.

On the receipt of intelligence of the American declaration of war, Major-General Brock, who commanded the troops in the upper province, immediately dispatched discretionary orders to the British officer in charge of Fort St. Joseph's to act either offensively or otherwise against the enemy at Michilimachinac as he should find advisable; and that officer, without the least effusion of blood, succeeded, on the 17th July, in capturing the place with its garrison of sixty men and seven pieces of ordnance. This was the first operation of the war, and trifling as the success would seem, it was of material importance; it gave confidence to the Indians, who had been previously at war with the Americans, and now joined us, opened a ready communication with many of their tribes, and paved the way for the subsequent surrender of General Hull's corps.

Early in the year 1812, the American government had assembled a force near the Detroit frontier, with the intention of invading Canada; and as soon as their projected declaration of war was issued, 2500 men crossed the Detroit under General Hull, and took possession of the British village of Sandwich. Upon the garrison of Amherstburgh, however, under Lieutenant-Colonel St. George, who shut himself up in total inaction, the American general made no attempt. As soon as General Brock learnt the entrance of Hull into Canada, he sent up Colonel Procter from the Niagara frontier to assume the command at Amherstburgh, and that officer's operations were so prompt and judicious, that Hull hastily recrossed the strait, and encamped under the walls of fort Detroit, against which, Colonel Procter, advancing to Sandwich, threw up batteries on the British side. Here, General Brock arriving with a reinforcement, the enemy, already reduced to extremities before his appearance, capitulated on the 16th of August, to the number of 2500 men, with 33 pieces of cannon. The fort of Detroit, its ordnance, stores, and a fine vessel in the harbour, fell into the hands of the victors.

But far more important consequences than these resulted from the surrender of Hull. The whole of the Michigan territory, an extensive peninsula watered by the lake of that name, by Lake Huron

Huron and the Detroit, and which separates the Indian country from Canada, was ceded to the British by the same capitulation. No acquisition could so effectually have secured the north-western frontier of Upper Canada by cementing our alliance with the Indian nations, whose confidence and respect were gained by this success. Its effects upon the militia who had shared in it, and upon the population of the Canadas generally, were hardly less beneficial: it inspired the timid, fixed the wavering, and awed the disaffected.

Leaving Colonel Procter in command on the Detroit frontier and in the newly acquired territory, General Brock hastened his return to the Niagara line, with the intention of sweeping it of the American garrisons, which he knew were then unprepared for vigorous resistance. But the first intelligence which he received on his arrival at Fort George paralysed his exertions. The commander-in-chief, Lieutenant General Sir George Prevost, had concluded an armistice with the American general, Dearborn, which provided that neither party should act offensively until the government at Washington should ratify or annul the suspension of hostilities! Of the inactivity thus forced upon General Brock, the enemy made the best use. As the armistice did not prohibit them from transporting ordnance, stores, and provisions, of all of which they were greatly in need, from Lake Ontario along the Niagara line, they had time to recover the panic which had seized them on the surrender of Hull, and to fortify their frontier. The president of the United States then refused, as might have been anticipated, to confirm the armistice, but not before an American force of 6300 men had assembled on the Niagara frontier. The British on the same frontier under General Brock, who now received orders from Sir George Prevost to act upon the defensive only, did not exceed 1200 regulars and militia.

The enemy now prepared to carry the war across the Niagara. Opposite the village of Queenston on that strait, they concentrated 3000 men of their force, and at daylight, on the 18th of October, effected a landing on the Canadian shore, notwithstanding the gallant opposition of a British detachment of 300 men which was posted at the village. By this handful of troops the passage was long and obstinately contested, until General Brock, who arrived, unattended, from Fort George during the struggle, fell in the act of cheering on his little band to a charge. With him the post was lost; a retreat was effected, and 1600 of the enemy established themselves in position on the heights of Queenston. Meanwhile, the whole of the British disposable force on the Niagara, of about 1000 men, of whom 560 were regulars, had assembled near Queenston; at three in the afternoon, they advanced against the

the American line, and, after a short and spirited contest, put the enemy completely to route, capturing on the field Brigadier-general Wadsworth, 900 men, a piece of cannon, and a stand of colours. Many of the enemy were drowned in the attempt to swim to their own shore, and 400 of them were killed and wounded, while the whole British loss did not exceed 100 men.

Such was the dismay of the enemy at the result of the action at Queenston, that had General Sheaffe, who commanded after the death of Brock, crossed over immediately afterwards, as it is said he was strongly urged by his officers to do, the fort of Niagara, which its garrison had even evacuated for some time, might have been captured, and the whole of that line cleared of the American troops. But General Sheaffe, like his superior, was a lover of armistices, and after the action he concluded one of his own with the American general, for which no reason civil or military was ever assigned. Such were the principal occurrences of the campaign of 1812, in Upper Canada; those in the lower province were utterly insignificant.

The naval operations of 1812 on the Canadian Lakes, though few and uninteresting, were important in their influence upon the events of the following year. When the war commenced, the British possessed the superiority on both lakes, Ontario and Erie. On the former, the flotilla was composed of the Royal George of 22 guns, and three smaller vessels, while the Americans had only a brig of 16 guns: but our flotilla was unfortunately manned only by Canadians, and the officers (who were not of the royal navy) with their commodore, Earle, were notoriously incompetent. Earle, soon after the commencement of hostilities, stood over to Sackett's Harbour with his fleet to destroy the enemy's solitary brig; there were then no works at that place, but a few shot from two of the brig's guns, planted without cover on a point of land at the mouth of the harbour, were sufficient to send the gallant commodore to his own haven of Kingston. The enemy were soon aware of the importance of possessing an adequate flotilla both on this lake and the others; and, in October, Commodore Chauncey, of the American navy, arrived at Sackett's, to equip a force of the desired superiority. Such was his activity, that on the 6th of November he appeared on the lake with the brig and six fine schooners, mounting in all 48 guns, many of the heaviest metal, and manned by 500 of the best seamen from the Atlantic ports. With this flotilla he chased the Royal George into Kingston, cannonaded that port, and swept the lake in triumph. Before the end of the autumn, a new frigate, the Madison, to carry nearly thirty guns, was launched at Sackett's

Sackett's Harbour; while not the slightest exertion was made at Kingston to increase the British force.

On Lake Erie, after the surrender of Hull, the enemy possessed not a single vessel until they were permitted to board and recapture their brig (which had been taken at Detroit,) as she lay at anchor off Fort Erie. On this lake they also equipped some small vessels before the close of the year; and they commanded the waters of Lake Champlain with a flotilla, before the British commander-in-chief had directed the construction of a single gunboat to oppose them.

In reviewing the campaign in the Canadas of 1812, the most striking feature is the failure of the enemy in attempting the subjugation of the British provinces. So extravagant were the hopes of the American government regarding the issue of the contest, that their secretary at war declared from his seat in congress, that they 'could take the Canadas without soldiers; they had only to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, would rally round the American standard.' Mr. Clay of Virginia added, that 'it was absurd to suppose that the enterprize would fail of success; he was not for stopping at Quebec, or any where else; he would take the continent from the British; he never wished to see a peace until this was done.' Yet this Mr. Clay was afterwards one of the American commissioners who signed the treaty of Ghent!

The numerical force which the enemy collected in the course of the summer was sufficient to give rise to lofty expectations. On the different points of the frontier, Generals Hull, Van Rensselaer and Dearborn had under their orders full 16,000 men, of whom by far the greater portion were regular troops. But their operations were feeble and disjointed; and, if any general plan of action was ever prescribed to them, it was neglected in execution. Hull advanced by orders from Washington before the American forces at other parts of the frontier were prepared for operations. Notwithstanding his proclamation, the peaceable inhabitants of Canada soon discovered, in the plunder and destruction of their property, that protection and fraternity meant no more among the republicans of America, than the same terms had done twenty years before with other liberators and on another theatre. Hull certainly evinced great incapacity after his passage of the Detroit, in not immediately marching upon Amherstburgh with his whole force, for he would, in all probability, have carried the place had he made the attempt before Colonel Procter's arrival. By lingering, however, at Sandwich until that officer took the command,

cut

cut off his communications, and closed the Indians on his rear, he could not subsequently effect a retreat. Altogether, from the imbecile expedition of Hull, to the tardy advance and immediate retreat of Dearborn, the conduct of this campaign displayed a total absence of all military skill, resolution and discipline in the American forces. Their exertions on the water were of another character; they saw the full importance of a command of the great lakes, and availed themselves to the utmost of the supineness of our commander.

We have noticed the errors which the enemy committed; there remains the less grateful task of recounting those which marred the efforts of our gallant and devoted army, and prepared the way for subsequent reverses.

In the winter of 1811-12, the designs upon Canada were openly avowed in the American congress, yet, except the embodying of a portion of the militia of the lower province, Sir George Prevost made not the slightest preparation for defence. Coteau-du-lac and Isle-aux-noix are the keys of Lower Canada; the former completely commands the navigation of the St. Lawrence between the upper and lower provinces; and the latter had been so decidedly regarded as the barrier of Lower Canada from the Champlain frontier, that it excited the particular attention of the French engineers in the last defence of their colonies, and was afterwards fortified at considerable expense by General Haldimand during the war of the American Revolution. Yet Coteau-du-lac, though Sir George had passed it in a tour through the province, was entirely overlooked until 1813; and Isle-aux-noix was left unoccupied for several months after the war for the Americans to seize upon, had they then possessed sufficient military skill to be aware of its value.

The first act of the commander-in-chief, on learning the American declaration of war, was an earnest of his future irresolution. He dispatched orders to the commanding officer at fort St. Joseph's to remain upon the defensive; but Captain Roberts knew that, if attacked, his post was untenable; he was aware that the enemy at Michilimackinac must shortly be reinforced, and he boldly preferred to follow the directions of his immediate commander, General Brock, to assault that place if he found it advisable. The important result has already been told. To General Brock himself, Sir George Prevost sent no instructions whatever for some weeks after he received intimation of the war. Whether this neglect was intentional, to leave that officer to his own responsibility, or was merely the natural effect of the infirmity of purpose which the commander-in-chief afterwards so repeatedly evinced, the consequences were equally mischievous; for

for General Brock had moved from York to Fort George with the intention of attacking the American fort of Niagara, then unprepared for defence, and was only restrained from that measure by the perplexity of his situation in being left without orders. Hull's invasion, however, put it beyond doubt that he should do right in opposing him, and the capture of that force preceded his receipt of the first dispatches from the commander-in-chief. These dispatches, indeed, were of such a nature that it was fortunate they arrived no sooner. They announced, as we have already stated, the conclusion of that impolitic armistice between Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn at the moment which should have been devoted to active exertion against the American posts on the frontier. By the terms of this truce, General Hull was to determine, at his option, whether or not the suspension of arms should be binding upon his division. If he had not already capitulated before he could make his choice, what might not have been the fatal consequences of permitting him to claim the benefit of the armistice?

No sooner was the suspension of arms to which Sir George had agreed at an end, than he issued positive orders along the whole extent of frontier, that no offensive operations whatever should be attempted against the different points of the enemy's line. The short-sightedness of such a system of defence needs perhaps little exposition, but a practical illustration of its tendency was afforded before the close of the year in the unopposed devastation of great part of the Indian country by General Harrison, while Colonel Procter was compelled by his orders to refrain from advancing to the aid of our allies. This want of co-operation had a most unfavourable effect upon the minds of the Indians, and was an impolitic and unmanly desertion of them.

But the most fatal and palpable error of the commander-in-chief was his neglect to preserve that ascendancy on Lakes Erie and Ontario which was actually enjoyed by the British at the opening of the contest. The command of these lakes is so evidently an object of primary consideration in the defence of the Canadas, that it is perfectly inconceivable how any man in Sir George Prevost's situation could have been so infatuated as to disregard the importance of maintaining his superiority. The miserable incompetency of Earle and the other officers of the provincial marine on Ontario was notorious, and especially after their scandalous repulse at Sackett's Harbour; yet, Sir George neither removed Earle nor noticed his misconduct. A large sloop of war arrived at Quebec from Halifax soon after the beginning of the war, and its captain would have heeded but a hint of the commander-in-chief's wishes to lay up his ship, march to

Ontario



Ontario with his crew, and supersede Earle and his feeble followers; but such a plan was beyond the capacity of Sir George; and so little feeling had he of the paramount value of the command of the waters, that a mere common-place attempt to hire sailors for the lakes at Quebec, at one half the wages which merchants were giving at the same moment, was the only exertion used to strengthen the flotilla! But, with Earle as a commander, it mattered little whether sailors were procured or not. During the whole summer and autumn, the enemy's activity in building vessels at Sackett's was incessant, and equally well known with the incapacity of the *personnel* of our provincial navy; but still no effort was made to keep pace with them. If the crew of the *Tartarus* sloop of war had been sent to Kingston, the enemy's flotilla must have been destroyed in embryo, for Sackett's Harbour was yet unfortified; if ship-carpenters, of whom there were abundance at Quebec, had been dispatched to Kingston, we might have built at least as rapidly as the enemy; but neither of these things was done. In July, 1812, therefore, we had a ship and three brigs while the enemy had but one vessel, and that of the latter description; and in the November ensuing they had a frigate and seven other sail of two masted vessels, manned by five hundred seamen, while our force remained precisely as before. Our original superiority and the opportunity of perfecting it were thus lost, and the enemy became masters of the lake. We shall have full cause to observe the consequences in the events of the following year, and to these we now proceed.

The preparations of the enemy for the campaign of 1813 were made with more limited hopes than they had indulged when, but a few months before, the conquest of the Canadas was considered as a matter of sure calculation. They did not, however, relax in exertion, and reinforcements and abundant supplies were expedited by their government during the winter; while great energy was exhibited in augmenting the naval strength at Sackett's Harbour, where a second frigate and several smaller vessels were in rapid progress. On our part, after slumbering away the preceding summer and autumn without one effort to increase our marine in amount or efficiency, Sir George Prevost suddenly awoke in the depth of winter to a sense of the condition to which his supineness had reduced the British cause; and the building of two frigates commenced with convulsive activity. One of them (and only one) was laid down in the secure dockyard of Kingston,—the other was laid down at York, an open place defended merely by two or three small block-houses and unconnected batteries! The enemy, as might have been foreseen, accepted the invitation which

was X

was thus held out to them to destroy the ship on the stocks. As soon as the season was sufficiently advanced for naval operations, Commodore Chauncey appeared on Lake Ontario with his frigate and nine other vessels, and, embarking the commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, with about 2000 of the land forces, sailed for York, near which the troops were landed on the 27th of April. General Sheaffe occupied the capital of Upper Canada, with 300 regulars and 350 militia and Indians. These troops, after maintaining an unequal contest with determined spirit for some hours, were finally compelled to retreat towards Kingston. Before they fell back, however, they burned the new vessel on the stocks; but the town of York, a man-of-war brig in the harbour, and a quantity of naval stores fell into the hands of the enemy. General Sheaffe has been much blamed, first for the injudicious position of the troops, by which the grenadier company of the 8th Regiment, who behaved with great gallantry, were exposed to be cut to pieces in a wood, and again for not returning to the attack, after the explosion of a powder magazine had destroyed 250 of the enemy, and thrown them into confusion. But, whatever were his faults, it is evident that the commander-in-chief was the primary cause of the disaster, in alluring the enemy to the enterprize by directing the construction of the frigate at a spot where he had provided neither men nor tenable works for its protection.

The enemy, after embarking the captured stores, sailed for Niagara. Having there concentrated his whole force to the number of 6000 infantry, 250 cavalry, and a numerous train of artillery, Dearborn, on the morning of the 26th of May, under cover of a heavy and destructive fire from his fleet, made good his landing on the Canadian shore below Fort George. Here every gallant effort was ineffectually made to resist the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; and our troops were compelled to give way, after suffering a heavy loss. Retiring up the strait to collect the small garrisons of Fort Erie and other posts, General Vincent, our commander on the Niagara, who thus reinforced, mustered, after his loss, about 1600 bayonets, abandoned the whole of that line to the enemy, and gained a position at Burlington Bay, 50 miles from Fort George on the lake shore towards York, before the enemy could succeed in an attempt to intercept him.

But the American general was not satisfied with the advantage which he had gained, and he accordingly, on the 1st of June, sent forward from Fort George a force of 3500, cavalry and infantry, and nine pieces of artillery, to force from their position or capture General Vincent's division. On the morning of the 5th of June, the enemy arrived within seven miles of the position at Burlington,

ton,

ton, and in the course of the day, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, deputy adjutant-general, having reconnoitred their camp, made the daring proposal to General Vincent of attempting to surprize it during the same night. The attempt was desperate, but the occasion demanded no other. The night proved excessively dark and propitious for the surprise, and Colonel Harvey, who himself led the troops, judiciously considered that the smallest numbers which could effect the object of throwing the enemy into confusion, would be best able to co-operate. The division had been under arms all day in expectation of the enemy's attack, and just before midnight, as if to change their position only, the halves of two British regiments, mustering exactly 704, marched out of camp. At two o'clock, in the stillness of the night, this little band fearlessly rushed with fixed bayonets into the American camp of just five times their number. The surprize was complete; a part only of the enemy had time to fire one destructive volley before they fled in every direction, leaving Generals Windler and Chandler, their two senior officers, and a hundred prisoners, in the hands of the assailants, with four field-pieces. The British troops then retired just before day-break to their own position, carrying with them the prisoners and two of the guns of which the horses had been secured. The object of the enterprize was most fully effected, for, with the day, the Americans only returned to their camp to destroy stores, provisions, &c. and then their whole force made a precipitate retreat of eleven miles, until General Lewis joined them with a considerable reinforcement.

We have already observed that, after suffering the summer and autumnal months of 1812 to escape without extracting the slightest advantage from our strength in shipping on Lake Ontario, the commander-in-chief had started from his lethargy in the depth of the winter, and directed the rapid construction of vessels for the lake service, with a view of regaining that superiority which he had voluntarily yielded to the enemy. He at the same time moved in person from the lower province towards Kingston, and excited the expectations of the Canadian public, that he designed an attack upon Sackett's Harbour by marching over the ice, which was stronger in that season than had been remembered for many years. It was known that the shipping laid up at the enemy's station were very indifferently protected, and no doubt was entertained that Sir George would endeavour, to use the expressive language of the author of *Veritas*, 'to destroy the nest of hornets in their torpid state.' But the anxious inhabitants of the provinces, who had witnessed his previous inactivity with gloomy forebodings, were again doomed

to disappointment, and the winter passed without the expected attempt.

When the commander-in-chief began to discover that the naval supremacy on the lakes was not without its importance, he addressed an application to the government at home, for a supply of officers and seamen of the royal navy to man the vessels which he was building. The request was immediately attended to—Sir James Yeo, an officer of high reputation, was nominated Commodore on those waters, and dispatched with other officers and 450 picked sailors, as soon as the season for landing at Quebec would permit. The promptitude of the government at home was not confined to this supply of men for the ships. In the course of 1813, large detachments of artillery, a regiment of light dragoons, nine strong battalions of infantry, and one of marines, all arrived in the Canadas;\* and cannon and stores of every kind, both for army and navy, were at the same time sent out even in larger quantities than solicited by the commander-in-chief. When it is remembered that these powerful succours were extended to distant provinces of the empire, while the most gigantic contest that had ever occupied the attention of Europe, was successfully maintained by Great Britain, we shall not know whether most to wonder at the magnitude of her resources, or to applaud the energy with which they were wielded.

Such were the zeal and exertions of Sir James Yeo and his followers on their arrival at Kingston, that before the end of May, they were prepared to take the lake with the British fleet, now composed of two ships of 24 and 22 guns, a brig of 14, and two schooners of 12 and 10 guns. The absence of the enemy's naval force, employed in co-operating with their army on the Niagara, offered a most advantageous opportunity for an attack upon Sackett's Harbour, and Sir George Prevost consented to the formation of an expedition for the purpose, of which he took the personal command.

Sackett's Harbour was at this time protected only by two forts, on opposite sides of the port, which is small: the one stood on a low point of land at the entrance of the harbour, upon which was the dock-yard, where the enemy had a large frigate almost ready for launching; the other was separated from it by the village at the bottom of the bay, and near this village, in its rear, stood a range of loopholed log barracks flanked by blockhouses. After General Dearborn had concentrated his principal force on the Niagara frontier, the garrison of these

\* These corps were the 19th light dragoons, royals, 13th, 2d battalion 41st, 70th, 89th, 103d, 104th, De Meuron's and De Watteville's.

works was composed altogether of about 700 regulars, with some militia.

Every arrangement being complete, Sir James Yeo's squadron, having on board 750 regular troops, arrived off Sackett's Harbour about noon, on the 27th of May. The fleet lay to, the troops were ready in boats for the landing, and the commodore carried Sir George Prevost towards the shore, to reconnoitre. After some suspense, the troops were ordered on board the vessels again, the ships put about, and the whole stood out on the return to Kingston. Here was an example of the characteristic indecision of the commander-in-chief, and he would have assuredly made no attempt to land on the American shore, if about 50 Indians who accompanied the expedition, and could see no reason to abandon their enterprise, had not paddled in their canoes to attack some American soldiers. These men were accidentally coasting the lake in boats to Sackett's, when our force appeared off the port, and had landed to avoid capture. As soon as they perceived the Indians approaching, they hung out a white flag, and were brought off to the squadron by the boats of the men of war. This accident being received as a favourable omen, the commander-in-chief determined to stand back to Sackett's Harbour. He had lost nearly two days, and the wind was no longer fair for a naval co-operation against the forts; but this was not necessary, and the assault would yet have succeeded if the general had felt like his soldiers. The landing was made with the utmost spirit; the troops separating in two columns, charged detachments of the enemy through the woods surrounding Sackett's Harbour, at the point of the bayonet, and uniting again on the open ground before the works, drove in the whole American force which had there formed, to their loopholed barracks and forts.—The enemy, in consternation, themselves set fire to their new frigate, their naval barracks and arsenal, and destroyed the gun-brig and all the stores which they had recently brought from the capture of York. At this crisis, while the arsenal was in flames, the Americans flying through the village, and no man among the assailants doubted that success was within grasp, a momentary resistance, which was made by a party of the enemy who, in the rout, had sought refuge in the log barracks, was sufficient to produce a precipitate order from the commander-in-chief for the retreat of our force. Their gallant officers could with difficulty believe that it was the signal to retire which they heard; it was obeyed with indignation and reluctance, and the troops withdrew to their boats in disappointment and shame at the disgrace with which their leader had covered them.

As soon as the Americans could credit their senses that the British had retired, they hastened to stop the conflagration. Their frigate, being built of green wood, was saved before the fire had materially damaged her, but the navy barracks, all the stores brought from York, and several buildings in the arsenal were entirely consumed. How much reason they had to felicitate themselves at the escape which they owed to the misconduct of our commander-in-chief, may be gathered from the remarks of their countryman, Mr. Thomson. He observes, that had the place been captured,

‘Its effects would have been long and deplorably felt by the American government. Immense quantities of naval and military stores, which had, from time to time, been collected at that dépôt; the frames and timbers which had been prepared for the construction of vessels of war, and the rigging and armaments which had been forwarded thither for their final equipment; as well as all the army clothing, campequipage, provisions, ammunition, and implements of war, which had been previously captured from the enemy, would have fallen into his hands. The destruction of the batteries, the ship then on the stocks, the extensive cantonments, and the public arsenal, would have retarded the building of another naval force; and that which was already on the lake in separate detachments, could have been intercepted, in its attempt to return, and might have been captured in detail. The prize vessel which was then lying in the harbour, and which had been taken by the Americans, and the two United States’ schooners, would have been certainly recaptured, and the whole energies of the American government, added to their most vigorous and unwearied struggles, might never again have attained any prospect of an ascendancy on the lake.’—(pp. 147, 148.)

Sir George Prevost was beyond all doubt the immediate commander of this expedition. But he found it convenient not to appear in that character; and the only detail of operations was in the shape of a dispatch from his adjutant general to himself, obligingly communicating what was already sufficiently known to him. By this ingenious device, he in some measure averted the exposure of miscarriage from himself, and generously yielded his laurels, such as they were, to his grateful and submissive follower.

Sir James Yeo, after carrying Sir George and his force back to Kingston, prepared to proceed to the head of the lake with reinforcements for General Vincent, and the American commodore hastened into Sackett’s Harbour before the British fleet should again appear on the waters, to equip the frigate which had been rescued from the flames. As soon as our squadron joined General Vincent, the enemy, who had never quite recovered from their panic on the nocturnal surprize of their camp, precipitately retreated,

treated, or rather fled along the lake shore until they reached Fort George, where Dearborn, evacuating all the Canadian bank of the Niagara, shut himself up in a strong entrenched camp with 5000 men. The British army took up a position within a few miles of him, and Major General De Rottenburgh (General Sheaffe's successor in the government of Upper Canada) assuming the command, as General Vincent's superior officer, a period of total inaction ensued during the months of July, August, and September.

On lake Ontario the rival squadrons were at sea during the greater part of these months. The British commodore was far inferior in numbers,\* yet, notwithstanding the disparity, he constantly endeavoured to bring his antagonist to close action. But, though partial encounters ensued between the fleets on the 10th of August and 11th of September, and a general engagement of two hours followed on the 28th of the latter month, the event was always indecisive.

We now revert to the important events which had meanwhile been in progress on the Detroit frontier and the other great lake, of Erie. In the middle of January 1813, the enemy commenced offensive operations in the Michigan territory, and one wing of their force advanced towards the village of Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, twenty-six miles from Detroit. This corps of the enemy consisted of about 1200 men, and was commanded by Brigadier General Winchester, an old officer who had served in the revolutionary war, but was now, by the intrigues of cabinet influence,—for it seems such things do really occur in the purity of republican government,—compelled to serve under the orders of his junior, Harrison. Piqued at this circumstance, and aware that the British force under Colonel Procter was far inferior to him in numbers, Winchester, desirous of expelling his enemy from the Detroit before Harrison, with the main body of his army, could share in the exploit, had moved forward to Frenchtown without awaiting a junction with him. Colonel Procter was still positively restricted by Sir George Prevost from any offensive operations, but he did not hesitate to seize the opportunity which Winchester thus gave him of anticipating the designs of the enemy, before their whole numbers could unite. Collecting, therefore, his motley force of less than 500 regular troops, militia, and provincial sailors, with four light guns, and a band of between 5 and 600 Indians, under the Wyandot chief, Roundhead, he boldly advanced against the Americans, and surprised them before daylight, on the 22d of January, in their

\* The difference in real force will be best understood by the fact, that the broadside of the American fleet would throw 1629 pounds of shot, and that of the British only 1374 pounds. Their squadron carried 1193 men, ours 717.



quarters at Frenchtown. The Indians had been sent round the rear to prevent escape, and when the troops attacked them in front, above half the Americans, who precipitately fled at the onset, were captured or destroyed in the woods by the warriors. The remainder, finding themselves thus cut off from retreat, made a desperate resistance among the buildings and enclosures of the village, and occasioned severe loss to the troops before they yielded on assurance of quarter. General Winchester was taken by Roundhead, who, decking himself in the uniform and hat of his prisoner, surrendered him to the British commander. So complete was the discomfiture of the enemy, that, by their own accounts, not above thirty individuals effected their escape. Every exertion was made by Colonel Procter and his troops to save the vanquished enemy from the retaliation of the Indians, who were justly exasperated at the wanton cruelty which the Americans had exercised against their tribes; a general, a colonel, and above 500 prisoners were taken. Colonel Procter, having thus accomplished his object, returned to his stations on the Detroit; and the enemy under Harrison, though still powerful in numbers, were so dismayed by the destruction of General Winchester's corps, that they abandoned their intention of advancing, and began to fortify themselves with great expedition near the rapids of the Miami river, which falls into Lake Erie, about 50 miles from Detroit. Here, 12 miles from the mouth of the river, they constructed an extensive range of strong works, termed Fort Meigs.

The issue of the action at Frenchtown had inspired such confidence among the Indians, that many warlike tribes from the river Wabash now entered into a close alliance with us, and even the distant nations from the westward, as far as the Mississippi, prepared to move down to take up the hatchet with their British Father. Among the Indians that joined General Procter from the Wabash, was the highly gifted and celebrated chief, Tecumthé, who united in his person all those heroic qualities which romance has ever delighted to attribute to the 'children of the forest,' and, with them, intelligence and feelings that belonged not to the savage. He possessed such influence among his brethren that his presence was an acquisition of the utmost importance.

Before the middle of April, Brigadier-General Procter had ascertained that the enemy were in expectation of considerable reinforcements and supplies, and that they only awaited their arrival to commence offensive operations against him; he therefore resolved to anticipate them again, before their numerical superiority should be still further increased. In consequence of this

this resolution, he embarked his whole force of 520 regulars, and 460 militia, with some heavy artillery, on board the flotilla on Lake Erie, and, arriving off the mouth of the Miami, ascended that river and landed his troops, stores, and ordnance, on the 28th of April, within two miles of Fort Meigs, on the opposite bank of the river. The Indian warriors who co-operated with him in this expedition were about 1200.

Fort Meigs was advantageously situated on some commanding ground on the right bank of the river; the works, which were skilfully disposed, mounted eighteen pieces of heavy ordnance, and contained a garrison by far more numerous than the whole British and Canadian force of the assailants. Batteries were, however, constructed on both sides of the river, and continued an incessant fire upon the defences from the 1st to the 5th of May, with very little impression; for though the 9-pounders threw red hot shot, it was found impracticable to set the block-houses in flames from the green state of the timber, and the enemy were effectually covered from loss by numerous traverses.

The reinforcements long expected by General Harrison had in the mean time approached, and on the morning of the 5th, to the number of 1300 men, under General Clay, made a rapid and sudden descent down the river in boats, aided by a sortie from the place. For a moment the British batteries were in the enemy's hands, and they made forty prisoners, but the troops, with their usual gallantry, instantly advancing, charged and repulsed them at the point of the bayonet, and their rout, to which the Indians greatly contributed, soon became general. The slaughter was dreadful. The besiegers made above 550 prisoners, and the killed and wounded of the enemy probably amounted to as many more.

By the entire rout of General Clay's reinforcement, the British commander had gained his principal object of crippling the enemy and preventing their advance towards the Detroit frontier; and he might now have continued the siege with every prospect of capturing Harrison and his force, if both the Indians and militia had not deserted the regular troops after the brilliant affair of the 5th. It is customary with the Indians in their desultory mode of warfare to proceed to their villages after every action of importance, with their wounded, their prisoners, and plunder; and no entreaties could now dissuade them from returning to the Detroit in pursuance of this practice. The militia, on their part, were anxious to return home to attend to their farms, and before the 7th, above half their numbers had left the camp, while the remainder declared their determination to follow them. The general

was therefore obliged to rest contented with having annihilated Harrison's reinforcements, and the siege was raised.

The troops and flotilla having safely returned to the Detroit, General Procter occupied himself in settling our Indian allies in the conquered Michigan territory. It was his desire to make all the uncultivated parts of it completely an Indian country, and had he been suffered to fix the tribes permanently within the district, the most beneficial consequences must have ensued. The Michigan country would have become so strong a *point d'appui* for the western flank of the Canadian frontier, that, in a future contest, the enemy could never have ventured to assail it. The Indians are not ignorant that their extinction is one of the prominent features of American policy, and nothing but good faith on our part would have been requisite to ensure their adherence to us. Tecumthé and his followers were already settled between the rivers Raisin and Detroit, and it was intended that the numerous and warlike bands from the Mississippi and the shores of Lake Superior, whose arrival was expected, should also be placed in the Michigan government. These tribes had been induced by a spirited and zealous individual, Mr. Robert Dickson, a respectable merchant engaged in the commerce of the North West country, and who possessed great influence with them, to come down with their warriors and families to take part against their merciless enemy. But the judicious measures which General Procter was adopting were entirely frustrated by the neglect of the commander-in-chief. The same dispatches which announced these arrangements to Sir George Prevost, earnestly pointed out the pressing necessity of a larger force of regular troops to give due effect to them, and preserve the country, which was thus capable of being converted into a permanent bulwark for the upper province. We have seen that General Procter's regular force was not above 500 men, and notwithstanding every solicitation it never exceeded that number until the opportunity of crushing the enemy had been totally lost.

After the operations on the Miami, the enemy abandoned all intention of advancing against the Detroit frontier until they could attain a naval superiority on Lake Erie. While General Harrison, therefore, was augmenting his force, the American arsenal at Presqu'isle was the scene of busy preparation for the equipment of a fleet. The British held the command of the waters of Lake Erie, but our flotilla, like that on Ontario, was manned entirely by Canadian sailors, and its state of equipment altogether was extremely defective. The enemy early in the spring laid down two heavy sloops of war at Presqu'isle. Their views did not escape the British commander on the Detroit frontier,

tier, and he formed the design of capturing Presqu'isle before the new ships could be launched. But the attempt was utterly impracticable without reinforcements, and these were long and anxiously demanded in vain. When Sir James Yeo arrived with his seamen, Captain Barclay of the Royal Navy was detached to assume the command on Lake Erie. A more able or gallant officer could not have been selected; but he was suffered to carry with him to Amherstburgh, where he arrived in June, no more than 25 of the seamen of the Ontario fleet. He fully concurred with General Procter in the necessity of an immediate attack upon Presqu'isle, and their endeavours were united in soliciting the commander-in-chief to afford the means of effecting it before it should be too late. Their joint entreaties were met only by promises which were never fulfilled. On Captain Barclay's arrival, a new vessel, to carry 18 guns, was laid down at Amherstburgh, but there were neither men nor suitable ordnance either for her or the rest of the fleet, and though these wants were repeatedly stated, they were almost entirely disregarded. So early as the 19th of June, after having exposed the necessity of destroying the enemy's arsenal, it is said in a dispatch from General Procter to the confidential aide-de-camp of Sir G. Prevost, 'I trust you will see the expediency of sending me the remainder of the 41st Regiment. I did flatter myself that they were on their route hither from your letter to me; they should be sent here without delay, to in any degree ensure the safety of this district'—'I am very desirous of having our new vessel on the water, where she will be much safer; every effort should be made to send seamen before the vessels at Presqu'isle are ready. If reinforced I shall have some confidence, but I know the cry has always been against sending men here.' But this strong representation was replied to only by empty promises of speedy succour, and though 'the remainder of the 41st Regiment' could with the utmost ease have been detached from the army on the Niagara frontier after their success on the 6th of June, with a reinforcement of seamen from Ontario, (for the short period their assistance would have been required at Presqu'isle,) not a man of either service was sent at the time for the purpose. On the 4th of July it was stated by General Procter in a dispatch to Sir George Prevost, that, if these reinforcements had been sent, 'it would have been in his power, by the destruction of the enemy's vessels at Presqu'isle, to have placed the dockyard and port of Amherstburgh in a state of security which, under existing circumstances, it cannot be said that they are in; however, though certainly more difficult to be effected, it may not be too late if, agreeably to requisition, the remainder of the 41st Regiment be immediately sent to Long Point' (on Lake Erie). It will scarcely  
be

be credited that, even after this, the commander-in-chief should have suffered above five weeks to elapse before he dispatched the small amount of regular troops that, at an earlier period, would have sufficed to secure the half of the upper province from becoming a prey to the enemy; although he fully acknowledged his immediate ability to grant such a reinforcement by stating in answer to the demand (on the 12th of July) 'the whole of the 41st Regiment will be either with you or on the way ere this reaches you.' Such supplies of men as were at length sent, came in detail and by small parties, and were in consequence nearly useless.

While the extreme weakness of the British regular force on the Detroit after the expedition to the Miami reduced General Procter to continue inactive, Mr. Dickson had succeeded in bringing the numerous Indian body from the westward into the Michigan country, where full 3000 warriors were now collected in the British alliance; a larger number of their nations than had perhaps ever before assembled in arms for a common purpose. Had the commander-in-chief supplied a few hundred regulars at this epoch, the enemy must have been annihilated, but the Indians would not act without the support of the British, and, except their operations are directed by a respectable force of white troops, every movement must be governed by the caprice of the native warriors. The number of our allies, which might have been made so formidable to the Americans, became, on the contrary, only embarrassing to ourselves. The difficulty of feeding them daily increased. All the representations of General Procter could obtain neither provisions nor money from below, and before the end of July the warriors and their families were reduced almost to starvation. At length the impossibility of provisioning them attained its height, and neither troops, nor food, nor money being dispatched to his aid, General Procter was compelled, with such means as he possessed, to endeavour to support his allies in the enemy's country. He could not carry heavy artillery with him, for the flotilla were necessarily occupied in watching Presqu'isle, though too weak to attack it. He landed a second time near Fort Meigs, which he blockaded, in hopes that Harrison, who with the body of his forces was now absent from it, would attempt its relief, but he was too wily to trust to the issue of a conflict with the Indians in the woods which surrounded that fortress. A stratagem was then tried by the Indians to provoke the garrison to a sortie, but the event of a former sally was fresh in American recollection, and they were not to be drawn from their defences. The Indians were now convinced that nothing was to be done against the place; 'they found

found it hard,' in their own language, 'to fight against men who lived like ground hogs,' or in other words were strongly entrenched, and they immediately began to desert the British commander. But he knew that it was hopeless to return to the Detroit, and made one more effort to harass the enemy by embarking his little force and proceeding to Fort Sandusky farther round the lake, and in the heart of their country. Against this place an assault was attempted by the troops with the utmost gallantry, but repulsed with loss, for the Indians fled at the moment when the columns moved towards the place. No alternative now remained but a return to the Detroit, with increased difficulties and diminished force; and the whole Indian body again concentrated in the Michigan territory.

The struggle which had hitherto been maintained on the Detroit and Erie frontier with so much ability and courage under every disadvantage and neglect from the commander-in-chief, was now approaching its crisis. General Procter had scarcely arrived on the Detroit from the late operations, before Captain Barclay was necessitated to retire into the port of Amherstburgh by the appearance on the lake of the American fleet of far superior force to that under his orders. In the whole course of that vacillation and error which unhappily distinguished the administration of Sir George Prevost, his imbecility of judgement and action was most flagrant and palpable in the circumstances which led to the destruction of our marine on Lake Erie. Captain Barclay stated the wants of his squadron in men, stores and guns with the same truth and earnestness as General Procter had repeatedly expressed; but the only reply of Sir George Prevost to his statements was a cold and general promise, in a letter to General Procter, that some petty officers and seamen for Lake Erie should be sent forward 'on the first opportunity,' and this first opportunity, it seems, was neither sought nor found before the month of September, when forty sailors only were supplied. The mode to be resorted to of procuring those stores and ordnance without which it was in vain to proceed against the enemy, was curiously stated in the same letter—'The ordnance and naval stores you require,' said Sir George, 'must be taken from the enemy, whose resources must become yours;' 'I am much mistaken if you do not find Captain Barclay well disposed to play that game.' It was assuredly not from personal experience that the commander-in-chief recommended this manner of acquiring stores and artillery; for *he* brought no resources from Sackett's Harbour. On the 13th of July, the request for seamen was renewed—'Even 100 seamen,' says a dispatch from General Procter to Sir George Prevost of that date, 'pushed on here immediately, would, in all probability, secure

secure the superiority on this lake'—'I am already weakened on shore by my efforts to enable Captain Barclay to appear on the lake; if he should not receive 100 seamen, I shall be under the necessity of sending more soldiers on board the vessels.' Yet no seamen came, and, on the 18th of August, General Procter announced to the commander-in-chief that the enemy had appeared in superior force to Captain Barclay before one sailor had been supplied, notwithstanding every solicitation. Still all hope was not past. 'The Detroit is launched,' says General Procter's dispatch of this date, 'and if I had seamen, a few hours would place this district in security'—'I entreat your excellency to send me the means of continuing the contest.' But, instead of replying to this application with an immediate reinforcement of seamen, the commander-in-chief answered it, as usual, on the 22d of August, with mere promises, and thus expressed himself: 'Although it (your situation) may be one of difficulty, you cannot fail of honourably surmounting it, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the enemy's force, which I cannot but consider as overbalanced by the excellent description of your troops and seamen, valorous and well disciplined. The experience obtained by Sir James Yeo's conduct towards a fleet infinitely superior to the one under his command will satisfy Captain Barclay that he has only to dare, and the enemy is discomfited.' Who could imagine that the author of this taunt to the gallant Barclay was the same man who, but a few months back, had himself fled before a routed enemy! Who could suppose that this was the language of the same individual who, within the compass of a year, was to cover the heroes of the Peninsula with unmerited humiliation, and to tarnish the glories of his country by a shameful flight before an American rabble alike contemptible in numbers and discipline! One part of this remarkable passage was not suffered to pass unnoticed—'Your Excellency speaks,' says General Procter in a subsequent dispatch, 'of seamen, valorous and well disciplined. Except, I believe, the twenty-six whom Captain Barclay brought with him, there are none of that description on this lake. On board of His Majesty's squadron there are scarcely enough hands (and those of a miserable description) to work the vessels, some of which cannot be used for want of men, even such as we have.'—'I entertain the highest opinion of Captain Barclay, and have afforded him every aid I possibly could. We have set too strong an example of cordiality not to have it prevail through both services. We have but the one object in view, the good of His Majesty's service and preservation of this district.' And once more, 'seamen should be pushed on here even by dozens.' At length, after the beginning of September,



tember, when the situation of the troops on the Detroit had become desperate from the total want of provisions, clothing and stores of all kinds, forty seamen only arrived, and Sir George Prevost's wishes were expressed, that, on their junction, Captain Barclay 'should make his appearance on the lake to meet the enemy.' If Captain Barclay had despised the taunt, and chosen to disregard the wish of the commander-in-chief, by avoiding an action, the option was no longer left him; there was no alternative between his clearing the waters of the enemy to open the lake communication, and the starvation of the troops and Indians. On the 9th of September the last barrel of flour had been consumed, and Captain Barclay was compelled to sail in quest of the enemy without further aid.

Never did a British squadron encounter a foe under such disadvantages. The fleet was composed of two ships of 18 guns, a brig of 10, a schooner of 14, and two smaller vessels carrying 3 and 1 guns. It had been necessary to strip the forts on the Detroit of their ordnance to arm the flotilla. One of the ships and the brig had each cannon of four different calibers on the same deck, from 24 to 2 pounders, and the new ship could only be rigged by robbing the five other vessels of a proportion of their scanty and inadequate equipment. There were not above 60 British seamen in the whole flotilla, and 85 Canadians were sorry substitutes for the aid which had been so ineffectually demanded; 210 men of two different regiments completed this heterogeneous mixture of 356 peasants, artisans, soldiers and sailors, whom Captain Barclay led into action against 580 chosen American seamen, besides riflemen acting as marines. The enemy's fleet was composed of two sloops of war of 20 guns, and seven other sail mounting 14 heavy guns on pivots; but the disproportion of force will be best understood by the fact, that the American broadside threw above twice the weight of metal of the British.

Of the naval action on the 10th of September, which terminated in the capture of our whole flotilla, we may be spared from relating the details. It is sufficient to know that every honourable effort was made by our gallant officers to contend against an overwhelming superiority in numbers and artillery; that the American commodore's ship struck her flag to the Detroit and could not be taken possession of from want of hands, and that the day was not lost until the first and second in command of every one of our vessels had been killed or dangerously wounded. The heroic Barclay had lost one arm under Nelson, and the other was now mutilated before he quitted his deck.

The

The situation of General Procter's little army after this disaster is well depicted by Mr. James:—

'This was a sad blow upon the right division. As hope fled, despair found its way into the British camp. The situation of the men, it must be owned, was deplorable in the extreme. They had long been suffering, not only from a scarcity of provisions, but a scarcity of money. Few of them had received any pay for the last six months: to some, indeed, nine months' arrears was due. Winter, a Canadian winter, was fast approaching; and scarcely any of the soldiers had blankets, and all were without great-coats. The severe privations which they had endured in the last, were therefore likely to be augmented rather than diminished, in the succeeding winter. In addition to all this, the commander of the forces appeared unmindful of their arduous exertions.'—vol. i. p. 271.

Under such circumstances was the retreat to commence, which had become inevitable to prevent the enemy from landing in rear of the troops. The reinforcements, which might as easily have been sent up when their arrival would have destroyed the enemy, were now afforded only to increase the want of provisions. But, if the maintenance of our positions on the Detroit was impossible, the attempt to retreat from them was big with danger, for it was foreseen that to induce the Indians to retire with them, and quit their old haunts, would be attended with much difficulty. The warriors received the proposal with the utmost indignation, and considered the measure as a desertion of them. The British commander was thus placed, with the few troops which composed his force, in a most critical situation; for there was every reason to expect that the numerous Indians would not restrain their irritated feelings to a mere dissolution of the alliance. But a successful endeavour was made to convince Tecumthé, who had at first violently opposed the measure, of its unavoidable necessity; and his influence was sufficient to induce a large proportion of his nation to accompany the British troops in their retrograde movement.

This important object being gained, the requisite preparations for a retreat were immediately completed. The forts of Amherstburgh and Detroit were dismantled, depôts were formed on the proposed line of movement up the river Thames, which falls into Lake St. Clair above the Detroit, and the bridges over that river were carefully repaired; the heavy stores, the sick, women and children, were sent to the rear by the water carriage. On the 27th of September, General Harrison landed below Amherstburgh with his army of between 5 and 6000 men, and, on the same day, General Procter broke up from his position and slowly retired to an advantageous spot near the mouth of the Thames, where he had determined to make a temporary stand. But while

the

the  
the  
heir  
wh  
offi  
pos  
can  
nan  
cen  
gen  
rize  
dia  
in  
ren  
cho  
eith  
wa  
a g  
Oc  
in  
e  
flan  
wh  
ring  
van  
his  
the  
the  
for  
rag  
bee  
and  
the  
alm  
to  
unt  
of  
ing  
in  
cou  
flay

•  
Intro  
Indi

the general, on finding that the enemy did not advance, had left the troops in position, to examine with his principal engineer the heights near the Moravian village at some distance in the rear, which he intended to fortify and occupy during the winter, the officer next in command withdrew the troops from their strong post without orders, even before the appearance of the Americans; and thus caused the loss of the boats, containing the remnant of the stores and artillery with a guard, which could not ascend higher up the river from the nature of the navigation. The general, on hastily rejoining his troops, found that this unauthorized measure had left him no alternative but a battle. The Indians had, on the continued retreat of the British, forsaken them in great numbers, and of above 3000, no more than 500 warriors remained with the brave and faithful Tecumthé. The position chosen to await the attack of the American army was covered on either flank by the river Thames and an impassable swamp, and was calculated to render their immense superiority of numbers in a great degree unavailing. Here, on the morning of the 5th of October, the regular force (about 500 effectives) were drawn up in open files in a straggling wood, which prevented any attack upon them in regular order; their left secured by the river, a gun flanking the road, and their right extending towards the Indians, who were posted where the wood thickened, so as to form a retiring angle with them, and to turn the enemy's flank on their advance. This disposition was shown to Tecumthé, who expressed his satisfaction at it; and his last words to the general were, 'Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well:' he then repaired to his people and harangued them before they were formed in their places. The small band of our regulars, discouraged by their retreat and by the privations to which they had been long exposed, gave way on the first advance of the enemy, and no exertion of their commander could rally them. While they were thus quickly routed, Tecumthé and his warriors had almost as rapidly repulsed the enemy, and the Indians continued to push their advantage, in ignorance of the disaster of their allies, until their heroic chief fell by a rifle ball, and with him the spirit of his followers, who were put to flight and pursued with unrelenting slaughter. The Americans showed their respect for Tecumthé in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own nation could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse and made into razor-strops,\* one of

\* The 'choice spirits of Kentucky,' as the pseudo-Englishwoman calls them, have introduced a material improvement on this practice:—they cut razor-strops from the Indians while yet alive.—See p. 74. of this volume.

which

which the late Mr. Clay of Virginia, a member of the American legislature, prided himself in possessing.

Such were the fruits of that lamentable deficiency in energy and foresight which it has been our duty to expose; such the consequences of the apathy of the commander-in-chief towards the momentous struggle in western Canada! But we turn with disgust and indignation from this picture of imbecility. One effort of decision, a hundred seamen rapidly conveyed from Ontario to Erie, for a fortnight's service only, in either of the summer months, would have averted this train of failure and disgrace. Should we be asked, whether the exigency of the service on the former lake could have spared them, we answer, most assuredly it might. What object could be commensurate with the preservation of the most fertile portion of our possessions on the American continent, when a fortnight of inactivity on the lower lake would have been followed by the security of Lake Erie and the preservation of our great Indian alliance? In less than ten days after the affair of the Moravian town the enemy had received the submission of above 2000 of the native warriors, and the support of their most powerful tribes was wrested from us for ever. The first care of the commander-in-chief was to cast the well-merited odium of failure from himself and to reflect upon the character of the officer and of the troops, of whose misfortunes he only was the author. The former indignantly threw up his command, and required an investigation, which was long and obstinately refused by Sir George Prevost, until an appeal to higher and purer authority was followed by a peremptory order to him to grant it. Then, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, charges were framed, which, cautiously excluding a long period of arduous services and neglected representations, rested only on the events of a retreat, for which the commander-in-chief should alone have been responsible. Where the unavoidable circumstance that, in retiring, the troops were a day without issue of provisions, could be gravely embodied into a charge, we need not wonder that censure was inevitable. The attempt made by Sir George Prevost to affix a stigma upon the personal character of a tried and zealous soldier was even less excusable than his desire of sacrificing the honour of another to avert the disgrace of failure from himself. The charge was, it is true, triumphantly refuted, and its author reduced to abandon it, with a declaration of regret that it had ever been made; but how does this palliate the wantonness of the accusation, and, above all, in a man, who, if success were the criterion of courage, might himself have been convicted of the want of it upon every occasion of his military command?

During

During the month of September, the enemy had been gradually collecting in large numbers at Sackett's Harbour, where, under Major General Wilkinson, a force of nearly ten thousand men now rendezvoused. An attack upon Kingston was supposed to be their object, and after dispatching reinforcements to that garrison, General de Rottenburgh left his command on the Niagara to General Vincent, and proceeded down the lake. On the 9th of October, General Vincent received intelligence of the defeat at the Moravian town, and after destroying great quantities of provisions and stores, commenced a precipitate retreat to Burlington, where he was joined by the remains of General Procter's troops. The unnecessary panic which thus followed General Harrison's success was not confined to the upper province, for the commander-in-chief had no sooner learnt the fate of the division from the Detroit, than he dispatched orders from Montreal to General Vincent to evacuate the whole of Upper Canada as low down as Kingston, and to retire into that place. Nor were these instructions issued only in the freshness of the consternation, which appeared to have seized Sir George Prevost at the consequences of his own conduct; they were repeatedly urged in the most peremptory manner.

In these orders to retreat, no notice was taken either of the sick, of whom the army had then a large number, nor of the loyal inhabitants nor Indians; neither was the dépôt of provisions and stores at York deemed worthy of attention, although the garrison of Kingston, which depended principally on that dépôt for supplies, had only *seven days' provisions in store*. The season of the year and state of the roads would have rendered retreat from the head of Lake Ontario impossible without the sacrifice of ordnance, ammunition, stores, and baggage of every description; and even then, if half the regular force could have reached Kingston, the want of subsistence must have entailed the abandonment of that fortress to the enemy, with the ships, stores and arsenal. Nor would the disastrous consequences of obedience to these orders have ended there; but we need pursue the consideration of them no farther. Fortunately the evils impending over the suffering inhabitants of the Canadas, and the disgrace with which such a flight from the upper province would have covered the national honour, were averted by the firmness of some officers of rank in General Vincent's army, to whom that commander communicated the orders of Sir George Prevost for an immediate retreat to Kingston. General Procter, who had not yet quitted his command, strongly urged General Vincent to disobey the injunctions which he had received for so fatal a measure, and was warmly

seconded by Colonel Murray, inspecting field-officer, who had already distinguished himself on the Champlain frontier. These officers observed to General Vincent that, if Sir George Prevost had the safety of the provinces at heart, he must eventually be gratified by an act of disobedience which could not fail to produce the most beneficial consequences; they gave their opinion against a retreat upon their heavy responsibility, and General Vincent was persuaded to adopt it. The recovery of the Niagara frontier was the result.

General Vincent had with great prudence kept the orders in question profoundly secret from his own troops, and both the receipt of them and the resolution to disobey them were equally unknown in his lines, except to the superior officers whom he had consulted. The intelligence, therefore, which by some unaccountable means had been secretly conveyed to the enemy, of the instructions to retire, was converted into an engine for their destruction. Confiding in its accuracy, the American general on the Niagara, from whence a detachment had already been made to join General Wilkinson, now dispatched General Harrison with his troops, which had arrived from Lake Erie, and nearly his whole remaining force, to Sackett's Harbour, declaring that he was not to be duped by the appearance of building barracks at Burlington, *as he knew the orders* which had been given to the British troops to withdraw to Kingston. The Americans thus became so weak on the Niagara frontier, that Colonel Murray, with an advanced corps, procured permission from General Vincent to relieve the inhabitants at the head of Lake Ontario from the oppression which the enemy exercised over them: he drove them before him up the lake shore to within twelve miles of Fort George, and then, without awaiting further orders, made a rapid movement upon that place itself. The enemy were completely unprepared; and panic-struck at the bold advance of a force whose retreat to Kingston had been implicitly relied upon, they abandoned Fort George and their strong entrenched camp in its vicinity, and crossed precipitately to their own shore. Before their flight, however, they found time for the commission of an act of barbarity for which the atrocities of the French imperial armies could scarcely furnish a parallel. They had possessed the beautiful and once flourishing town of Newark, near Fort George, for some months, and had systematically practised upon the peaceable inhabitants every species of exaction and ill treatment: but this was not sufficient, and before the American troops crossed the river, they burnt every house but one to the earth. With a deep snow on the ground, and amidst all the rigours of a Canadian winter's night, above four hundred helpless

women

women and children were driven half naked from their homes, and their habitations and property consumed to ashes!

A few days after Colonel Murray entered Fort George, Lieut. General (now Sir Gordon) Drummond, who had superseded General de Rottenburg in the command of Upper Canada, arrived at the army, and immediately sanctioned a bold proposal of Colonel Murray for the surprize of the enemy's fortress of Niagara. The plan was executed in a masterly style on the night of the 18th of December, and that important post, with its garrison of 500 men, 27 pieces of ordnance, and 3000 stand of arms, fell into our possession. About the same time, Major General Riall was detached across the strait with a strong corps to destroy all the provisions and stores, and to sweep down the whole American coast from Erie to Ontario. These operations having been successfully performed, our positions on the Niagara recovered, and the enemy's defences on that river either destroyed or in our possession, General Drummond, on the last day of the year, leaving a sufficient garrison in Fort Niagara, withdrew his troops to the Canadian shore, and placed them in winter-quarters.

We have now to revert to the operations of the numerous force which the enemy had, early in October, concentrated at Sackett's Harbour; but some notice of the few preceding events of the year in Lower Canada will first be necessary. The enemy, at the opening of 1813, commanded the waters of Lake Champlain, on which we had no naval force, nor did Sir George Prevost use the slightest exertion to create one. A fortunate accident, however, threw into our hands two American sloops of 11 guns each, which, incautiously approaching too near to the Isle-aux-noix, were boarded and gallantly captured by a part of that garrison in boats. After this success, Colonel Murray, whose subsequent meritorious services we have detailed, and who then commanded at the Isle-aux-noix, embarked about 1000 men in batteaux, under convoy of the sloops, to harass the enemy's posts on the shores of the lake. General Hampton, who, with the numerous force which had been under the orders of Dearborn on that frontier, in the preceding year, had remained inactive during the present summer, now quietly suffered Colonel Murray to land and burn the blockhouses and extensive barracks at Plattsburg, a post which, in the following year, became unfortunately more famous. After other successful descents upon the enemy's shore, the colonel returned without loss to his station.

In the autumn, the American cabinet projected a serious invasion of Lower Canada by a simultaneous attack from Sackett's Harbour and the shores of Lake Champlain. The plan was judiciously conceived, but it was most wretchedly marred in execution.



It was proposed that General Wilkinson should assemble a force of ten thousand men at Sackett's Harbour, with a view either of attacking Kingston, if he found it practicable, or, if not, of deceiving the British into an opinion that he designed an attempt upon it. He was then suddenly to drop down the St. Lawrence with his whole force, in concert with General Hampton's advance from his frontier, 'to capture Montreal, to lock up the British in his rear to starve or surrender, or to oblige them to follow him without artillery, baggage, or provisions, and eventually to lay down their arms.' As General Hampton could assemble 6000 men, the whole American force to unite in this project would not be less than 16,000 regular troops. The arrival of two regiments from the Niagara at Kingston, and the intelligence possessed by the enemy that the remainder of General Vincent's force was directed to retreat to that fortress, probably prevented any real attack upon it; but the latter circumstance induced the enemy to dispatch all their disposable force with confidence from Fort George to Sackett's Harbour, where, before the middle of October, 10,000 men of all arms, with thirty-eight pieces of light artillery and a battering train, were assembled, together with upwards of three hundred large boats for the transport of the expedition. General Wilkinson being now completely prepared, instructions were issued to General Hampton to force his way immediately to the banks of the St. Lawrence and unite with General Wilkinson's army. We have already observed that the Isle-aux-noix commands the only entrance into the lower province from Lake Champlain by which heavy artillery and stores can advance. The route by which Hampton was necessitated to invade the province was so difficult that his engineers were compelled to cut a road as they proceeded for his field-pieces, and Lieut. Colonel de Saluberry, who commanded our outpost, had increased the obstacles before the enemy by felling trees and constructing abattis on their line of march. Had the difficulties of the enterprise been less, however, neither Hampton nor his troops were of a character to surmount them. They crossed the boundary of the British possessions on the 21st of October, and on the 26th fell in with the pickets of the British advance, which were covering a working party of peasants employed at the abattis on the river Chateaugay. Here, behind these defences, Lieut. Colonel de Saluberry collected three hundred Canadian fencibles and militia, and with this handful of men, without a regular soldier, resolutely maintained his post during the day against two brigades of the enemy, who attacked him on opposite banks of the river, under Hampton in person. The assailants were at least twenty to one, but Hampton mismanaged the attack most unaccountably, and his troops

troop  
the  
th  
up  
of  
his  
riton  
G  
of  
prov  
at C  
kett  
desc  
ston  
into  
rear  
unde  
patc  
tinue  
Nov  
from  
about  
down  
there  
force  
advan  
Mont  
Colon  
he w  
gunbo  
by a  
the en  
about  
with s  
the c  
becam  
boat,  
rison,  
the pu  
Morris  
called  
await t

\* It m  
bany Rep  
at Chate

troops behaved with the greatest cowardice.\* Towards night-fall they retreated precipitately, and their two columns, in retiring through the woods, commenced by mistake a destructive fire upon each other, in which they persevered during the greater part of the night. On the following morning, Hampton continued his retreat, and made no halt until he regained the American territory.

General Wilkinson, in the mean time, ignorant of the retreat of his colleague, had commenced his advance into the British provinces. On the same day on which the skirmish was fought at Chateaugay, the fleet of boats containing his army quitted Sackett's Harbour and entered the St. Lawrence on their proposed descent to Montreal. Sir James Yeo, who had returned to Kingston with the fleet early in October, distributed part of his crews into gunboats to watch the enemy's movements, and hang on their rear. At the same time a corps of observation of about 800 men, under Lieut. Colonel Morrison, a distinguished officer, was dispatched from Kingston with a similar view. The enemy continued to descend the river, and during the night of the 6th of November, having silently passed Fort Wellington with little loss from the few guns of that work, landed on the following day about 2500 cavalry and infantry under General Brown, to march down the Canadian bank, and to clear it of our troops, though there was between Fort Wellington and Coteau-du-lac no British force to oppose them except a few militia. Brown, therefore, advanced to the village of Cornwall, about 80 miles from Montreal and half that distance from Coteau-du-lac; meanwhile Colonel Morrison rapidly came up with the enemy's rear, which he was indefatigable in harassing, at the same time that our gunboats frequently cannonaded their flotilla, though convoyed by a superior naval force. Besides the advance under Brown, the enemy, in the evening of the 9th, landed another body of about 2500 men of the *élite* of their army, cavalry and infantry, with six field-pieces, under General Boyd, to cover the rear of the expedition from Colonel Morrison's assaults, which soon became so troublesome, that Wilkinson, who was sick in his boat, sent orders to Boyd to countermarch, attack Colonel Morrison, and take his artillery. As Boyd returned up the river for the purpose of executing these courageous instructions, Colonel Morrison retired before him until he gained a position, at a place called Chrystler's Farm, where he had previously resolved to await the enemy's attack if they should turn upon him. Here,

\* It may give some idea of American bombast to know that the editor of the 'Albany Register' compliments 'the brave Hampton and his Spartan band' for their feats at Chateaugay; and this too without meaning it in irony.

about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th of November, the American corps of 2500 men, with six guns, advanced in three columns to the attack of the British position, and, after an obstinate conflict of two hours, gave way at all points, with a loss of about 400 men in killed and wounded, and among the former a general officer, besides 100 prisoners and a six-pounder; our loss did not amount to 200 men. Immediately after the action, the enemy retired hastily down the river to Cornwall. There Wilkinson's whole force was again united, but he had scarcely arrived, before he received intelligence of the repulse of Hampton at Chateaugay. He needed not this pretext for abandoning the purpose of the expedition. He was alarmed at the issue of the affair at Chrystler's, and at the hostile disposition of the inhabitants of the country. Colonel Morrison was again hanging on his rear, while the militia assembling in force threatened his flank. His followers were equally terrified with himself, and a council of war having determined that the enterprize should be *suspended*, the whole army, on the 12th of November, hastily retired to their own shore, and began to fortify themselves for protection against the small force opposed to them. If the commander-in-chief had then dispatched forward the troops assembled at Coteau-du-lac, to make a combined movement with Colonel Morrison against Wilkinson during his panic, a good account might have been given of his army; but, as usual, he hesitated; and placed his troops in winter quarters until the enemy had quietly withdrawn into the interior; then, and not until then, he sent Colonel Morrison over in February to burn their boats, which were frozen up in the Salmon river opposite to Cornwall.

In summing up the events of the campaign of 1813, one of the most striking facts is, that of all the conquests which the enemy are known to have proposed, the destruction of our naval depôt, so injudiciously laid open to their attack, at York, was the only part in which they were permanently successful; and, instead of expelling us from the Niagara line, they had, on the last day of December, lost all their own posts on that river. They had however been most fortunate where they could least hope for advantage; the imbecility of Sir George Prevost had enabled them to regain the Michigan country, and to acquire both the naval ascendancy on Lake Erie, and the command of its shores: but they failed most disgracefully in their combined and simultaneous invasion of Canada and attempt upon Montreal. We do not mean to assert that the forces under Lieutenant-Colonels Morrison and De Saluberry were in themselves the sole cause of the repulse of Wilkinson and Hampton; but it is both strictly true, and most honourable to our brave troops, that the whole strength of the

two corps which sustained the assaults of 16,000 American soldiers, did not exceed 1200 men. The conduct of Hampton and his troops was such as to baffle all military criticism; and compared with them, Wilkinson and his followers were skilful and resolute; but even the expedition from Sackett's Harbour was deplorably conducted. Such is the rapidity of the current of the St. Lawrence, that, assisted by the wind, the passage from Fort Wellington to Montreal (120 miles) is frequently effected in batteaux in sixteen hours; yet, though Wilkinson had a favourable breeze after passing Fort Wellington, he lingered for six days between that place and Cornwall, a distance of less than fifty miles, in landing, and embarking detachments, without the slightest necessity, at the critical period when every prospect of success depended upon the celerity of his movements. If he had made no halts, Colonel Morrison's corps could not have overtaken him: he would then have had only the force at Coteau-du-lac to contend with—but, if his troops could not rout one-third of their numbers at Chrystler's, it perhaps was of little moment what plan he pursued.

On the British side, the occurrences of the year, on the part of the subordinate commanders and troops, present us with a brilliant series of achievements, the greater number of which were rendered nugatory or imperfect in result from the absence of all energy, talent, and enterprize, in their commander-in-chief. By General Vincent and Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, the American camp of 3500 of their Niagara army was surprized and thrown into confusion with 700 men; by General Procter two corps of 12 and 1300 men were completely annihilated in succession, by less than half their force of regular troops; by Colonel Murray the shores of Lake Champlain were insulted, and their military posts captured with 1000 men, while five times that number of American troops remained passive spectators of his triumph; and, subsequently, before the same officer, with inferior force, the enemy fled from the head of Lake Ontario, and lost their strongest fortress on the Canadian frontier: it is almost needless to add the affairs of Chateaugay and Chrystler's to this long list of American defeats. Of these successes, but one could in any degree be attributed to the measures of Sir George Prevost. General Vincent, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, General Procter, Colonel Murray, and Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, all acted either against his positive commands, or without any instructions from him; and Lieutenant-Colonel De Saluberry, who courageously maintained his post on Sir George's line of defence, should alone have had the merit

which his superior endeavoured to wrest from him, because he chanced to arrive at the spot, and find the enemy beaten.

For the campaign of 1814, Chauncey was indefatigable in augmenting the naval force of the enemy on Lake Ontario; but his antagonist (Sir James Yeo) was yet more expeditious, for he had launched and equipped two large frigates, and was ready for sea with his squadron, before the American commodore was able to move from his harbour. A descent upon Kingston was again the favourite project of the American cabinet, if Commodore Chauncey could be in readiness with the fleet and should deem it practicable; but, if otherwise, the recovery of the superiority on the Niagara frontier, was to form the principal object of the American arms. Upon this line, Major-General Brown, who proved himself the ablest officer in the enemy's service during the war, was appointed commander-in-chief. Early in April, finding that Chauncey could not co-operate against Kingston, he marched from Sackett's Harbour with the greater part of his regular force to the Niagara, where he occupied himself in preparing to open the campaign.

On Lake Champlain, during the winter, a 16-gun brig had been built at the Isle-aux-noix, and as soon as the navigation opened, our little flotilla, thus reinforced, proceeded up the lake to examine the enemy's naval preparations. They had already launched a large ship and a brig, but were yet unprovided with stores and guns for their equipment, and were so unprepared for resistance, that their dockyard and new vessels at Vergennes might with ease have been destroyed, had Captain Pring, our naval commander, enjoyed the co-operation of a land force of but 1000 men. We had a strong body of troops concentrated at the Isle-aux-noix, and Captain Pring had solicited the commander-in-chief to suffer a part of it to accompany him, but his request was met by a refusal. When he returned and reported the state of insecurity in which he had found the American dépôt, such assistance was indeed offered; but the opportunity was past, the enemy had taken alarm, and Sir George Prevost had subsequently full cause to lament an act of indecision, by which he eventually lost the naval command of a second great lake. So little had he profited by the events of the preceding year on Lake Erie!

But his infatuation seems altogether to have increased as he approached the termination of his career. The greater the resources which the government placed at his disposal, the more industrious does he appear to have been in neutralizing their efficacy. In the middle of April, Lower Canada had nothing to dread, Sackett's Harbour was weakly garrisoned, our fleet on Ontario was nearly ready for sea, and the enemy were evidently bent

bent upon directing their main efforts to the Niagara. Yet, though reinforcements were daily arriving or expected in the St. Lawrence, from Great Britain and the West Indies, Sir George Prevost detained a force of three squadrons of dragoons, nine regular regiments of infantry,\* six strong battalions of embodied militia, and a numerous division of artillery, all in the lower province; he made no attempt against Sackett's Harbour, and dispatched not a man to strengthen the inadequate force on the Niagara, until the middle of July. It would be incredible, if it were not in the recollection of thousands, that the whole of the powerful army which we have enumerated were crowded together in inactivity at Chambly in Lower Canada, at what was termed a *camp of instruction*, behind a strong frontier and without an enemy to oppose them, while less than 3000 of their companions in arms were sustaining the whole brunt of the war on the Niagara. Sir James Yeo was prepared for any operation on the 1st of May, and Chauncey could not meet him; one half, then, of the force which the commander-in-chief was employing in the mimicry of war at Chambly, would have sufficed to capture Sackett's Harbour, and the fleet which it protected. But, since he had failed to possess himself of that place, he regarded it with a species of horror, which would neither suffer him to attack it in person, nor to permit any of his subordinate officers to attempt the enterprize.

From the middle of April to June, reinforcements had continually been arriving on the Niagara for General Brown, but the month of July had commenced before he opened the campaign, by crossing that strait with 5000 men. From this period to the end of October, the Canadian bank of the Niagara became the theatre of a quick succession of obstinate and sanguinary conflicts, but the struggle finally closed by leaving the two armies precisely in the same positions as they had occupied in the preceding spring. Although therefore the details of the operations of 1814 in this quarter are highly interesting, we must be content, with our narrow limits, to refer the reader to Mr. James's volumes for the account of them. Through the summer Brown's disposable force was never less than 5000 men, and generally much exceeded that number; before the termination of the campaign, it amounted to 9000. General Drummond, on the other hand, until the end of August, had never more than 3000 men; and yet with this small corps he maintained the unequal contest, while the commander-in-chief was condemn-

\* These were the 2d battalion 8th, 13th, 16th, 49th, 70th, De Meuron's, Canadian Fencibles, Voltigeurs, and battalion of Marines.

ing three times that force to total inaction. It was not until the lives of many brave officers and men had been lamentably sacrificed in the attempt to contend against overwhelming numbers, that Sir George Prevost could be persuaded to detach a man from the lower province; and, at length, when, by his unaccountable neglect of General Drummond's situation, above a third of that officer's division had been slain or disabled, two of the Peninsular regiments were the only reinforcements which he reluctantly yielded. In the progress of the operations of 1814 on the Niagara, it was evident that the American military had very much improved in character since the commencement of the war. They certainly fought with considerable resolution; and as their numbers were so superior, and they were commanded by an officer of undoubted capacity, it was highly creditable both to the talents of General Drummond, and the discipline and gallantry of his troops, that the enemy sustained more than one defeat, and were never suffered to gain a material ascendancy.

The whole of the summer of 1814 passed without any encounter between the rival fleets on Lake Ontario. Sir James Yeo blockaded Sackett's Harbour until Chauncey had prepared two new frigates for sea, and the American squadron being then far superior in strength, our commodore returned to Kingston to await the equipment of the *St. Lawrence*, a three decker of 102 guns, then building at our dock-yard. Chauncey meanwhile held the lake during the months of August and September, but profited little by his superiority, and retired into port early in October, just before Sir James Yeo was ready to sail from Kingston with the new three decker and his squadron.

Having thus arrived at the termination of the arduous struggle in Upper Canada, we have now but to notice the last operation of the war on the frontier of the lower province. Of the inglorious expedition to Plattsburg, we could wish, in common with every man who feels for the national honour, that it were possible to have buried the remembrance with the individual whose gross deficiency in vigour and judgment entailed such a stain upon the British arms. But since that occurrence cannot be erased from the page of our history, we shall dwell on it no longer than is requisite to expose the real causes of a failure, which has been converted by American gasconade into a source of unmerited triumph.

In June and July 1814, a numerous fleet arrived in the *St. Lawrence* from Bordeaux, with the flower of that army which, under the Duke of Wellington, had exalted the military reputation of this country to the highest pitch of renown; with them also came some distinguished general officers of the Peninsular school.



school. These troops were no sooner landed, than it was evident that Sir George Prevost knew not how to dispose of the succours with which the government had chosen the earliest moment of augmenting his already powerful force. He had wasted some of the most valuable months of the summer in the camp at Chambly, while Sir James Yeo was blockading Sackett's Harbour, but, though he had the full means of attack and a few days' march would have brought him before the defences of that important arsenal, we have seen that he made no effort against it. When the regiments from Bordeaux however landed, no man in his army or in the provinces doubted that Sackett's Harbour must be the point of assault. So convinced indeed were the enemy of the danger which threatened the seat of their strength on Lake Ontario, that General Izzard, who now commanded on the Champlain frontier, marched to Sackett's Harbour with between 3 and 4000 regular troops, leaving no other force on the frontier of Lower Canada than 1500 of the refuse of his army. The American government thus felt, though our own commander-in-chief could not, that all objects on the frontier were insignificant in comparison with the protection of the numerous squadron which was blockaded in their port on Ontario. But instead of a rapid movement towards that lake, the Peninsular troops were suffered to ascend no higher than the ill fated camp at Chambly, where they were detained during the whole month of August before the slightest operation was attempted. At length, from the magnitude of preparation, it could no longer be doubted that some great enterprize was at hand; and anxious expectation was once more directed towards Sackett's Harbour; but, as remarked by the author of Veritas, 'by a strange perversity of intellect Sir George Prevost again shunned that place as a pestilence,' and Plattsburg on Lake Champlain was found to be the object of the expedition, of which he took the personal command.

Of the three great lakes whose waters are spread on the boundary between the cultivated parts of the British North American provinces, and the United States, that of Champlain is the least important in every respect. Of the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, full one half is composed of the frontier of Upper Canada, which must ever be at the mercy of the enemy, if we possess not the naval superiority; and if we do not command the waters of Ontario in particular, it is morally impossible to secure our communications with the fertile peninsula of the Niagara and the western district of Upper Canada. In fact the possession of the upper province is mainly dependent upon the supremacy on Lake Ontario. With Lake Champlain, on the

the contrary, the safety of the Canadas has little connection; for the only assailable point on that frontier is effectually barred by the Isle-aux-noix, while, as the boundary line cuts the lake just at the point where it narrows into the Richelieu, not one-twentieth part of its shores is included in the British province. How then Sir George Prevost could have been guilty of the worse than folly of striving for a superiority on Lake Champlain which the defence of his government did not demand, while, by omitting to attack Sackett's Harbour, he left dubious that on Lake Ontario, which was of vital importance for the security of the whole of Upper Canada, has justly excited the astonishment of every individual who possesses the slightest acquaintance with the localities of his command. After the destruction of the enemy's fleet on Ontario, it might indeed have been advisable to harass them by acquiring a naval ascendancy on Champlain, and thus holding the shores of that lake in subjection; but until the main object could be gained, it was infatuation to grasp at the minor consideration.

On the 3d of September, Sir George Prevost put his troops in motion and entered the American territory. The force which he commanded was composed of a regiment of light cavalry, a numerous train of artillery, and three brigades of the best infantry in the British service, led by Major-Generals Brisbane, Robinson and Power, and amounting, in all, to 11,000 men, inured to service, and long habituated to victory under the great captain of the age. After Izzard's march to Sackett's Harbour, General Macomb was left to command on Lake Champlain with, as already said, only 1500 of the refuse of the American army, and, when the object of our commander-in-chief had been developed, he was joined by between two and three thousand of raw militia who were hastily collected at Plattsburg. It may readily be conceived how much resistance could be offered by such a rabble to the advance of the British troops. Between the 3d and the 6th of September, the enemy did not even show themselves, yet Sir George Prevost consumed these four days in an advance of only twenty-five miles along the lake shore. On the morning of the 6th, however, the American riflemen and militia in some force, supported by artillery, endeavoured to oppose the march of the army, but our columns pressed on without deigning to deploy or even to return their fire, except by the skirmishers; and, on the evening of the same day, arrived on the left bank of the little river Saranac, on the southern shore of which stood the village of Plattsburg, and, on an elevated ridge above it, the American defences, which consisted of three unfinished redoubts and two blockhouses, armed in all with from 15 to 20 pieces of ordnance. The American flotilla lay at anchor in Plattsburg

burg Bay. Had the commander-in-chief suffered these works to be assaulted, as was eagerly proposed to him, on the same evening, there can be no question but they must have fallen with scarcely an effort before a single brigade. But after losing four days on a march which he might easily have effected in two, while the enemy were active in strengthening their position, he halted for other five days in front of their works, as if to enable them to complete their preparations. The presence of their flotilla was the reason assigned for this deplorable inaction; but we have the assurance of their own historian (*Sketches of the War*, p. 319.) that the redoubts were still in such a state that not any exertion of the whole flotilla could have saved Macomb and his undisciplined horde from capture if Sir George Prevost had crossed the Saranac and attacked them on the evening of the 6th of September. For any ulterior operations beyond the possession of Plattsburg, the assistance of our fleet was requisite, and the commander-in-chief should not have commenced his march before the navy were in readiness; but having advanced to Plattsburg, he might with ease have attained so much of his object as the reduction of that place without the slightest necessity for the aid of a flotilla. But he would now undertake nothing until the arrival of our vessels to attack those of the enemy. It was only on the 3d of September, the same day on which the army crossed the boundary line, and little more than a week after the launch of a 36-gun ship, that Captain Downie of the Royal Navy arrived from the Ontario squadron to take the command on Lake Champlain; and he immediately began to prepare for sea with the utmost activity. But the assemblage of a crew for the new ship had only commenced after she was launched, by draughts of seamen from the men of war and transports at Quebec, and it was the 9th of September before the last detachment had arrived at Isle-aux-noix. On that day 270 men had at length been collected from fourteen different king's vessels, besides those from transports, with marines, soldiers of an infantry regiment, and of the royal and marine artillery. Captain Downie knew but one of his officers, and none of the seamen; the latter were men of inferior character, who had been permitted to volunteer, or rather had been forced from their respective ships; and the new vessel was in so unfinished a state that while she was going into action two days afterwards, the joiners were at work at her magazines, her powder lying alongside in a boat, and the carpenters still fixing ring bolts, &c. for the guns. It surely needs no acquaintance with naval affairs to comprehend how essentially necessary it must be that the captain, the officers and crew of a vessel of war should be well known to each other, trained to exercise together, and that  
before

before a ship is carried into action her construction and equipment should at least be completed. Yet though Sir George Prevost was well aware of the condition of Captain Downie's ship, he repeatedly urged him both by letter, and through the officers of his staff, to make instant co-operation with the army, who, it was said, had been long awaiting his arrival before Plattsburg for the purpose of assaulting the enemy's works, simultaneously with a naval attack upon their squadron in the bay. With Captain Downie, as with Captain Barclay in the preceding year, innuendo and taunt were resorted to to provoke him to engage against his better judgement. Unhappily the same effect was produced. Stung at an insinuation 'that the commander-in-chief hoped Captain Downie suffered himself to be delayed by nothing but the state of the wind,' he replied that he needed no urging to do his duty, and that he should be up with the army from Isle-aux-noix with the first breeze. It was then solemnly agreed that as soon as Downie attacked the American fleet, our troops should assault the forts, and that the scaling of the guns of our squadron, in doubling the head to the northward of the bay, should be the signal for the advance of the column of attack. Besides Captain Downie's own ship of 36 guns, manned in the way we have stated, the British flotilla was composed of a brig of 16 and two sloops of 11 guns each, with ten gunboats. The American squadron consisted of three vessels, of 26, 20, and 18 guns, one of 7, and ten gunboats. In the number of guns, therefore, there was little difference, but in weight of metal the enemy were as three to two, and they had nearly a thousand prime seamen to oppose to less than six hundred men of all descriptions. Early on the morning of the 11th of September, the approach of the squadron on the lake was distinctly announced to the commander-in-chief by the preconcerted signal of the scaling of their guns. The report of the ordnance was within hearing of every man in our army, and the general astonishment may be conceived when it was immediately followed—not by the long wished-for command to advance to the assault, but by an order for the troops to cook. Not a platoon had been permitted to form and move forward when our fleet were seen to round the promontory, stand into the bay, and attack the American squadron. Captain Downie had stated to his crew that the troops would instantly storm the works on shore, and they commenced the action with much gallantry in the confidence of support. Their brave leader fell in ten minutes after its commencement, but the ship was courageously fought for two hours afterwards, under the discouraging circumstance of the total failure of the commander-in-chief to fulfil his pledge of co-operation on shore. There were several untoward events on this disastrous

astrous day to increase the effect of the misconduct of the commander-in-chief—Our large ship in entering the bay had both her anchors shot away, so that she could not be brought to the intended station; one of the sloops ran aground, and was compelled to surrender without doing any service; and the gunboats, which were manned with Canadian militia, on observing that no attack was made by land, shamefully fled at the moment when their assistance in winding the large ship, to bring her undamaged broadside to bear, might have turned the fate of the day. After an obstinate struggle of two hours and twenty minutes, the ship, the brig and one sloop which had maintained the battle against the whole of the hostile squadron with a resolution that merited a happier result, were successively reduced to strike their colours. The feeble and vacillating author of this calamity was meanwhile a passive spectator of the unavailing efforts of the brave men whom he had exposed. After disregarding the signal at which he had promised to put his columns in motion, and viewing the naval engagement for some time without an effort, he at length gave the order to advance, and gave it only to recall it again just when the light troops were close in upon their works, and half an hour would have avenged the fall of the gallant Downie and the loss of the fleet. Language would ill express the indignant feelings of the troops on being condemned thus tamely to witness the victory of the American fleet, and themselves to yield a second triumph to a weak and undisciplined enemy. Their wounded pride and anger were vented in loud reproaches against the individual who had proved himself so unworthy to command them, and their indignation reached its height when, to complete the fulness of the undeserved shame with which he had loaded them, a precipitate retreat, or more truly a flight, with the abandonment of immense quantities of stores, ammunition, and provisions, was commenced on the night of the 11th of September. The whole loss of the army in killed and wounded did not exceed two hundred men; but the disgraceful issue of the expedition had such a fatal effect upon the minds of the soldiery, that above eight hundred of them had deserted before the retreat was concluded.

For the palpable violation of promise of which the commander-in-chief was guilty in not immediately preparing for the assault when he heard the scaling of the guns of the fleet, it would be impossible to assign a reason, for he had only to permit his gallant army to follow the impulse of their own zealous feelings, and Plattsburg must have fallen. The effect too upon both the British and American sailors on seeing the defences in possession of our troops, would in all probability have been such as entirely to reverse the issue of the naval conflict; even admitting for a moment,

moment, that, as Sir George Prevost afterwards asserted, the American vessels were not within gunshot of the shore. But we know, on the contrary, that they were within reach of the batteries, and we have the testimony of Captain Pring, who intrepidly seconded the lamented Downie in the brig, as well as that of numerous other eye-witnesses, that, even after the surrender of our vessels, the enemy did not take possession of them for a long time, until they had succeeded in towing their own disabled ships from under the batteries to a secure distance from the shore. Besides this, a number of officers who visited Plattsburg after the peace, were of decided opinion that the anchorage of the American squadron was within full range of the forts. How deeply then is it to be regretted that the troops were recalled when at last they had been suffered to advance ! Both the works and the two fleets would yet have been ours ; but, even if the latter object was then past attainment, who will deny that the capture of Macomb's troops and defences, and the preservation of the national honour were in themselves sufficient to render a perseverance in the assault not only justifiable, but a measure of the most urgent necessity ? In the dispatches announcing his failure, which the commander-in-chief dated from Plattsburg, but which, from the internal evidence contained in them, were undoubtedly written at Montreal, he stated that, after the surrender of the fleet, ' the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss that must have been sustained in acquiring possession of them.' He knew, at the moment he wrote this paragraph, that the desertion of upwards of eight hundred men had attended his shameful retreat. Could the assault have cost him as dearly ? It would not ; even if we were disposed to assent to the humiliating doctrine, which was implied in this affected humanity, that the life of a British soldier is more valuable to him than honour.

By various means, (some of which we have detailed,) Sir George Prevost had hitherto succeeded in veiling from the government his gross mismanagement of the war ; but the deception could no longer be continued, the expedition to Plattsburg completely bared his incapacity, and he was immediately recalled, to answer at the bar of his offended country to the charges which Sir James Yeo preferred against him for his neglect to co-operate with Captain Downie. He did not live to await his trial ;—but it is to be feared that the consequences of his weakness to the interest of Great Britain, will long and injuriously survive him.

The retreat from Plattsburg closed the campaign in Lower Canada ; the evacuation of the Canadian shore of the Niagara by the American army soon after terminated the operations in the upper

upper province, and the intelligence of the conclusion of the peace of Ghent arrived before the approach of the season for the renewal of hostilities.

It has been calculated upon solid data that in less than three years of warfare, the attempts of the American government to effect the subjugation of the Canadas were attended with the loss to the republic in killed, wounded and prisoners, of nearly fifty thousand men, besides an enormous expenditure of treasure and warlike resources; yet, when the terms of the treaty of Ghent demanded restitution of all acquisitions which had been made by either party on the frontier of the two provinces, the enemy had only the defenceless shore of the Detroit to offer in exchange for their fortress of Niagara and the important post of Michilimackinac, both of which were still in our possession, notwithstanding an effort made to recover the latter in the summer of 1814.

Having entered into so detailed an examination of the conduct of the war in the Canadas, we have left ourselves no room for the conclusions to be drawn from it, as to the future defence of those provinces. We will only add one circumstance, which is of such deep import, that we should not be justified in leaving it unnoticed. Since the peace, the influx of Americans from the United States to our provinces has been incessant, and their numbers are daily increasing to an alarming extent. It would not perhaps be expedient or practicable to exclude them from residence in Canada while there is no interruption to the amicable relations between Great Britain and their Republic; but the continuance of the subjects of the United States in our territories during a period of warfare is fraught with danger. During the last war, the efforts of the disaffected in Upper Canada, principally subjects of the United States by birth, were attended by the most mischievous consequences. The enemy were constantly supplied with intelligence by them, and every impediment studiously thrown in the way of the public service. It will become a most serious consideration how the recurrence of the same evils may be avoided, when the proportion of naturalized Americans in our dominions shall, in all probability, have become ten times greater than it was in the year 1812. If, under a vigorous and watchful administration, it is deemed possible to retain such settlers among our population without peril, one precaution should at least be carefully adopted:—no man should be found in employment of the colonial government, whose connections bind him by the ties of interest or of blood to the American Republic.

---



ART. VIII.—1. *Plain Preaching; or, Sermons for the Poor, and for People of all Ranks.* By the Rev. R. Mayow. 12mo. pp. 406.

2. *Sermons and Miscellaneous Pieces.* By the Rev. Robert Wynell Mayow. *To which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life.* 1822. 12mo. pp. 453.

WE seldom can allot many of our pages to theological literature; and, even if we could, it would be next to impossible to notice the multitude of sermons—many of them respectable—which continually issue from the press. The two little volumes, however, which stand at the head of this article, are so completely *sui generis*, that we feel that we are doing an acceptable service, in drawing the attention of our readers to them. ‘*Plain Preaching*’ has been some time before the public; the other volume, which is very miscellaneous in its nature, is of more recent date. It contains a life of Mr. Mayow, a few of his later sermons, his speeches to a District Committee for promoting Christian Knowledge, miscellaneous extracts from his Common-place Book, the records of the ‘Deaths of his Parishioners,’ and several of his prayers.

The Life is professedly written by a friend, who appears to be a person of talents and piety, thoroughly impressed with the various excellencies of the character which he is delineating. We cannot but regret, however, that a little more time and attention were not bestowed on the arrangement of his materials, which are thrown together in a very unworkmanlike manner, and with a total disregard not only of chronological order, but of all order whatever.

Mr. Mayow was born at Saltash, October 8th, 1777, and was the second son of John Salt Wynell Mayow, Esq. of Wray, in the parish of Morvatin, Cornwall, and Mary his wife, daughter of Robert Doughty, Esq. of Hanworth Hall, near Aylsham, in Norfolk.

His childhood was distinguished by considerable depth as well as quickness of intellect, and by a degree of seriousness and reflexion uncommon at that period of life. The person employed to attend young Mayow to school, was a truly religious character, and though belonging to a lower walk of life, capable of instructing those who were much his superiors in station. During these rides, he represented to his little companion the rising of sin, the vanity of the world, the pleasure of serving God; and always, at parting, gave him a strict charge to pray. It is probable, that some of his early religious impressions were received from this good man, whom Providence thus threw in his way. Certain it is that he had, at a very early age, so deep a conviction of the superior value of eternity, that when quite a boy, as he afterwards declared to a friend, he felt desirous to die, that he might be with God.

Of

Of his progress at school, we have the following account from his master:—

‘He came to me in the spring of 1787, and quitted my school in that of 1794. He learnt well, and was reading, at the time of his departure from Liskiard, Homer, Euripides, and Demosthenes. I do not desire to say the most, but I can assure you, that such was the suavity of his temper, expressed in his whole manner, his very voice bespeaking it, that he was the favourite of all. He would sometimes say to me, “You alarm me terribly in school, but not at all out of it.”’

In 1794, he was articled as a clerk to an attorney, at Bath, where his parents then resided; but his turn of mind, especially his favourite studies, ill-suited with this occupation. He had always a secret and strong leaning to the profession of a clergyman, and he finally prevailed with his indulgent father, to forfeit his indentures, and to relieve him from a profession always uncongenial to his mind.

He went to Oxford in June 1797, where he entered at Exeter College. He passed through his academical studies with credit; and amidst all the dangers and temptations of a university, preserved an unblemished reputation. He became an excellent classical scholar, and particularly attached to the Greek language, in which he made great proficiency.

He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Winchester, in May, 1801, and entered on the curacy of Weston, near Bath, where, however, he did not continue long. He afterwards served several curacies in succession, and finally settled at Colerne, in the neighbourhood of Bath. He married, in 1805, his cousin Elizabeth, the daughter of William Harding, Esq. of Liverpool, by whom he had seven children, all living at the time of his death, and under the age of ten years. At Colerne, Mr. Mayow resided for four years, when he removed to Rosthern; and afterwards, for the space of five years, he officiated in the chapel of E. Bootle Wilbraham, Esq. of Lathom, Lancashire, by whom he was also employed in the dispensation of his charities; and at length, in 1816, three months previous to his death, he removed to Ardwick, near Manchester.

‘Here his sphere of action was ample, in a parish so near a manufacturing town, indeed actually joining it; the number of poor was considerable, and the distress arising from the state of public affairs at that period, was very prevailing and great. Mr. Mayow entered upon his various duties with renewed vigour; he took an active part in promoting, both by pecuniary and personal assistance, all charitable institutions and schools. He readily attended committees; he was impatient only when those meetings were unnecessarily prolonged, and when those who were assembled, were backward in engaging in that personal labour, without which it is in vain to expect to accomplish

any substantial good. On these, and on every occasion, he was always ready: his time, his talents, his substance, the whole energy of his character, was called forth.'

He died January 8, 1817.

The following passage is from the pen of a gentleman of Ardwick, who, till Mr. Mayow's settling there, was unknown to him.

'During the illness of Mr. Mayow, the most anxious inquiries were made by all the neighbourhood, not as if they had been inquiring after the health of one whom they esteemed merely, but of one in whose welfare they took the deepest interest, and whose death they would regard as one of the greatest of calamities; and never did I behold more general or more genuine heartfelt sorrow, than was seen when the melancholy intelligence of his death was made known. The funeral was attended by the principal persons of the congregation, who had earnestly requested to be allowed to pay the last sad tribute to departed worth. The churchyard was nearly filled with people, chiefly poor, a part doubtless attracted by curiosity, but by far the greatest number evidently took a deep interest in the mournful scene. Many a big tear did I see roll down the manly cheeks of those who had seldom shed a tear. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Peel; but the most impressive sermon to those present was, the pulpit (clothed in black) from which their beloved pastor had so earnestly addressed them but a fortnight before; when, in a most affecting discourse, which he might almost have intended for a farewell sermon, he spoke in a language which found its way to every heart.'

The Memoir contains many remarks upon Mr. Mayow's style of preaching, with which we are in general disposed to agree. The following observations by his biographer, upon the necessity of great plainness of language in sermons addressed to the poor, are sensible, and well deserve the attention of our clerical readers.

'Mr. Mayow not only saw the ignorance of the poor, but that one very great cause of the continuance of that ignorance was, the want of sufficient plainness of language and manner in the method of instructing them; he saw and felt that even the common colloquial language used amongst educated persons is above the comprehension of the generality of the poor, and that it is like a foreign tongue to them. Those who do not mix with the poor, and have not studied them closely, cannot be aware of this fact; and it is because the upper classes and the instructors of youth will not believe it, or will not take pains to apply a remedy, that the education of the poor is so frequently seen not to produce that real improvement which might be expected, and in many cases seems to be little more than learning to read by rote, and to repeat ready-made answers to a set of questions. Such an education can never prepare them for receiving public instruction. Mr. Mayow, who was so intimately acquainted with all the habits and manners of the poor, was determined to exert all his efforts to remedy so great an evil, and he justly conceived that the best model he could take for giving instruction,

instruction, was the Holy Scriptures. His readers will perceive, that he brings before them striking pictures of Death, Judgment, and Eternity: he illustrates and enlivens his reasonings with facts, characters and anecdotes, many of which are drawn from real life. He saw that the Bible is full of these; that our Lord makes use of every passing occasion, of every object in nature, to fix the attention and impress the hearts of those he addresses.'—p. 39.

The style of his sermons is certainly very peculiar: his manner, however, was 'earnest and impressive,' and he was so gifted 'in voice and articulation' that the plainest discourse came 'mended from his tongue':—to this we incline to attribute much of the success which undoubtedly attended them in the pulpit. In the closet we are frequently called to notice a singular want of taste and even of judgment: in fact, the author himself seems to be aware of this defect; and in his 'Common-Place Book,' has introduced some characteristic remarks upon the subject:—

'The occasional abruptness of my sermons is not owing to inattention, but to design; were I previously to show the manner in which I intend to carry on the attack, I should act like a general who should publish all his plans to the party he wishes to overcome. Through the whole of my life I have been of opinion; that the poor, and indeed that all ranks of people, are best taught by tales and parables. Not to be affected with the marvellous is an irrational and false refinement which the poorest people never arrive at in any age. It is on this principle that I encourage myself to say in the pulpit what often appears very uncommon and extraordinary, and what, by many people, is taken for a useless and wild eccentricity. But to a mind free from refinement, every thing said in this manner comes with double weight. It approaches to the nature of the marvellous, which is the strongest power by which the human mind is governed.'

Again:—

'To me it appears not to be enough considered how much harm is done by being tedious and tiresome. It is this that makes empty pews in so many churches. Of my own sermons I feel perfectly certain that they have done more harm, by being wearisome, and by setting people asleep, than they ever did by being uncommon. I certainly allow, that in my mode of preaching, it is very easy to go too far: the very attempt itself to write a striking sermon unavoidably exposes one to the danger of writing a bad one; for it is a very thin division that separates what is *very bad* from what is *very good*. This division is sometimes so very slight that it cannot be seen at all.' 'It always occurs to me that going too far will never be discovered by the greatest part of my hearers if I cannot find it out myself; and as to the judicious few, I always give them credit for being satisfied with my intention, though not with my judgment.'

The discourses in the latter volume are less objectionable in these respects; but our limits will not admit of any particular

remarks. It must, after all, be admitted that the effect of Mr. Mayow's preaching was materially assisted by the excellence of his personal character, and, above all, by his active and indefatigable benevolence. His bounty to the poor was most liberal; his extreme readiness indeed to plead their cause upon all occasions, was a peculiarly striking trait in his character. 'The rich,' he used to say, 'have many friends, the poor but few. I *must* speak a word for them.'

Next to the Bible, Mr. Mayow admired and loved 'the Serious Call' and 'the Christian Perfection' of William Law. In his style, both of thought and expression, and in his mode of illustration by the introduction of fictitious characters, he bears a strong resemblance to that original and powerful writer.

'Mr. Mayow considered it the duty of Christians to aim at perfection, though they never could reach it, and in his own personal habits, no man could more strictly realize his own theory. His extreme moderation,' says his biographer, 'in the use even of the necessities of life; his cheerful abstinence sometimes wholly from food, that he might keep under his body, and have the more to give to him that needed; his self-denial in renouncing all superfluities and worldly ease; his liberal bounty to the poor, which made it difficult for him to keep a sixpence in his pocket; all these plainly show, that he desired for himself no abatement of his own rule, and that he lived for the greatest and most excellent ends.'

In his performance of all the relative duties, Mr. Mayow was equally exemplary. His love for his wife was tender, ardent, and uniform, and he consulted her happiness in every thing. He attended carefully to the religious education of his children, relating to them, in his walks, stories from the Bible, and adding suitable reflections, which made them better acquainted with the Scriptures than they could have been any other way. His kindness and attention to his servants, and their attachment to him, are strikingly shown in the account of his last illness.

The Life and Sermons are followed by 'the Substance of several Speeches' to a District Committee for promoting Christian Knowledge, which are thrown together into one continuous *Oration*. We have here abundant marks of his good-humour, his active benevolence, his pastoral zeal, and his personal exertions in promoting the circulation of the Scriptures among his poorer neighbours, and in enabling them to read them.

The extracts from the Common-Place Book come next. Some of them show much depth and originality of thought, and much accurate observation of human nature. We would particularly call the attention of our readers to the judicious remarks on the practical influence of the great doctrine of atonement; to those

on

on inscriptions in churches, prefaced by an extract from a charge by the venerable Bishop of Durham, and to what he says on the use of illustrations in scriptures. As might be supposed, from our preceding strictures, there are a few (though but a few) of these detached thoughts, which it would have been prudent to suppress.

We now come to a singular and very characteristic part of the volume, entitled 'Deaths of my Parishioners,' which is thus prefaced—

'I have written several sermons on death, but I am now about to treat the subject in another and, perhaps, a more interesting way. No subject is more interesting than death, and yet there are many sermons on the subjects which are uninteresting—very. Had I time, I could philosophically prove, that the sight of a dead man is the most awful sight that man can possibly behold. Death is a miracle, for we can have no experience of death; we can die but once, and what miracle wrought so often would be half so awful? We see it, but beyond it we can see nothing; so fearful is death that men have suffered anything rather than die; I intend if I can to keep a journal of death, that is, to make notes of every thing which happens in the scenes of death which I witness. Surely if the description of such scenes could be read from the pulpit, they would interest the hearers more than any sermons could do.'

The intercourse which takes place between a clergyman and his sick and dying parishioners is of the most interesting, and, we must add, of the most SACRED nature. We are, therefore, disposed to doubt the expediency of preserving any records of such intercourse, even when it is intended solely and strictly for the perusal of him who makes it. If done at all, some language not commonly understood should be made use of. There can, however, be no doubt of the impropriety of giving such records to the world.

We admire Mr. Mayow so sincerely, that it is with real reluctance that we say any thing approaching to censure. We are, however, compelled to add, that not only do we object altogether to these records of the deaths of his parishioners, but cannot help feeling that in the death-bed conversations here given, there is little that is either striking or instructive, except the bare contemplation of death and of those sicknesses that flesh is heir to. Perhaps a record equally instructive might be furnished by a majority of our parochial clergy. The religious instruction and consolation addressed by Mr. Mayow is, generally speaking, very slight and obvious; and the replies of his PATIENTS and their friends are such as are every day made in most parishes in the kingdom, by persons of little education, and

of no very strong or definite impressions of religion. It is singular, that Mr. Mayow appears to have made so little use of the church office for the visitation of the sick. The great use of the office is, to induce the sick person seriously to examine himself and his state, both towards God and man, and thus to bring him to genuine repentance. There is little or nothing of this in the ministrations of Mr. Mayow. Even the pathetic and comprehensive supplications of the church,—so far as this record goes,—appear to have been superseded by prayers of his own composing.

But though we have unwillingly made these remarks upon this portion of the volume, we most readily allow that it contains much that is interesting. It everywhere abounds in marks of Mr. Mayow's pastoral activity, of his honesty of mind, of the sensitiveness of his conscience, and, we will add, of his lively turn for humour. The mixture of humour and strong feeling reminds us sometimes of Sterne.

Of the efficacy of great minuteness of detail in giving force and reality to his descriptions, he is fully aware.

'Doubtless, it will be asked, why I am so particular in enumerating boxes, chains, clocks, pictures, &c. And my answer is this, that if these particulars were not mentioned, the mind of the reader would not be possessed with the idea that the scenes described were real; or if he thought them not, they would give him much less entertainment if they were less particularly described.'

We mentioned the *sensitiveness* of his conscience. In the first case recorded, when on his way to pay his second visit to a sick parishioner, he hears that he is dead.

'My conscience was not quite so comfortable as I would have persuaded it to be, for two whole days had passed since I had seen him. I should have asked him, thought I, of his state.' &c.

So again, having put off a visit to a sick woman, merely for one day; when he finds that she was dead, 'I was silent again; my conscience was flogging me.'

There is something amusing in the simple honesty of the following confession. Our zealous Pastor is requested to visit a young woman '*going on twenty*,' who was dying of a consumption.

'Would you wish me to pray with you? If you please, sir. I knelt down, my thoughts wandered. It may be useful, thought I, to write a journal: in some respects, it makes me think of the sick when I am not with them, but does it not make me think of my journal when I am with them? The mother knelt by the bedside and wept. When we had prayed, I sat down again. I may think, said I to myself, that this will make a very interesting story, but this young woman is actually



actually dying. What should I feel if I were sure that I was about to meet my Redeemer and my God?

In this house of mourning, (for such it truly was,) a little girl, about nine years old, sister to the former, was lying dangerously ill at the time of his visit. On a subsequent call he finds her dead.

‘I went up stairs alone,’ he says. ‘At the head of the stairs I came into a room, in which there were two beds; on the one next the window, I saw a coffin, the shroud hung out at the foot of it, and the cover was standing by the side of the bed. I looked into the coffin, but I saw nothing but the shroud; the face was covered, I could see one of the hands, and a wall-flower was in it; there were a number of flowers at the feet and sides. I went to the head, and lifted up the covering that lay on the face; I took it off by degrees, as if I were afraid of waking her, but *she could not be disturbed*. Her eyes were quite closed, her lips were divided a little, her hair was combed strait, and almost down to her eye-brows; her cap came close about her face. There is nothing more for you to suffer, thought I; neither hunger, nor thirst, nor heat, nor cold; you have learnt your lesson and have said it, you are run away to play. I put back the cover on the face, as gently as I had taken it off.’

His next visit is to an old man whom he calls Samuel Grey—the name we conclude to be fictitious. The dialogue, which follows, has something of character.

‘“Sir,” said Patty, (the NIECE, as it should seem, of the old man, though just before she is called his DAUGHTER,) “the old man cannot recover, and I have told him so.” “Have you so?” said I, “you have done more than I should have done.” “Why, sir, I thought it was no use to flatter him, for he was making no preparation for dying, sir, and he is a very passionate man and a great swearer, and has not thought much about religion.” I listened, and she went on. “And so, sir, the doctor said he could not recover, and so I went up to his bed-side, and I said to him, Uncle, how do you do? and he said, I am very poorly, Patty. Oh, said I, nay, nay, you will be able to run about in a week; do you think I shall, said he. I’ll tell you, said I, it is no use to flatter you, and so I may as well speak out, because you must prepare yourself. You are not long for this world, uncle. There is no use to flatter you—you never can recover.” “Did you say this to him?” “Yes, sir, I did.” “And what did he say?” “He asked what the doctor thought, and when I told him that the doctor said he never could recover, the poor old man was struck, sir, and his hand shook, and he said, Patty, I have never done any harm; and I said to him, you must remember, uncle, how you used to be in a passion, and how you used to swear and curse—was this no harm? you must repent, and you had better have the parson to see whether he can do any good. And so, sir, he said he would send to you. And let me have that blessed man, says he, to pray for me; perhaps his prayers may do me some good. And so, sir, I told him he must repent.” “You should be a parson yourself,

yourself, thought I. You have said more to him than I should have done." We returned to his room. He was still panting for breath. He opened his eyes when he heard us coming into the room. He held out his hand to me—it trembled and shook like a leaf. He did not speak; I put my hand in his—it was as hot as fire. When I looked at the helpless old man, I said to myself, if you were in his situation, Robert, helpless, old, dying, reproved by your friends, and afraid of God, how much would you wish to find any one who would have pity on you, and speak to you with kindness; therefore be you such an one to this old man. So I will, thought I, but do not let me injure him with my kindness.

He subsequently falls into conversation with a man a little elevated above the lowest rank. He had been a churchwarden for fourteen years, and was probably a farmer.

"I asked him if it was long since he went to church? "I have not been able to go to church these two years. I am infirm, and cannot be comfortable when I am there. Besides, I have not a double pew, as I used to have before the church was repaired. If I could have had a double pew, I should not have minded it so much." Infirmary, said I, is a good reason for not going to church; but, thought the double pew seems not so much in point. It is a sad thing that people should forsake their church because they do not like some alteration in the pews, or some raising of the tithes; they are injured, they think, and they therefore punish themselves; they are offended, and therefore they offend their Maker; as if a man were to beat his horse, because another had beaten it; as if a man were to bite himself, because he had been bitten by a cur."

Some observations follow on the propriety of raising tithes. In a tract on Covetousness, which is given in the Common-Place Book, his principal character, to illustrate the evils of covetousness, is that of a clergyman, who raised his tithes, which *had not been raised a hundred years*. We cannot think that a clergyman is to be held up to public dislike, because he endeavours, in a peaceable manner, to obtain—not the utmost that he is entitled to—but something approaching to that income which is allotted to him by the laws of the land. The claims of his own family, or those of the poorer and more deserving of his parishioners, may make him *feel* that it is not absolutely necessary that he should leave a large portion of that to which he has a legal claim, in the hands of men who have no right to it, and who will not thank him for it. The concluding part of the volume consists of prayers; some of which, for fervent piety, and simplicity of expression, are among the best that we are acquainted with. His intercession for the several members of his family show the strength of his domestic attachments; and the general turn of his supplications for himself evince his genuine humility.

We

We make no apology for the length of this Article, as we confidently trust that those of our readers to whom he was before a stranger, will thank us for making them acquainted with this warm-hearted, benevolent, indefatigable, and pious man. With some little allowance, perhaps, for defect of judgment, there are few parts of his character, or of his writings, which may not be contemplated with advantage; few, which do not say to us, GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.

---

ART. IX.—*Account of an Assemblage of Fossil Teeth and Bones of Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Bear, Tiger, and Hyæna, and Sixteen other Animals, discovered in a Cave at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, in the year 1821: with a comparative view of Five similar Caverns in various parts of England, and others on the Continent.* By the Rev. W. Buckland, F. R. S. Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Oxford, &c. *Philosophical Transactions for 1822. Part I.* London.

THE science of Geology is, like its name, new. A term more expressive of its object might perhaps have been selected, and one whose literal import would have clashed less with the business of Geography. The two subjects, however, are wholly distinct; the one confining itself to the various relations of the surface, while the other is employed in exploring the component parts of the crust, of the earth. To this crust or coating of the globe, must human researches be confined; for, as the highest mountains, in their relation to the whole earth, are no more than the inequalities on the peel of an orange, so the lowest valleys, and the deepest shafts of the miner, are but as scratches and punctures on its surface. Yet, circumscribed as all human efforts are, in the attempt to dig into the bowels of the earth, the philosopher has been able to draw, from the little that is permitted him, a series of most important and interesting facts, which, by a systematic arrangement, have served to throw much light on the history of the planet we inhabit; more indeed, within a very few years past, than the most brilliant imagination had, in preceding ages, been able to discover. Confining itself thus, Geology pretends not to penetrate into the *causes* that produced the various revolutions which the earth has obviously undergone. It inquires not whether it was created, according to the notions of one visionary, from the atoms or atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the tail of another; whether it be an extinguished sun which gradually condensed in cooling; a small portion of the present sun struck off by a comet, as Buffon imagined; or, as another Frenchman of a more lively imagination

imagination will have it, a huge mass covered with water for many thousand years, of which all living creatures were inhabitants, not even man excepted, who began his career in the shape of a fish—the proof of which is sufficiently manifest in those sea-nymphs, vulgarly called mermaids, who have advanced thus far in their transition to that ‘forked animal,’ man!\* ‘Some writers,’ says M. Cuvier, ‘have revived and greatly extended the ideas of M. Demaillet. They suppose that every thing was originally fluid; that this universal fluid gave existence to animals, which were at first of the simplest kinds, such as the monads and other infusory microscopic animalcules; that in process of time, and by acquiring different habits, the races of these animals became complicated, and assumed that diversity of nature and character in which they now exist.’ Nor was this the *ne plus ultra* of these intrepid philosophers: by certain operations of these animals, (they maintained,) the waters of the original oceans were gradually converted into calcareous earth: the vegetables (we know not where they found them) supplied the clay, and these two ingredients, by some chemical process which has ceased to operate, became silex.

The science of Geology entertains no such fooleries; it lends no countenance to such insane and visionary ‘theories’ as these. In its relation to the very best of them, we may consider it to be what chemistry is to alchemy. Both of them, having deserted their crazy parents, (to whom, however, they owe some obligations,) have in latter times begun to walk alone, and within the last half century made considerable strides towards robust manhood. To Chemistry, as the elder sister, Geology is not a little indebted for the strength and vigour it has already attained; still more, perhaps, to Natural History and Comparative Anatomy, without which indeed the geologist can scarcely stir a step; while, with them, he is enabled to classify with the utmost precision those plants and animals of former ages, which are found enclosed in the very heart of the hardest and most compact strata, in caverns and fissures of rock, and in more recent alluvial formations, in beds of sand, and in turbaries or peat-mosses. ‘The time is past,’ as M. Cuvier observes, ‘for hardy ignorance to assert that these remains of organized bodies are mere *lusus naturæ*, productions generated in the womb of the earth by its own creative powers.’ The senseless jargon of ‘potent wishes,’

\* What a triumph for M. Demaillet’s philosophy, had he lived to see the creature just arrived from the oriental Archipelago, which is described as wanting only a pair of legs to make it completely human! The Chinese have long been celebrated as ingenious knaves; but their dexterity was perhaps never more successfully employed than in elaborating this precious non-descript; for which, if we are correctly informed, 5,000 dollars were demanded, and paid, on the supposition of its being a genuine daughter of Doris. It was ensured at Lloyd’s for 2000*l*.

‘productive

'productive hours,' and 'self-creating energies,' not less ridiculous than that of Demaillet and his mermaids, expired with Darwin, never to rise again.

The indefatigable and accurate Werner may be considered as the father of geology. It was he who first observed the particular distribution of petrified plants and animals in particular species of rocks; who remarked that those of the oldest formation contained only the least perfect animals, as zoophytes, shells, &c.; that in the next was enclosed a more perfect class, as fish and amphibious animals; whilst in those of more recent formation were found the most perfect kinds, as birds and quadrupeds. It was he who first affirmed that no fossil remains of the human species had been discovered in those rocks which contained the bones of other animals; that the fossil remains of animals are not those of any existing species, but that the more recent the formation the nearer do they approach to the now existing species, till those found in the latest alluvial deposits, become identical with them. These observations form a very important part of M. Cuvier's 'Essay on the Theory of the Earth.' It is on them that this writer builds his whole reasoning as to the revolutions which have so disturbed and changed the surface of our globe; whence he is led to conclude, that those awful catastrophes have been frequent, sudden, and some of them before the existence of living beings; and that the last of them occurred at a period not very remote from our era.

To this period the facts and arguments stated by the very ingenious author of the paper before us have reference; it is that epoch when an universal and overwhelming deluge swept away the greater portion of living beings from the face of the earth; a fact, for which we have not only the authority of Scripture, but the concordant traditions of all nations, and the evidence of the senses. 'As I shall have frequent occasion,' Professor Buckland says, 'to make use of the word *diluvium*, it may be necessary to premise, that I apply it to those extensive and general deposits of superficial gravel which appear to have been produced by the last great convulsion that has affected our planet; and that, with regard to the indications afforded by geology of such a convulsion, I entirely coincide with the views of M. Cuvier, in considering them as bearing undeniable evidence of a recent and transient inundation.' By *recent* may be understood, a period of four or five thousand years, beyond which no tradition of a general deluge has been carried by any nation.

The arrangement as well as the language employed by Mr. Buckland, is clear and methodical, and the latter divested of technical terms as far as was consistent with a full explanation of his meaning. In the valuable but dry matter of abstract science which

which generally occupies so large a portion of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' his paper may well be deemed a popular one; and we can venture to say, it is one that will be read with interest by all who have access to the volume. He commences by a description of the geological position and relations of the rock in which the cave is situated, and of the cave itself; he then enumerates the animal remains there inhumed, and the remarkable phenomena with which they are attended; reviews the general inferences to which they lead, and concludes with a brief comparative account of analogous animal deposits in other parts of this country, and on the continent of Europe; of all which, with the exception of the last point, we shall furnish a brief analysis.

The cave of Kirkdale is situated in the southern face of the mountainous district in Yorkshire known by the name of the Cleveland Moorlands, and between Helmsley and Kirkby Moorside. This ridge of limestone rock, extending thirty miles from the Hambleton hills to the sea at Scarborough, forms the northern boundary of the vale of Pickering. It is intersected by a succession of deep dells, down which are carried many rivulets or *becks*, whose united streams cross the vale and, joining the Derwent above New Malton, pass through a deep gorge formed between the Howardian Hills and the Chalk Wolds; which is the only outlet from the valley of Pickering, and the stoppage of which would at once convert that valley into an immense lake. Such a lake, Mr. Buckland thinks, did actually exist before the perforation of the gorge abovementioned, having its northern border nearly along the edge of the belt of limestone, and at no great distance from the mouth of the cave at Kirkdale. The substratum of the valley is a mass of stratified blue clay, containing beds of inflammable bituminous shale, like that of Kimeridge in Dorsetshire; the position of the cave is at the lower extremity of one of the dales or becks where it falls into the vale. The rock surrounding the cave is referable to that portion of the oolite formation which is known, in the south of England, by the name of the Oxford oolite and coral rag; it is hard and compact, interspersed with siliceous matter, forming irregular concretions, beds and nodules of schist in the limestone, and sometimes entirely penetrating its coralline remains. The compact beds in which the cave is situated are of a dark grey, passing to black, extremely fetid, and full of corals and spines of the *echinus cidaris*. The rock is perforated by numerous holes and caverns, by which some of the rivulets are engulphed in their passage to the valley; but Mr. Buckland deems it important to observe, that its elevation above the bed of the Hodgebeck, exceeding 100 feet, excludes the possibility of our attributing the muddy sediment, found within

within it, to any land flood or extraordinary rise of the waters of that or any other existing river.

The cave was closed externally with rubbish and overgrown with grass and bushes, and was only discovered in 1821 by some workmen employed in quarrying the rock. About thirty feet of the outer extremity have been removed, and the present entrance is a hole in the perpendicular face of the quarry less than five feet square, allowing a man to enter on his hands and knees; within, it expands and contracts itself irregularly from seven to two feet in breadth and height, deviating from a straight line by several zigzags to the right and left; and is in length from 150 to 200 feet; several smaller passages branch off, but are obstructed by sediment and stalactite. There are but two or three places in which it is possible to stand upright, and these are where the cavern is intersected by the fissures, which close at the height of a few feet, terminating in the body of the limestone, and thickly lined with stalactite. Both the roof and floor, for many yards from the entrance, are composed of horizontal strata of limestone, uninterrupted by the slightest appearance of fissure, fracture, or stony rubbish of any kind. Not a single rolled pebble was to be found; nor had any bone, or fragment of a bone, the slightest mark of having been rolled by the action of water. The rocky bottom of the cavern is visible only near the entrance, and its irregularities farther in have been filled up throughout to a nearly level surface by the introduction of a bed of mud or sediment covered by a crust of stalactite. The average depth of the mud is about a foot, not a particle of which is attached either to the sides or the roof, or any part of the fissures, to suggest the idea of its having entered through them; its substance, argillaceous and slightly micaceous loam, mixed with much calcareous matter, appearing to have been derived partly from the dripping of the roof, and in part from comminuted bones.

On tracing the stalactite downwards from the roof and sides, it was observed to turn off at right angles, and to form across the mud a plate or crust, like ice on the surface of water, or cream on a pan of milk; covering it entirely where the stalactite abounded on the sides, and more scantily where the roof contained but little. A great portion of this crust had been destroyed in digging up the mud to extract the bones, before Mr. Buckland visited the cavern; but it was still found projecting partially from the sides, and forming, in one or two places, a continuous bridge across the mud from one side to the other. There was no alternation of mud with any repeated beds of stalactite; and in particular spots only, where the water dripped from the roof, have stalagmitic accumulations been raised on the surface of the mud, some of which were of considerable



siderable size, but generally about as large as, and in the shape of, a cow's pap, a name which the workmen had applied to them.

Mixed with the mud, or, more correctly speaking, immediately below it, were found lying immense quantities of bones, some whole, others broken into small angular fragments and chips, and others again cemented by the stalactite, so as to form an osseous breccia. These bones and fragments, with their coating of mud, covered nearly the whole floor of the cavern. The state of preservation in which they were found, is thus described.

'The effect of this mud in preserving the bones from decomposition has been very remarkable; some that had lain a long time before its introduction were in various stages of decomposition; but even in these, the farther progress of decay appears to have been arrested by it; and in the greater number, little or no destruction of their form, and scarcely any of their substances, has taken place. I have found on immersing fragments of these bones in an acid till the phosphate and carbonate of lime were removed, that nearly the whole of their original gelatine has been preserved. Analogous cases of the preservative powers of diluvial mud occur on the coast of Essex, near Walton, and at Lawford, near Rugby, in Warwickshire. Here the bones of the same species of elephant, rhinoceros, and other diluvial animals occur in a state of freshness and freedom from decay, nearly equal to those in the cave at Kirkdale, and this from the same cause, viz. their having been protected from the access of atmospheric air, or the percolation of water, by the argillaceous matrix in which they have been imbedded: whilst similar bones that have lain the same length of time in diluvial sand, or gravel, and been subject to the constant percolation of water, have lost their compactness and strength and great part of their gelatine, and are often ready to fall to pieces on the slightest touch: and this where beds of clay and gravel occur alternately in the same quarry, as at Lawford.'—pp. 180, 181.

It may be observed that these bones (as, indeed, is the case with most others found in caverns) are not mineralized like those embedded in rocky strata, but are simply in the state of grave-bones, or those of mummies, or incrustated and penetrated by stalactite; and that they have no further connection with the rocks themselves, than that arising from the accident of having been lodged in their cavities, at periods long subsequent to the formation and consolidation of the strata, in which these cavities occur.

From Mr. Buckland's examination of a vast multitude of the teeth and bones discovered in the cave at Kirkdale, he finds them referable to the following twenty-two species of animals.

*Carnivora*, 7. The hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, weasel, and an unknown animal of the size of a wolf.

*Pachydermata*, 4. The elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and horse.

*Ruminantia*,

*Ruminantia*, 4. The ox, and three species of deer.

*Rodentia*, 3. The rabbit, the water-rat, and the mouse.

*Birds*, 4. The raven, pigeon, lark, and a small species of duck resembling the *anas sponsor*, or summer duck.

These several animals he has been able to class and identify with the assistance of Mr. Brookes and Mr. Clift, whose skill in comparative anatomy is well known; the former being the proprietor of one of the first private collections in Europe, and the latter the conservator of the incomparable museum of the late John Hunter, now incorporated with that of the Royal College of Surgeons.

On the removal of the mud, the bottom of the cave was found to be strewed over like a dog-kennel, from one end to the other, with the teeth and bones, or rather the broken and splintered fragments of bones, of all the animals above-enumerated, those of the elephant, rhinoceros, and the other large animals being found co-extensively with all the rest, even in the inmost and smallest recesses. Scarcely a bone had escaped fracture. On many of them were traced marks which, on applying one to the other, appeared exactly to fit the form of the canine-teeth of the hyæna that occur in the cave, as if they had been gnawed by these animals; those of the hyæna themselves being equally gnawed with the rest. In all the jaws, both teeth and bone are in an equal state of high preservation, and indicate that their fracture has been the effect of violence, and not of natural decay. The greatest number of teeth are those of hyænas and the ruminantia; of the canine-teeth of the former, more than 300 were collected by one person. From the size of the teeth of the tiger, the animal must have equalled or exceeded the largest lion or Bengal tiger. The tusk of the bear resembles those of the extinct *ursus spelæus* of the caves of Germany, a creature, which, according to Cuvier, could not be inferior in bulk to a large horse. The number of elephants' teeth that have been found does not exceed ten, and they are all small; of the hippopotamus six molar teeth, and a few fragments of the canine and incisor teeth only have been met with; of the rhinoceros more, and some of them extremely large; a few only belonging to the horse. The teeth, however, which occur in the greatest abundance are those of the water-rat; in almost every specimen of the ossaceous breccia are teeth or broken fragments of the bones of this little animal, mixed with and adhering to the fragments of all the larger bones, a circumstance which leads the Professor to conclude that they may have abounded on the edge of the lake which he conceives to have existed in the neighbourhood, and to which state, as we have before observed, a dam thrown across the gorge would still restore the vale of Pickering. There is little doubt indeed that most of the valleys

which now exist, and whose waters escape through ravines or gorges in their surrounding hills, were once lakes; a supposition that derives considerable support from the remains of the hippopotamus so frequently found in the diluvian gravel of England, and of various parts of the continent of Europe.

The following passage is extremely curious, and places, as we conceive, the fact which Mr. Buckland endeavours to establish beyond the reach of cavil.

‘It must already appear probable, from the facts above described, particularly from the comminuted state and apparently gnawed condition of the bones, that the cave at Kirkdale was, during a long succession of years, inhabited as a den by hyænas, and that they dragged into its recesses the other animal bodies whose remains are found mixed indiscriminately with their own; and this conjecture is rendered almost certain by the discovery I made, of many small balls of the solid calcareous excrement of an animal that had fed on bones, resembling the substance known in the old *Materia Medica* by the name of *album græcum*: its external form is that of a sphere, irregularly compressed, as in the fæces of sheep, and varying from half an inch to an inch in diameter; its colour is yellowish white, its fracture is usually earthy and compact, resembling steatite, and sometimes granular; when compact, it is interspersed with minute cellular cavities: it was at first sight recognised by the keeper of the Menagerie at Exeter Change, as resembling, both in form and appearance, the fæces of the spotted or Cape hyæna, which he stated to be greedy of bones, beyond all other beast under his care. This information I owe to Dr. Wollaston, who has also made an analysis of the substance under discussion, and finds it to be composed of the ingredients that might be expected in faecal matter derived from bones, viz. phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, and a very small proportion of the triple phosphate of ammonia and magnesia; it retains no animal matter, and its originally earthy nature and affinity to bone, will account for its perfect state of preservation.

‘I do not know what more conclusive evidence than this can be added to the facts already enumerated, to show that the hyænas inhabited this cave, and were the agents by which the teeth and bones of the other animals were there collected; it may be useful therefore to consider, in this part of our inquiry, what are the habits of modern hyænas, and how far they illustrate the case before us.’—pp. 186, 187.

We need not follow the professor in all his details. Every description which we have read of this disgusting and voracious animal, is in favour of his hypothesis; but we may observe that he is as cowardly as ferocious. At the Cape of Good Hope, where he most abounds, he is never seen by day; he prowls by night and clears the plains of the carcasses, and even skeletons which the vultures have picked clean, in preference to attacking any living creature. That the Kirkdale hyænas were in the habit of devouring the carcasses of their deceased companions, and probably in times

of

of great urgency not waiting for that event, we can readily conceive, as being quite consistent with the character of the species (two, we believe) which still exist; we have therefore no difficulty in subscribing to the inference contained in the following passage.

‘The strength of the hyæna’s jaw is such, that in attacking a dog, he begins by biting off his leg at a single snap. The capacity of his teeth for such an operation is sufficiently obvious from simple inspection, and had long ago attracted the attention of the early naturalists; and, consistent with this strength of teeth and jaw, is the state of the muscles of his neck, being so full and strong, that in early times this animal was fabled to have but one cervical vertebra.’—p. 189.

And again

‘It has been observed when speaking of the den, that the bones of the hyænas are as much broken to pieces as those of the animals that formed their prey; and hence we must infer, that the carcasses even of the hyænas themselves were eaten up by their survivors. Whether it be the habit of modern hyænas to devour those of their own species that die in the course of nature, or under the pressure of extreme hunger, to kill and eat the weaker of them, is a point on which it is not easy to obtain positive evidence. Mr. Brown however asserts, in his journey to Darfur, “that it is related of the hyænas, that upon one of them being wounded, his companions instantly tear him to pieces and devour him.” It seems therefore in the highest degree probable, that the mangled relics of hyænas that lie indiscriminately scattered and equally broken with the bones of other animals in the cave of Kirkdale, were reduced to this state by the agency of the surviving individuals of their own species.’—pp. 190, 191.

The professor will not be displeased to find that we can produce a fact that strongly corroborates his conjecture. In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, was an old hyæna, which broke its leg by accident. One night, before the bone was united, the creature actually bit off his own leg, and it was discovered in the morning that he had eaten it up, bone and all. It is not therefore surprizing that not a single skull should have remained entire in the cave at Kirkdale, all these having been broken up, as the professor observes, ‘to extract the brains and marrow.’ Now the bones of the bears, in the caves of Germany, in which they had lived and died in successive generations, are mostly in a perfect state; ‘not having teeth,’ says Mr. Buckland, ‘fitting for the cracking of large bones, they have left untouched the osseous remains of their own species.’

We see nothing ridiculous, as the Professor apprehends may be the case with some of his readers, in the idea of hyænas eating water-rats, or indeed any other animal. If our largest dogs will feed on rats, jackalls on mice, and foxes on frogs, why should the omnivorous stomach of a hyæna reject so delicate a morsel as that of a water-rat? Doubts far more difficult of solution

than this will arise on the perusal of Mr. Buckland's paper. It will be asked, for instance, and naturally enough, how came the carcasses of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus into a cavern so contracted as scarcely to admit of a man creeping on all fours; or, how could the hyæna contrive to drag in such huge monsters of a size ten times that of his own? The difficulty is not got rid of by the supposition of their being floated in by the flood, as the cavern most probably existed in the same state, as to its dimensions, before that catastrophe as now; and even if floated in by detached pieces they would, in that case, have been mixed with pebbles, and rounded by friction, which they are not. These objections have not escaped Mr. Buckland; and the solution that presents itself to his mind appears not improbable; it is that the remains of these large animals were those of individuals that died a natural death, and were carried away piecemeal by the hyænas into their den. That amidst the remains of so many hundred animals not a single skeleton should be found, is accounted for by the power and the known habit of hyænas to devour the bones of their prey; nor does our ingenious author conceive it inconsistent with this solution, that the teeth and the small bones of the lower joints and extremities should remain unbroken, these having been found too hard and solid to afford sufficient inducement for mastication.

Still, however, it may be asked, why do we not find at least the entire skeleton of the one or more hyænas that died and left no survivors to devour them? Some more satisfactory solution is here expected than that of the two Kilkenny cats who ate each other up and left only the two tails; and the Professor thinks he has fallen upon it, in the circumstance of the probable destruction of the last individual by the diluvian waters: 'on the rise of these,' he observes, 'had there been any hyænas in the den, they would have rushed out and fled for safety to the hills; and if absent, they could by no possibility have returned to it from the higher levels: that they did so perish on the continent is obvious from the discovery of their bones in the diluvial gravel of Germany as well as in the caves.' In this idea the Professor conceives he is borne out by the subsequent discovery of the entire lower jaw of an hyæna at Lawford, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, in the same diluvial clay and gravel with the bones of elephant and rhinoceros, the only instance, he tells us, of the remains of the hyæna being noticed in the diluvium of England. 'The animal,' he adds, 'must have perished by the same catastrophe which extirpated the hyænas and closed the den at Kirkdale, and which swept together the remains of elephant, rhinoceros, and hyæna in the diluvial gravel of the continent.' We will not contend for this. A more simple solution is that of supposing the hyænas had previously abandoned this, and sought some other cave;

cave; for why should they not change their lodging for convenience sake as well as we? It is by no means necessary to his conclusions to suppose that they continued in the same spot till the 'rains descended and the floods came.' It is sufficient to prove, what we think he has succeeded in doing, that it had been their place of residence for many generations.

Since, then, the dimensions of the cave would not admit the larger animals dead or alive, and no circumstances can be imagined under which the smaller ones, as hyænas, tigers, bears, wolves, foxes, horses, oxen, deer, rabbits, water-rats, mice, weasels and birds, would spontaneously collect together—since the capacity of the cave would not have contained a sufficient number of these smaller ones to supply one twentieth part of the teeth and bones, on the supposition of their carcasses having been floated in by the waters of a flood—and since, had they been washed in by a succession of floods, there would have been found a succession of beds of sediment and stalactite—we are willing to accept the only remaining hypothesis suggested by Mr. Buckland, that they have been dragged in for food by the hyænas; and as they could not have been dragged from any very great distance, we must conclude with him, that they all lived and died not far from the spot where their remains are found. In further corroboration of this being a hyæna's den, the teeth discovered in it are of various ages, from youth to mature old age; some displacing the first teeth and just peeping out of the sockets, and some fairly ground down to the jaw by perpetual gnawing.

In this view of the case, the accumulation of the bones in the cavern of Kirkdale must have been the result of a long process, at a time when all the animals in question were natives of this country. The Professor observes that the general dispersion of similar bones through the diluvian gravel of high latitudes, over great part of the northern hemisphere, shows that the period in which they inhabited these regions was that immediately preceding the formation of this gravel, and that they perished by the same waters which produced it. 'M. Cuvier,' he adds, 'has ascertained that the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and hyæna, belong to species now unknown; and as there is no evidence that they have at any time, subsequent to the formation of the diluvium, existed in these regions, we may conclude that the period at which the bones of these extinct species were introduced into the cave at Kirkdale, was antediluvian.'

In prosecuting these researches it could not fail to strike the author, as it must every one who considers the subject, as a most curious fact, that four of the genera of animals whose bones are so widely diffused over the temperate and even the polar regions of

the northern hemisphere, should at present exist only in tropical climates, and mostly to the southward of the equator; and that the only country on the face of the globe in which the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the hyæna are associated, is Southern Africa, where they live and die together, as it appears they once did in Yorkshire; and not only in Yorkshire, but in various parts of England—at least the remains of the larger animals have been found in caves and beds of gravel in Middlesex, Glamorganshire, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Devonshire, though not always accompanied by those of hyænas.

Their history, in some of these instances, is more difficult of explanation than that of the cavern at Kirkdale. The caves in the compact limestone quarries of Oreston, near Plymouth, appeared, from the description in the Philosophical Transactions, to offer an insurmountable difficulty in reconciling them to the theory of Mr. Buckland. In 1817 the men, in quarrying this rock for the use of the Breakwater, came to a cavern in the solid face of the rock 160 feet from the original face, at the edge of the Catwater, and 60 feet from the superincumbent soil. It was fifteen feet wide, twelve high, and forty-five long, filled, or nearly so, with a body of solid clay, in which were imbedded the teeth and bones of the rhinoceros. In 1820 a smaller cavern was discovered of one foot high, eighteen feet wide, and twenty long, containing clay or mud, in which were embedded teeth and bones belonging to the rhinoceros, deer, and a species of bear. It was stated by Mr. Whidbey, and confirmed by the workmen, that neither of these caverns bore the appearance of ever having had an opening to the surface, or any communication with it whatever, but that they were closed all round with the same compact substance as that which forms the body of the rock; that in many caverns of the same rock stalactite was found, but none in either of these. Mr. Buckland, of course, strenuously opposes the possibility of such being the fact, as, independent of the difficulty of bones being thus huddled together and enclosed, on the supposition of their imprisonment at the very remote and utterly inconceivable period when the limestone was in a fluid state, it would not be easy to explain how these different animals of such different habits were brought together into so narrow a compass without the assistance of hyænas, and without access to the caverns.

Since the publication of Mr. Buckland's paper, a third cave, or rather a series of caves and galleries has been discovered at Oreston, running in various directions through the compact limestone rock, in which were found a vast quantity of bones, horns, skulls, and teeth, some covered with mud and clay, others adhering to the sides of the caverns, lying on projecting ledges of rock, at various



various elevations, or crammed into crevices or fissures. They consist of the remains of oxen, horses, deer, and various other animals, with a small proportion of the jaws and teeth of the hyæna. Among them were also found horns of various kinds, and in one cavity was a number of shells mixed with sand.

It has now been ascertained that some of these caverns, if not all of them, have a communication with the upper surface of the rock, but that they are firmly closed by the solid limestone on the side next to the Catwater, which is that on which the quarrying is carried on; consequently on the first opening of one of these caverns, it has all the appearance of being a separate and detached chamber in the midst of the solid rock, and to this circumstance was owing the mistake of their being described as such in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Mr. Whidbey, however, anxious to ascertain the real state of the case, has subsequently traced an internal communication between them, by means of galleries, or narrow passages, running in oblique directions through the very heart of the rock, in angles of about  $45^{\circ}$  with the horizon; sometimes ascending and then descending. From the principal and lowest cavern, which is about thirty-five feet above the high-water of spring tides, and 600 feet from the original face of the quarry, one of these slanting galleries leads upwards into a second cavern, from which another gallery continues in the same direction to a part of the rock near the surface, consisting of separate masses of limestone, intermixed with clay, but so compact and indurated, that it required to be blasted with gunpowder to effect a passage through it. The width of this seam was from ten to twelve feet, and on examination it was found to continue of the same nature to the surface of the country, a height of about fifteen feet. From this shaft, (if we may so call it) another gallery branched off still deeper into the rock, at the extremity of which was another large chamber, and in this too were found several teeth and bones. Another narrow gallery, not of sufficient width to admit the body of a man, proceeded apparently in the same direction out of this chamber. The sides of the caverns and of the passages or galleries were, for the most part, solid limestone; sometimes, however, they were partially covered with clay, and in some places with stalactite.

We shall be curious to see Mr. Buckland's speculations on these chambers in the limestone rock of Oreston. We understand he has minutely examined them in company with Mr. Warburton, a celebrated geologist, and that all the teeth, bones, horns and shells, have been sent up to the College of Surgeons, in order to be examined and classified. The number of hyænas' teeth, hitherto discovered, would appear to be insufficient to justify the idea of the chambers having been the dens of these creatures. We do

not find that any marks of their fangs have been observed on the bones and horns with which they were mixed. Besides, the gallery which leads to the lowest cavern, where the greater part of the bones were discovered, is not more in one part than a foot wide, and in this the descent is perpendicular; both of which circumstances are against the passage of a large hyæna. This, however, may not, perhaps, be considered as a solid objection, as the bones might have been dragged into the superior chamber into which is the broad and open passage, from whence they may be supposed to have dropped into the inferior one. The shaft we have spoken of as now filled with rubble and indurated clay, might have been closed subsequently, and the fifteen feet of the superincumbent clay and rubble brought upon it at the same time by the waters of the flood. That the bones were introduced through this shaft there can be no doubt whatever, and the only question is, whether dead or alive. As a common entrance into the first chamber, it is convenient enough for a hyæna's den; but most of the indications of the Kirkdale den and its bones are wanting. Instead of the remains of the animals being covered with a crust of mud or clay, as at Kirkdale, they here rest upon a bed of the latter, which, in the lowest cavern, where the greatest quantity of these remains are found, extended to the depth of forty feet, or six feet below the low water mark of spring tides, the whole being a solid mass of clay, in which were found only some lumps of argillaceous iron ore.

Perhaps it will be argued that either the carcasses of the various animals, or their bones, have been carried in by the rush of the waters. In the first case it would be difficult to explain how all these various animals happened to be together on the same spot, and why nothing like one complete skeleton of any one of them has been found. On the second supposition, the bones would have been rounded by attrition, and mixed with rolled stones and gravel, neither of which is the case: the circumstance of sand being found in the same cavern with the shells is the only one that favours their being floated in by water. There remains but another hypothesis, and that is, that the animals have fallen in by accident. This is undoubtedly the case in some of the caves of the continent, in which, the mouths being still open, there are found the remains of the antediluvian bear and hyæna, with those of the now existing species of animals. This, according to Cuvier, must have been the case with regard to the osseous breccias in the rock of Gibraltar, composed of the remains of animals agreeing with species that now exist; and indeed nothing is more common at the present day than the falling of animals into deep fissures of rock, where they are left to perish—but we will not attempt to anticipate Professor Buckland,

land, who, we make no doubt, will produce a theory sufficiently plausible to account for the contents of the Oreston caverns.

We see numerous difficulties, however, in the way of a satisfactory explanation with respect to the Plymouth caverns. As far as regards that at Kirkdale, we can venture generally to go along with the reasoning of Professor Buckland, and are ready to admit that he has made out a probable case. But a difficulty, and the greatest of all difficulties, now meets us, the solution of which he does not attempt—we mean that of accounting for certain genera of animals once inhabiting a climate in which we know they cannot now exist. M. Cuvier, it is true, says they belonged to species unknown at present; but that does not prove that their habits were at all different from those which are known. He also says that of the bones found in the various caverns of Germany, three-fourths of the whole belong to two species of bear, both of which are extinct, and two-thirds of the remainder to extinct hyænas; but antediluvian bears and hyænas, we apprehend, were pretty much the same creatures as bears and hyænas now are; indeed the whole of Mr. Buckland's theory proceeds on the supposition of the habits of the antediluvian hyæna being the same as those of the now existing one. We know it has been advanced as an explanation of the elephant being found enveloped in a mass of ice near the mouth of the Lena, that it was a different species from the elephant of warm climates, as a proof of which its skin was covered with a soft coat of fur. If it only differed in this respect, we should contend that this was no proof at all. The animal might have strayed in the summer months along the banks of the river, and a part of a Siberian winter would be quite sufficient to protect his hide with a covering of down—the same thing happened to a dog which wintered with Captain Parry at Melville Island. The skeleton of a crocodile, or animal of the lizard family, forty feet long, was dug up the other day in Oxfordshire; this too is an animal of a warm climate. So are also the plants of the palm tribe, dug up on the Isle of Sheepy, natives of the equinoctial regions; how are the trunks, with leaves and fruit, thus buried at the mouth of the Thames, to be accounted for? Nay, if by stretching probability as far as it will well go, we admit that the difference of species may account for their existence in a temperate climate, are we to extend that admission to those islands of the frozen ocean whose soil has been said to be composed of the bones of elephants and other large animals? To explain their existence in such a situation appears to us to require something more than a difference of species; it requires a change of climate; and the only means that we know of, sufficient to account for such a change, and which would effectually produce it, is a change in the position of the poles of the earth, or of the inclination of its axis to the  
the

the plane of its orbit. Either of these causes would not only occasion a change of climate, but at the same time produce one of those dreadful catastrophes which have disturbed and afflicted the surface of the earth. That such changes should occur, and more frequently than they have happened, is more conceivable than that the earth, in its double motion, should for ever present nearly the same point of its surface to the same spot in the heavens, when so many disturbing causes appear to be within the range of possibility. The old theory of internal heat, and gradual cooling of the globe, long since exploded, has been revived, to account for the phenomena in question; but the arguments built on a foundation so unstable would lead to conclusions so absurd and unphilosophical, that, in our opinion, they are not worth pursuing. Indeed no other cause than one or the other of those we have mentioned, seems adequate to the production of those great catastrophes which have broken up the surface of the earth, produced revolutions in the basin of the sea, and converted its ancient bed into mountains, hills, and plains, as is abundantly testified by the numerous beds of shells in the one, and of echini, corallines, serpilli, and various other marine productions in the rocky strata of the other.

Why many of the fossil bones of animals found in the rocky strata, and in the beds of gravel, no longer exist among the present genera or species, M. Cuvier has given an explanation which would be satisfactory if all animals were indifferent as to climate.

‘Let us suppose,’ says he, ‘for instance, that a prodigious inroad of the sea were now to cover the continent of New Holland with a coat of sand and other earthy materials; this would necessarily bury the carcasses of many animals belonging to the genera of kangaroo, phascoluma, dasyurus, peramela, flying-phalangiers, echidna and ornithorynchus, and would consequently entirely extinguish all the species of all these genera, as not one of them is to be found in any other country. Were the same revolution to lay dry the numerous narrow straits which separate New Holland from New Guinea, the Indian islands, and the continent of Asia, a road would be opened for the elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, horses, camels, tigers, and all the other Asiatic animals, to occupy a land in which they are hitherto unknown. Were some future naturalist, after becoming well acquainted with the living animals of that country in this supposed new condition, to search below the surface on which these animals were nourished, he would there discover the remains of quite different races—what New Holland would then be, under these hypothetical circumstances,—Europe, Siberia, and a large portion of America, actually now are.’

To some part of this reasoning we must beg leave to demur—the analogy between the Indian islands and New Holland will not hold with regard to the tropical regions and the frozen ocean—between Behring’s Straits and those straits which separate New Holland

land  
clim  
foun  
clim  
whic  
plain  
thou  
laya  
T  
not  
mati  
osse  
tar,  
of t  
mati  
rats,  
men  
post  
into  
last  
time  
foun  
Am  
disc  
amo  
tion  
sil t  
the  
falla  
ton  
ston  
bee  
bee  
thre  
V  
bee  
thei  
fact  
pro  
trie  
the  
son  
ral  
why

land from New Guinea—in the one case there is little variation of climate; in the other the greatest possible difference that can be found on the face of the earth. Without admitting a total change of climate, we can no more account for the elephants' teeth and tusks which Kotzebue found in the iceberg of Behring's Strait, than explain how the fossil bones of the large deer recently found at fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the side of the Himalaya Mountain, came there.

The bones and fragments of which we have been speaking must not be confounded with those found in more recent alluvial formations, or frequently in open caves and fissures of rocks. The osseous breccia found in the vertical fissures of the rock of Gibraltar, and other places along the coast of the Mediterranean, made up of the bones and teeth of animals, is evidently of postdiluvian formation, agreeing with the species of deer, sheep, horses, rabbits, rats, snakes and birds, mixed with land shells and angular fragments of the adjacent rock, all of which now exist, and are supposed by Cuvier to be the remains of animals which have fallen into the fissures, in the course of the period which succeeded the last retreat of the waters. In many of the caverns, too, on the continent, in which are the remains of extinct species of animals, are found those of existing species, but all these are postdiluvian. Among such fragments the bones of men have sometimes been discovered; but no human remains have hitherto been met with among the extraneous fossils, that is to say, of fossils or petrifications, properly so called. Spallanzani thought that among the fossil bones found in the island of Cerigo, were some belonging to the human species; but Blumenbach and Cuvier have proved the fallacy of this opinion. In the British Museum is the fossil skeleton of a woman discovered in the midst of a conglomerated sandstone on the sea coast of Guadaloupe; but though the bones have been penetrated with the stony matter, such a stone may have been formed, and such an effect produced, in the course of two or three centuries, or even in a shorter period.

We may therefore safely assert that no human bones have ever been found in such a situation as would warrant the supposition of their being so deposited previous to, or at the Deluge; and this fact, or absence of a fact, had led M. Cuvier to conclude, not improbably we think, that the human race did not exist, in the countries in which the fossil bones of animals have been discovered, at the epoch when these bones were covered up, as not a single reason can be assigned why men should have escaped from such general catastrophes; or, if destroyed and covered up at the same time, why their remains should not now be found along with those of the other

other animals : human bones are not more subject to decay than theirs ; human teeth perhaps less so ; and one of our poets has taken occasion to observe, from the appearance of the Egyptian mummies, that the hair and teeth, which soonest decay in the living subject, are the most durable parts of the dead one. The history of man before the deluge is, indeed, confined to a narrow region of the earth ; and if any antediluvian remains of the species should ever be discovered, they will probably be found, where hitherto no search, that we know of, has been made, in Syria, Armenia, or Arabia.

One thing is quite clear, that the ancient traditions of all nations nearly agree with the period of this overwhelming catastrophe, and, whether Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians or Chinese, they all coincide as to the time within a very few centuries of the era which chronologists have fixed for that of the Mosaic account ; and it is satisfactory to find that those very circumstances which the ignorant and flippant sciolists of the last age employed against the authenticity of the Sacred Writings, are those which geology has brought forward as the most splendid and incontestible proofs of their veracity.

ART. X.—1. *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, an Historical Tragedy*.—2. *Sardanapalus, a Tragedy*.—3. *The Two Foscari, a Tragedy*.—4. *Cain, a Mystery*.

SEVERAL years have passed away since we undertook the review of any of Lord Byron's Poetry. Not that we have been inattentive observers of that genius whose fertility is, perhaps, not the least extraordinary of its characteristics, of whose earlier fruits we were among the first and warmest eulogists, and whose later productions—though hardly answering the expectation which he once excited—would have been, of themselves, sufficient to establish the renown of many scores of ordinary writers. Far less have we been able to witness, without deep regret and disappointment, the systematic and increasing prostitution of those splendid talents to the expression of feelings, and the promulgation of opinions, which, as Christians, as Englishmen, and even as men, we were constrained to regard with abhorrence. But it was from this very conflict of admiration and regret ;—this recollection of former merits and sense of present degradation ;—this reverence for talent and scorn of sophistry, that we remained silent. The little effect which our advice had, on former occasions, produced, still further tended to confirm us in our silence,—a silence of which the meaning could hardly, as we conceived, be misunderstood, and which we

wished

wished Lord Byron himself to regard as an appeal, of not the least impressive kind,—to his better sense and taste and feelings. We trusted that he would himself, ere long, discover that wickedness was not strength, nor impiety courage, nor licentiousness warm-heartedness, nor an aversion to his own country philosophy; and that riper years, and a longer experience, and a deeper knowledge of his own heart, and a more familiar acquaintance with that affliction to which all are heirs, and those religious principles by which affliction is turned into a blessing, would render him not only almost but altogether such a poet as virgins might read, and Christians praise, and Englishmen take pride in.

With these feelings we have altogether abstained from noticing those strange, though often beautiful productions, which, since the appearance of the Third part of his *Childe Harold*, have flowed on, wave after wave, redundant as that ocean which Lord Byron loves to describe, but with few exceptions, little less monotonous,—and stained, in succession, with deeper and yet deeper tokens of those pollutions, which, even in the full tide of genius, announce that its ebb is near. We knew not any severity of criticism which could reach the faults or purify the taste of Don Juan, and we trusted that its author would himself, ere long, discover, that if he continued to write such works as these, he would lose the power of producing any thing better, and that his pride, at least, if not his principle, would recall him from the island of Acrasia.

In this hope we have not been disappointed. Whatever may be the other merits of his tragedies, on the score of morals they are unimpeachable. His females, universally, are painted in truer and worthier colours than we have been accustomed to witness from his pencil, and the qualities which he holds up, in his other characters, to admiration and to pity, are entirely unmingled with those darker and disgusting tints, from which even *Childe Harold* was not free, and which he appears to have thought necessary to excite an interest in such characters as Manfred, Lara, Alp, and the Giaour. Even the *Mystery of Cain*, wicked as it may be, is the work of a nobler and more daring wickedness than that which delights in insulting the miseries, and stimulating the evil passions, and casting a cold-blooded ridicule over all the lofty and generous feelings of our nature: and it is better that Lord Byron should be a manichee, or a deist,—nay, we would almost say, if the thing were possible, it is better that he should be a moral and argumentative atheist, than the professed and systematic poet of seduction, adultery and incest; the contemner of patriotism, the insulter of piety, the raker into every sink of vice and wretchedness to disgust and degrade and harden the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The speculations



speculations of a Hume and a D'Alembert may be the objects of respectful regret and pity, while the Pucelle is regarded with unmingled contempt and detestation. The infidel *may* be, the adversary of good morals *cannot* be, under a mistake as to the tendency of his doctrines.

Nor is this our only motive for returning at length to the examination of Lord Byron's writings. In his Cain he professes to reason, (with how much or how little success is nothing to the purpose,) but his appeal is made to the reason as well as to the passions of his readers. To remove, in his own instance, the difficulties by which he is perplexed, would indeed be a triumph beyond our expectations, but now that, by circumstances which Lord Byron himself could not foresee,—those speculations which he designed for the educated ranks alone, are thrown open to the gaze of the persons most likely to be influenced by them, and disseminated, with remorseless activity, among the young, the ignorant, and the poor,—by the efforts of the basest and most wicked faction that ever infested a christian country,—we are not only justified but compelled by every sense of duty and of charity, to unmask the sophisms which lurk under his poetical language; and to show how irrelevant to the truths of natural and revealed religion are those apparent irregularities in the present course of things, which he makes his objection to the being or the benignity of the Creator. With these feelings,—very different from each other, but either of which would be sufficient to warrant an interruption of our late silence,—we undertake the review of his Tragedies and his Cain.

To the moral correctness of the former we have already borne a willing testimony. Of the taste by which his muse has been restrained and guided, it is impossible to give so favourable a character, nor to avoid wondering at that perversity of judgment or that unbounded rage for singularity which has led him, alone amid his countrymen, to despise the example, and detract from the renown of Shakspeare, and to seek his models of composition not in the beauty of home-bred nature, but in the rules of foreign pedantry.—Not contented, indeed, with attempting in his own compositions, to 'preserve' or 'approach to,' what are called 'the unities,' he ventures, in explicit terms, to refuse the name of 'drama' to all dramatic poems where 'any very distant departure' from these rules is admitted; and, though professing himself 'aware of the unpopularity of this notion in present English literature,' he insists that the opinion which he thus inculcates is one 'which, not very long ago, was the law of literature throughout the world, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it.' In an author of less power and reputation this would be merely ridiculous; and,

and, even in the case of Lord Byron, we have not been able to suppress a smile, at the dignified modesty which disclaims all hope of rivalling his regular, or even his irregular predecessors, (*Addison*, we presume, or *Shakspeare*,) no less than at the insinuated doctrine that it is more easy to excel the latter than the former.

But any canons of poetry laid down by such a poet are entitled at least to a respectful examination. In the mutability, too, of fashion, it is by no means impossible that opinions which have the sanction of Lord Byron's name should attract a numerous herd of disciples. And, as the time has been when the solemn quackery of Bossu was received by many, even in England, as profound and solid criticism, we are anxious to prevent the risk of such cumbersome absurdity returning into power, by exposing the frothy foundation on which it stands, and the needless hindrances which it opposes to dramatic excellence.

If it were not for this, the question would be hardly worth discussing. That Shakspeare and his continental rivals have written in very different styles, is a fact sufficiently evident. That different names should be given to these different styles is not only natural but convenient and desirable. That the high-sounding titles of 'the drama,' or 'the regular drama,' should be applied to the one, while the more homely but not less expressive designation of 'play' is left for the other, is an arrangement which (if it affords any comfort to the admirers of the Parisian school) we, for our part, might cheerfully acquiesce in. But, if we are to be pelted with the epithets of 'incorrect,' 'uncivilized,' and we know not what, for saying that we prefer a *play* of Shakspeare's to a *drama* of Racine's or Alfieri's; if all merit or beauty is to be appreciated by a French critic in a Grecian mask, and if the noblest models of writing are to be abandoned and despised, because they do not tally with rules arbitrarily imposed, and customs which no more concern us than the droit d'aubaine; when, lastly, these usurpations find an advocate in one who is himself among the most illustrious living ornaments of English poetry, it is time to make up our minds, either to defend the national laws, or to submit to the 'Code Napoléon;' and to examine whether there be really, in favour of this last, so much extrinsic authority or so much intrinsic excellence, as to call on us to adopt it, in place of that ancient licence of pleasing and being pleased in the manner most effectual and most natural, which the poets and audiences of England have, till now, considered as their birthright.

Nor is this all. We have, we confess it, an additional and private reason for our grudge against the regular school, inasmuch as we cannot but believe that an adherence to its forms in the works  
now

now before us, has robbed the world of no inconsiderable quantity of beautiful poetry. We are not, indeed, from the present specimens, by any means justified in supposing that the genius of Lord Byron is eminently dramatic, or that, *even* if he had condescended to take Shakspeare as a model, his 'irregularities' would have equalled the 'woodnotes wild' of his predecessor. But, feeling this as we do,—and while we bear in mind his own modest and candid protest against imputing to any defect in the art what he would rather have us consider as a failure in the architect, we cannot but perceive that to run a race in chains (though those chains may be voluntary) is too much for the speed of Achilles himself; and that the beauties (for many and great beauties are, undoubtedly, to be met with in the works which we have undertaken to examine) are rather in spite than in consequence of the rules which their author has adopted.—Nor do we feel the greater reverence for this gigantic phantom of deceased criticism, from learning, in a curious passage of the preface to *Marino Faliero*, that it has now revisited the glimpses of the moon, not so much at the call of Lord Byron himself, as by the 'strong advisement' of two arch-wizards, whom, with a degree of humility truly edifying, the noble author consulted while forming the plan of his first drama, the late Mr. M. G. Lewis and the not yet dead Sir William Drummond.

It may seem a trifle and, perhaps, it is one.—But we have, in the first place, an objection to the very terms of Lord Byron's indictment against the British drama, as conveying an unfair view of the contested point, and assuming as a premise that which is a strange mistake of facts, or a no less strange anti-English prejudice. He takes it for granted, in the preface already quoted, that the irregularity of which he complains, is 'the reproach of the British stage,'—meaning, of course, that the great majority of able and learned men in all other countries object to it. And, in the preface to his remaining tragedies, he repeats the same assertion in yet stronger and more explicit terms, reminding his opponents, as we have already noticed, that 'the necessity of the dramatic unities was not very long ago the law of literature *throughout the world*, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it.'

Now, if this has any meaning at all and is not merely a little sally of gratuitous sauciness, it must signify that, even in this country, during those which he may call the classical times of our literature, the unities were adhered to by all judicious writers and recommended by all judicious critics. Does Lord Byron really know so little of English literature as to believe this? or has he so long confined his English studies to Galignani's *Messenger*, that he forgets

forgets what was the usual practice (we will not say of Shakspeare, but) of Jonson, Otway, Rowe and Southern?—These names, together with Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Dryden, Hughes, Congreve, Young, Home, and Lillo, make up, pretty nearly, all the successful writers of tragedy in our language. Many of these were sufficiently learned and sufficiently ardent admirers of antiquity to have felt an anxiety to restore the observance of the unities, had they conceived such rules to be essential to the excellence of their works, or even to be imposed by the concurrent and unequivocal voice of ancient criticism. But what English dramatist of any name, except Addison, (for Milton is hardly a case in point,) has shown any symptoms of caring for those unities which Lord Byron rates so highly? We might say what English critic (except Mr. Rymer) has ever recommended their general adoption? So entirely does Lord Byron's first assumption fail as to the recent universality of the faith which he inculcates!

Still, he may perhaps reply, the English are and always have been barbarians, entirely cut off from the world of taste, and incompetent to pass an opinion on any point either of criticism or cookery. The universality then of the law, so far as the civilized world is concerned, may be maintained without them. But who shall venture to exclude the ancient and polite nation of the Spaniards from this awful confederacy; or how many instances can be named in which the leading Spanish dramatists have thought it necessary to transact all the multifarious business of their intricate plots, in the same common hall, and within the supposed limits of a single evening? Is Lord Byron aware within how narrow bounds the *Terminus* of his 'world' may be compelled to recede?—or, on what principle can he maintain that his own Italy, which, down to the time of Alfieri, had, in fact, no tragedy of any kind to show, is to be reckoned as having a voice in the question?

With all due respect, indeed, for these ancient and distinguished nations; knowing too the full force of the term 'barbares' as applied to us by the one, and of 'tramontani' in the mouth of the other; we are not aware on what grounds, (except the assurances of the French and Italians themselves,) they are at present to be reckoned more 'civilized' in any respect of science, art, or learning, than ourselves, or those nations who are on our side of the controversy. We are yet to learn what pretensions a Parisian critic has to be heard on a point of literature more than an Englishman; or how, except in climate, in singing, and those remains of ancient art which its sons can neither equal nor defend, Italy is justified in assuming a higher place than Germany, Scandinavia, or America. We are sufficiently 'Goths' to believe that the race to which we belong,

and which, divided as it is into these mighty branches, makes up by far the most extensive 'langue' in the world, has contributed within the last 100 years, to the common stock of knowledge and civilization, a far greater proportion of works of genius, and useful and elegant invention than has, during the same space of time, been furnished by the nations between the Rhine and the Mediterranean; and we are by no means inclined, without some further reason, to descend from an eminence to which Lord Byron himself has materially helped in raising us.

This is, however, by the way; and its connexion with the real merits of the case is, certainly, by no means vital. A doctrine may be sound though the majority of the world reject it; and the consent of the greatest and most overwhelming majority, though it may be a *presumption*, is still not a *proof* of its soundness. Let us examine, then, the principles on which Lord Byron's dramatic canons depend, and the arguments which are usually advanced to prove their necessity. In this task we are sensible that we can supply but little which Johnson has not already said far better,—but even Johnson himself will be found, in some few instances, to have made a larger admission to modern prejudice than either the reason of the case or the truth of literary history would warrant.

The first, if not the most important of the arguments in favour of the dramatic unities, is the alleged practice and authority of the ancients. The French drama assumes to itself, exclusively, the name of 'regular' and 'classical,' and the critics and poets of other nations have been, for the most part, sufficiently courteous to admit the accuracy of this designation, and to take it for granted that plays of which the scene is never changed; of which the action is comprised within the time of representation; which are uniformly grave and stately, without intermixture of comedy or lighter dialogue; and whose heroes and heroines decorously retire behind the curtain to die, are not only after the manner of Paris, but of Rome and Athens, and (at least in ancient times) of all 'the more civilized parts of the world.'

Now, suppose it were admitted that this view of the subject was correct, it might still be asked on what grounds (if the practice and precedent of antiquity are to decide the question) the French copy of the ancient drama is so partial and imperfect? If they think it necessary to be classical, why are they not so altogether? Why has so important, so essential, so dignified and beautiful a feature of the ancient tragedy as the *chorus* been altogether discarded from their theatres? Why have singing and recitative given place to declamation? Or why are the vizard and the cothurnus abandoned in favour of rouge and kid slippers? If we are answered, (as we doubtless shall be,) that these changes arise from  
the

the different habits of our audiences and the different construction of our theatres; that they are nearer approaches to nature, and get rid of unnecessary difficulties while they detract nothing from the power of pleasing; it is surely as reasonable to say that, on the same principles, we have innovated a little farther. We may surely plead that the unity of place and time, which was convenient and desirable on a stage open to the sky, and where changes of scene were, in a great measure, rendered impossible, is no longer necessary in playhouses of the modern form, and furnished with modern machinery. We may plead that the same imitation of nature which discarded the chorus and the mask, has induced us to adopt a less sustained and more varied tone of dialogue; and that we see no sufficient reason for denying to our poets and actors the opportunity of displaying the human character in the most moving and terrible of all situations, because Horace (of whom more anon) is alleged as disapproving the representation of death on the theatre.

But the supporters of dramatic liberty need not stop here. Not only do the French critics fail in proving that the authority of the ancients can oblige us to imitate them—they are wrong in point of *fact*, inasmuch as there are few circumstances belonging to the ancient drama at the present day more generally recognized among scholars than that the Greeks did not adhere to, and apparently knew nothing of those canons to which so confident an appeal is made.

We had occasion, some time since, in our review of *Madame de Staël's Allemagne*, to offer a few remarks to this effect on the conduct of the ancient theatre. At present we need only observe that the unity of place is disregarded by Sophocles in his *Ajax*, and Euripides in his *Alcestis*, inasmuch as, in the former play, the scene changes repeatedly to different parts of the Trojan plain, and, in the latter, from the gate of Admetus' house to the supper-room where Hercules is feasting. Both place and time are annihilated before the ardent muse of Æschylus; since, in his *Eumenides*, the scene is transferred from Delphi to Athens, while, in his *Agamemnon*, we are carried from the watch-tower to the place of sacrifice, and are constrained to suppose an interval between the second and third scenes sufficiently long to enable the Grecian sovereign to pass from Troy to Mycenæ. What rank among the regular dramatists Lord Byron may assign to these two great masters we do not know; but it is not easy to guess on what grounds the appellation of drama is refused to *Hamlet* or *Othello*, which would not, by a parity of reason, endanger the claim of the pieces which we have now instanced. We do not, indeed, mean to deny that, on the Grecian stage, the changes of scene were really infrequent, and we can easily understand why, in an open theatre, the poet would be

desirous to decline the employment of a clumsy and inefficient machinery. But it is enough for our purpose to have shown that, where a striking effect was to be produced, or a greater difficulty to be avoided, the Greeks, even with their scanty means of scenic deception, did not hesitate to incur this inconvenience; while neither Aristotle, who is the great authority usually appealed to, nor Horace, who had no objection to find fault with the Grecian poets as often as he detected them in a supposed error, has ever hinted that they were wrong in doing so.

Aristotle, indeed, and Horace, have both been regarded as sturdy champions not only of the unities, but of all the other fetters with which the great tragic writers of France have encumbered themselves. Yet it is hard to say on what passage of either the one or the other those rules are founded, to the observance of which so much is sacrificed. The former tells us that a dramatic fable should not be so long as to weary the memory, or to make the audience lose sight of any of that connected series of events by which the story is conducted to its catastrophe. He recommends, too, an unity of action, in words very inconsistent with that kind of under-plot which is a distinctive and never-failing feature of the French tragedy.\* But as far as we have been able to discover, he nowhere condemns a *change of scene*, or enjoins that all the events represented should appear to take place within the same city and the same day, though examples to the contrary were, as we have seen, not wanting in poets far too conspicuous to have been overlooked by him.

Horace, it is true, has told us that a drama is most likely to please which has neither more nor fewer acts than *five*; a rule of which the good sense is not very perceivable, and which is at variance with the threefold division of the Aristotelic tragedy, as well as with that passage of Cicero which speaks of the *third* act, as, in his time, the concluding one.† Horace, too, objects, with reason, to the exhibition of certain atrocities on the stage, which

\* Δει, καθάπερ ἐπὶ τῶν σωμαλῶν, καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν ζῶον, ἔχουσιν μὲν μέγεθος, τέλος δὲ εἰσοποιοῦν εἶναι, ὅπως καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν μυθῶν, ἔχουσιν μὲν μέγεθος, τέλος δὲ εὐμαρτυροῦν εἶναι.—Poet. § 16.

Χρη τοι μυθῶν, ἐπὶ πράξεως μίμησις ἐστὶ, μίας τε εἶναι καὶ ταύτης ὅλης, καὶ τὰ μέρη συνίσταται τῶν πραγμάτων οἷος ὅτι μεταβιβαζόμενον τινος μέρους ἢ ἀφαιρέματι, διαφραγεῖσθαι καὶ κεισθῆαι το ὅλον.—Ib. § 17.

† Μέρη δὲ Τραγῳδίας—Πρόλογος, Ἐπίσκηλον, Ἐξῆδες, Χορεία.—Poet. § 24.

Ὅλον ἐστὶ τὸ ἔχει ἀρχὴν καὶ μέσσην καὶ τέλος.—Ib. § 16.—Illud te extremum oro et hortor, ut tanquam poetæ boni et actores industrii solent, sic tu, in extrema parte es conclusionem muneris ac negotii tui diligentissimus sis; ut hic tertius annus, tanquam tertius actus, perfectissimus atque ornatissimus fuisse videatur.—Cic. ad Quint. L. i. Ep. 1.

Manutius, in his Commentary, vainly endeavours to explain away this testimony, which clearly agrees with the preceding passages of Aristotle in dividing a tragedy into three acts only. The point, however, would not be worth contesting, if it were not for the clumsy efforts made by some editors to reduce Sophocles and Euripides to the Horatian standard.

objection



objection the French critics afterwards gratuitously extended to all deaths which were not behind the scenes. But he has nowhere so much as mentioned the unity of time, and the only passage in which he can be supposed to refer to a change of scene, is directly in the teeth of those who are shocked at being transported from Thebes to Athens. So little does the opinion or the practice of antiquity bear out Lord Byron and his masters, in the sweeping sentence denounced by them against the dramatic efforts of England and Germany!

It is not, therefore, by authority, but by considerations of reason and convenience only that an adherence to the unities must be proved essential to the drama. And here we must, in the first place, request our readers to take notice, that, if these unities are necessary at all, they must be so absolutely and without relaxation. The principles on which they are supported, are as hostile to a change of scene from one chamber to another in the same house or city, or to the supposed interval of one night between the acts, (both which are practices frequent not only with Lord Byron, but with the French tragedians,) as to a change from Thebes to Athens, or the supposed interval of a week, a month, or a year, under similar circumstances. The *illusion* of which so much is spoken is dissipated (supposing it to have existed at all) in the one case as well as in the other. It would have been as easy for the spectator to fancy himself removed from Venice to Candia, as from the anti-room of the council chamber to the prison of the younger Foscari, or from the ducal palace to the remote and secret apartment of the conspirators associated with Bertuccio, since, in either case, the spectator is equally conscious that he has not stirred a single step from the bench where he was seated. And it is not more impossible to carry on our imagination through the months and years of the *Winter's Tale*, than to believe that six or eight hours, or even one hour can have elapsed during the ten minutes that we have been sucking oranges and listening to the fiddles of the orchestra.

Merely to '*approach* the unities,' therefore, is to do nothing, or worse than nothing. It is an abandonment of liberty without acquiring the supposed advantages of bondage. Yet this is the case with many of the tragedies of Corneille, and this is the utmost which the modesty of Lord Byron professes to have aimed at. Surely this is enough to show, that if the unities are necessary to the drama, the title of drama must be far more limited than the imposers of the rule contemplate, and that, if *Macbeth* or *Othello* is excluded, the principle, if it is worth any thing, must exclude also *Cinna* and the *Foscari*.

But, though we should abandon all such '*argumenta ad homines*,'

and admit that Lord Byron and his continental masters were perfectly consistent in their principles and practice; though we should admit those principles to their fullest extent; though we should admit that probability is in some degree outraged, and scenic effect impaired by a change of the scenes, or the supposition of any considerable lapse of time during the representation of a drama, yet it must not be overlooked that an exact adherence to the unities will, on the other side, be generally productive of still greater difficulties. What absurdity can arise from the change of scene more striking than that of a conspiracy carried on, a battle fought, a king laid to sleep, and private audiences granted successively to a general in chief, a queen, and a favourite mistress; to say nothing of state secrets discussed, and kisses without end given and received, in the same great hall; which serves, during the same evening, as a banqueting room for the ladies and eunuchs of the court of Nineveh? Is the licence of the *Winter's Tale* itself more improbable than that arrangement, which hurries over, in a single day, the torture of the younger Foscari, his banishment, his death, his funeral, the dethronement and the death of his father? We know not how long the council of ten were usually accustomed to deliberate, but three different sittings in one forenoon would seem strange to an English cabinet; nor is it in a single and a very short sitting that we should have expected such strong measures as those of Loredano to be carried. These drafts on our credulity can hardly, indeed, be said to equal the absurd effect which the unity of place produces in *Cato*, or the impossible and preposterous hurry of plot which makes the *Cid*, in order to preserve the unity of time, fight two duels and one pitched battle, reject the offered love of the princess and win the affections of Chimene, stand a trial for his life and marry an heiress, within the compass of about twelve hours. But any one of these instances is sufficient to prove that, whatever weight may be ascribed to those objections which are brought against a disregard of the unities, the tragedian has, at most, but a choice of difficulties; and that the tragedians of the British and German and Spanish schools have chosen, after all, the less glaring improbability of the two.

But we had really supposed that the question of scenic illusion had long since been too generally and too correctly understood, to make it necessary, at this time of day, to renew its discussion. We hardly could have thought it needful to prove, that the spectator of a drama does not actually imagine himself an assistant in the Venetian senate, or a witness of the capture of Nineveh. For ourselves, we confess, we resort to the theatre to hear and see a story told in dialogue, and illustrated by dresses and scenery. We may be more moved, but we are not more deceived by what we witness there, than

than if we read the same poem in a book with prints; and the change of a scene, or a supposed interval between the scenes, produces no other effect on our minds than the turning over of a new page, or the opening of a second volume. Nor can we conceive a greater instance of the efficacy of system to blind the most acute perception, than the fact that Lord Byron, in works avowedly and exclusively intended for the closet, has piqued himself on the observance of rules, which (be their advantage on the stage what it may) are evidently, off the stage, a matter of perfect indifference. The only object of adhering to the unities is to preserve the illusion of the scene. To the reader they are obviously useless. It is true, that, in the closet, not only are their supposed advantages destroyed, but their inconveniences are also, in a great measure, neutralized: and it is true also, that poetry so splendid has often accompanied them, as to make us wholly overlook, in the blaze of greater excellencies, whatever inconveniences result from them, either in the closet or the theatre. But even diminished difficulties are not to be needlessly courted, and though, in the strength and dexterity of the combatant, we soon lose sight of the cumbersome trappings by which he has chosen to distinguish himself; yet, if those trappings are at once cumbersome and pedantic, not only will his difficulty of success be increased, but his failure, if he fails, will be rendered the more signal and ridiculous.

Marino Faliero has, we believe, been pretty generally pronounced a failure by the public voice, and we see no reason to call for a revision of their sentence. It contains, beyond all doubt, many passages of commanding eloquence and some of genuine poetry, and the scenes, more particularly, in which Lord Byron has neglected the absurd creed of his pseudo-Hellenic writers, are conceived and elaborated with great tragic effect and dexterity. But the subject is decidedly ill-chosen. In the main tissue of the plot and in all the busiest and most interesting parts of it, it is, in fact, no more than another *Venice Preserved*, in which the author has had to contend (nor has he contended successfully) with our recollections of a former and deservedly popular play on the same subject. And the only respect in which it differs is, that the Jaffier of Lord Byron's plot is drawn in to join the conspirators, not by the natural and intelligible motives of poverty, aggravated by the sufferings of a beloved wife, and a deep and well-grounded resentment of oppression, but by his outrageous anger for a private wrong of no very atrocious nature. The Doge of Venice, to chastize the vulgar libel of a foolish boy, attempts to overturn that republic of which he is the first and most trusted servant; to massacre all his ancient friends and fellow-soldiers, the magistracy

and nobility of the land. With such a resentment as this, thus simply stated and taken singly, who ever sympathized, or who but Lord Byron would have expected in such a cause to be able to awaken sympathy? It is little to the purpose to say that this is all historically true. A thing may be true without being probable, and such a case of idiosyncrasy as is implied in a resentment so sudden and extravagant, is no more a fitting subject for the poet than an animal with two heads would be for an artist of a different description.

It is true that, when a long course of mutual bickering had preceded, when the mind of the prince had been prepared, by due degrees, to hate the oligarchy with which he was surrounded and over-ruled, and to feel or suspect, in every act of the senate, a studied and persevering design to wound and degrade him, a very slight addition of injury might make the cup of anger overflow; and the insufficient punishment of Steno (though to most men this punishment seems not unequal to the offence) might have opened the last floodgate to that torrent which had been long gathering strength from innumerable petty insults and aggressions.

It is also possible that an old man, doatingly fond of a young and beautiful wife, yet not insensible to the ridicule of such an unequal alliance, might for months or years have been tormenting himself with the suspected suspicions of his countrymen; have smarted, though convinced of his consort's purity, under the idea that others were not equally candid, and have attached, at length, the greater importance to Steno's ribaldry from apprehending this last to be no more than an overt demonstration of the secret thoughts of half the little world of Venice.

And we cannot but believe that, if the story of Faliero (unpromising as we regard it in every way of telling) had fallen into the hands of the barbarian Shakspeare, the commencement of the play would have been placed considerably earlier; that time would have been given for the gradual development of those strong lines of character which were to decide the fate of the hero, and for the working of those subtle but not instantaneous poisons which were to destroy the peace and embitter the feelings and confuse the understanding of a brave and high-minded but proud and irritable veteran.

But the misfortune is, (and it is in a great measure, as we conceive, to be ascribed to Lord Byron's passion for the unities,) that, instead of placing this accumulation of painful feelings before our eyes, even our ears are made very imperfectly acquainted with them. Of the previous encroachments of the oligarchy on the ducal power we see nothing. Nay, we only hear a very little of it, and

and that in general terms, and at the conclusion of the piece; in the form of an apology for the Doge's past conduct, not as the constant and painful feeling which we ought to have shared with him in the first instance, if we were to sympathize in his views and wish success to his enterprize. The fear that his wife might be an object of suspicion to his countrymen is, in like manner, scarcely hinted at, and no other reason for such a fear is named than that which, simply taken, could never have produced it—a libel scribbled on the back of a chair. We are, therefore, through the whole tragedy, under feelings of surprize rather than of pity or sympathy, as persons witnessing portentous events from causes apparently inadequate. We see a man become a traitor for no other visible cause (however other causes are incidentally insinuated) than a single vulgar insult which was more likely to recoil on the perpetrator than to wound the object, and we cannot pity a death incurred in such a quarrel.

Nor is it in the plot only, thus curtailed and crippled of what would have been its due proportions, that we think we can trace the injurious effects of Lord Byron's continental prejudices and his choice of injudicious models. We trace them in the uniform and unbending severity of his diction, no less than in the abruptness of his verse, which has all the harshness though not all the vigour of Alfieri, and which, instead of that richness and variety of cadence which distinguishes even the most careless of our elder dramatists, is often only distinguishable from prose by the unrelenting uniformity with which it is divided into decasyllabic portions. The sentence of the College of Justice, in the first act, was likely indeed to be prosaic; and Shakspeare and our other elder tragedians would have given it as bona fide prose, without that affectation (for which however Lord Byron has many precedents in modern times) which condemns letters, proclamations, the speeches of the vulgar, and the outcries of the rabble and the soldiery, to strut in the same precise measure with the lofty musings and dignified resentment of the powerful and the wise. But Bertuccio Faliero might as well have spoken poetry; and it might have been hoped and expected that the Doge himself, in the full flood-tide of his passion and his wrongs, should express himself in more vigorous terms than these:—

' I sought not, *wished* not, *dreamed* not the election,  
Which reached me first at Rome, and I obeyed,—  
But found on my arrival, that, besides  
The jealous vigilance which always led you  
To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,  
You had, even in the interregnum of  
My journey to the capital, curtail'd

And

And mutilated the few privileges  
Yet left the Duke.———

p. 130.

One source of feebleness in the foregoing passage, and it is one of frequent occurrence in all Lord Byron's plays, is his practice of ending his lines with insignificant monosyllables. '*Of*,' '*to*,' '*and*,' '*till*,' '*but*,' '*from*,' all occur in the course of a very few pages, in situations where, had the harmony or vigour of the line been consulted, the voice would have been allowed to pause, and the energy of the sentiment would have been carried to its highest tone of elevation. This we should have set down to the account of carelessness, had it not been so frequent, and had not the stiffness and labour of the author's general style almost tempted us to believe it systematic. A more inharmonious system of versification, or one more necessarily tending to weight and feebleness, could hardly have been invented.

With all these defects there is much to praise in the *Doge of Venice*. The soliloquy of *Leoni* is exquisite, and increases our regret that, with such powers of pleasing, Lord Byron has not always condescended to please. The conception of the principal character is good. The dignified tenderness of the *Doge* towards his young wife is very fine and impressive, and the struggle of feelings with which he undertakes the conspiracy is admirably contrasted with the ferocious eagerness of his low-born associates; and only loses its effect because we cannot but be sensible that the man who felt thus, could not have gone on with his guilty project unless stimulated by some greater and more accumulated injuries than are, in the course of the present tragedy, brought before the perception of the reader. The *Duchess* is formal and cold, without even that degree of love for her old husband which a child might have for her parent, or a pupil for her instructor. Even in her longest and best speech, at the most touching moment of the catastrophe, she can moralize, in a strain of pedantry less natural to a woman than to any other person similarly circumstanced, on lions stung by gnats, Achilles, Helen, Lucretia, the siege of Clusium, Caligula, Caaba and Persepolis! The lines to which we allude are fine in themselves, indeed, and if they had been spoken by Benintende as a funeral oration over the duke's body, or, still more perhaps, if they had been spoken by the duke's counsel on his trial, they would have been perfectly in place and character. But that is not the highest order of female intellect which is disposed to be long-winded in distress; nor does any one, either male or female, who is really and deeply affected, find time for wise saws and instances ancient and modern.

It must be owned, however, that the Duke himself bears his calamities

calamities with a patience which would be more heroic if it were less wordy. It is possible, that a condemned man might recollect his quarrel with the Bishop of Treviso and the evil omen which accompanied his solemn landing at Venice. But there are not many condemned men who, during a last and stinted interview with a beloved wife, would have employed so much time in relating anecdotes of themselves, and we should least of all expect it in one whose fiery character would have induced him to hurry forward to his end. The same objection applies to his prophecy of the future miseries of Venice. Its language and imagery are, doubtless, extremely powerful and impressive; but we cannot allow that it is either dramatic or characteristic. A prophecy (which we know to be *ex post facto*) is, under any circumstances, one of the cheapest and least artificial of poetic machines. But under such circumstances as the present no audience could have endured so long a speech without disgust and weariness; and Marino Faliero was most likely to have met his death like our own Sydney.

' With no harangue idly proclaim'd aloud  
To catch the worthless plaudit of the crowd;  
No feeble boast, death's terrors to defy,  
Yet still delaying, as afraid to die !'

His last speech to the executioner would, probably, have been his only one.

' Slave, do thine office !  
Strike as I struck the foe ! strike as I would  
Have struck those tyrants ! strike deep as my curse !  
Strike, and but once.'

On the whole the *Doge of Venice* is the effect of a powerful and cultivated mind. It has all the requisites of tragedy, sublimity, terror and pathos—all but that without which the rest are unavailing, interest! With many detached passages which neither derogate from Lord Byron's former fame, nor would have derogated from the reputation of our best ancient tragedians, it is, as a whole, neither sustained nor impressive. The poet, except in the soliloquy of Leoni, scarcely ever seems to have written with his own thorough good liking. He may be suspected throughout to have had in his eye some other model than nature; and we rise from his work with the same feeling as if we had been reading a translation. For this want of interest the subject itself is doubtless in some measure to blame, though, if the same subject had been differently treated, we are inclined to believe a very different effect would have been produced. But for the constraint and stiffness of the poetry, we have nothing to blame but the apparent resolution of its author to set (at whatever risk) an example of classical correctness to his uncivilized countrymen,



countrymen, and rather to forego success than to succeed after the manner of Shakspeare.

In *Sardanapalus* he has been far more fortunate, inasmuch as his subject is one eminently adapted not only to tragedy in general, but to that peculiar kind of tragedy which Lord Byron is anxious to recommend. The history of the last of the Assyrian kings is at once sufficiently well-known to awaken that previous interest which belongs to illustrious names and early associations; and sufficiently remote and obscure to admit of any modification of incident or character which a poet may find convenient. All that we know of Nineveh and its sovereigns is majestic, indistinct, and mysterious. We read of an extensive and civilized monarchy erected in the ages immediately succeeding the deluge, and existing in full might and majesty while the shores of Greece and Italy were unoccupied, except by roving savages. We read of an empire whose influence extended from Samarcand to Troy, and from the mountains of Judah to those of Caucasus, subverted, after a continuance of thirteen hundred years, and a dynasty of thirty generations, in an almost incredibly short space of time, less by the revolt of two provinces than by the anger of Heaven and the predicted fury of natural and inanimate agents. And the influence which both the conquests and the misfortunes of Assyria appear to have exerted over the fates of the people for whom, of all others in ancient history, our strongest feelings are (from religious motives) interested, throws a sort of sacred pomp over the greatness and the crimes of the descendants of Nimrod, and a reverence which no other equally remote portion of profane history is likely to obtain with us. At the same time all which we know is so brief, so general, and so disjointed, that we have few of those preconceived notions of the persons and facts represented which in classical dramas, if servilely followed, destroy the interest, and if rashly departed from, offend the prejudices of the reader or the auditor. An outline is given of the most majestic kind; but it is an outline only, which the poet may fill up at pleasure; and in ascribing, as Lord Byron has done for the sake of his favourite unities, the destruction of the Assyrian empire to the treason of one night, instead of the war of several years, he has neither shocked our better knowledge, nor incurred any conspicuous improbability.

It is, indeed, a distinction which those who, for whatever reason, adhere to what is called the classical model of tragedy, will always find their interest in recollecting, that the subjects which suffer least by the fetters of rule are those where the catastrophe is occasioned by external causes only; by the wrath of the gods, the decrees of fate, the violence of a tyrant, or an overwhelming enemy; reverses or dangers in which the hero is not so much the agent

as the patient, and which, though undoubtedly borne differently by different characters, yet happen alike to all men, and are neither accelerated nor retarded by any peculiarities in the person who is the principal object of the drama. Thus the dissipation and effeminacy of Sardanapalus (however they may be alluded to as the original cause of the revolt) in no way, throughout the drama now before us, can be said to accelerate his end, or materially to influence his fortunes. He is offered to our attention as a young king, fighting gallantly in his first battle, erring (if he errs) from excess of courage, not of carelessness, and overpowered by irresistible violence and treachery. The peculiarities of his character are, so far as the plot is concerned, incidental and ornamental only, and if Cyrus or Charles the Twelfth had been thrown into similar difficulties, it is apparent that either of those hardy and martial monarchs would have fallen like the silken prince of Nineveh. Of this kind, in fact, is the distress of almost all the Grecian tragedies, and of by far the greater part of those which the great poets of France have founded on classical subjects. In these, the interest is excited by the representation of some single awful calamity, and by those traits of character merely which any single dispensation of Providence may, at once, and in the moment of suffering or deliverance, elicit in different individuals. In these an observance of the unities can only so far destroy the interest of the play as it embarrasses the probability of the action.

But in *Hamlet*, in *Othello*, in *Richard*, and (as we have just had occasion to point out) in Lord Byron's *Faliero*, where the hero is made to shape out his own fortunes by some peculiarity of temper or character, some internal vengeance or ambition which actuates his whole soul, and drives him onward to success or ruin, we require something more than a single interview to understand him thoroughly. We desire to see the gradual workings of the principle which is to produce effects so important; we call for admission to his privacies, and for that successive development of his plans or his feelings, which only, in real life, can enable us to sympathize with either. And unless Lord Byron will make up his mind to confine himself to dramas of incident, he will, we are persuaded, ere long, discover the necessity of copying the irregularities (if he will call them so) as well as the beauties of the English school, and of becoming, after the example of Shakspeare, a barbarian among barbarians.

Still, however, though the development of Sardanapalus's character is incidental only to the plot of Lord Byron's drama, and though the unities have confined his picture within far narrower limits than he might otherwise have thought advisable, the character is admirably sketched; nor is there any one of the portraits  
of

of this great master which gives us a more favourable opinion of his talents, his force of conception, his delicacy and vigour of touch, or the richness and harmony of his colouring. He had, indeed, no unfavourable groundwork, even in the few hints supplied by the ancient historians, as to the conduct and history of the last and most unfortunate of the line of Belus. Though accused, (whether truly or falsely,) by his triumphant enemies, of the most revolting vices and an effeminacy even beyond what might be expected from the last dregs of Asiatic despotism, we find Sardanapalus, when roused by the approach of danger, conducting his armies with a courage, a skill, and, for some time at least, with a success not inferior to those of his most warlike ancestors. We find him retaining to the last the fidelity of his most trusted servants, his nearest kindred, and no small proportion of his hardest subjects. We see him providing for the safety of his wife, his children, and his capital city, with all the calmness and prudence of an experienced captain. We see him at length subdued, not by man, but by Heaven and the elements, and seeking his death with a mixture of heroism and ferocity which little accords with our notions of a weak or utterly degraded character. And even the strange story variously told, and without further explanation scarcely intelligible, which represents him as building (or fortifying) two cities in a single day, and then deforming his exploits with an indecent image and inscription, would seem to imply a mixture of energy with his folly not impossible, perhaps, to the madness of absolute power, and which may lead us to impute his fall less to weakness than to an injudicious and ostentatious contempt of the opinions and prejudices of mankind. Such a character, luxurious, energetic, misanthropical, affords, beyond a doubt, no common advantages to the work of poetic delineation; and it is precisely the character which Lord Byron most delights to draw, and which he has succeeded best in drawing.

Accordingly his Sardanapalus is pretty nearly such a person as the Sardanapalus of history may be supposed to have been, making due allowance for the calumnies to which an unfortunate prince is liable from his revolted subjects. Young, thoughtless, spoiled by flattery and unbounded self-indulgence, but with a temper naturally amiable, and abilities of a superior order, he affects to undervalue the sanguinary renown of his ancestors as an excuse for inattention to the most necessary duties of his rank; and flatters himself, while he is indulging his own sloth, that he is making his people happy. Yet, even in his fondness for pleasure, there lurks a love of contradiction. It is because he is schooled by Salamenes and his queen that he runs with more eagerness to dissipation: and he enjoys his follies the more from a sense of the witty and eloquent sophistry with

with which he is able to defend them. He feels that his character is under-rated; he suspects that he is himself the cause of this degradation; but he is elevated by the knowledge that he understands himself better than those around him. He has been so gorged with flattery that he rates it at its true value; yet his social hours are passed with flatterers, and he is not displeased with flattery the wildest and most impious, because he derives a satisfaction from knowing that he is not deceived by it.

The same peculiarity runs throughout his character. He forgives the disaffected satraps, though internally convinced of their guilt, with a frankness which would have been generosity, if it were not that he is too indolent to inquire, and too proud to condemn them on the mere authority of Salamenes. He professes to have slighted his queen for no other reason than because his love was there a duty; and even his passion for Myrrha is a feeling of superiority and possession, not of admiration and service. It is made up of kisses and compliments. He keeps her by him as a child does a plaything, and is interested and amused by her eloquence, her courage, and her powerful understanding, as with a plaything more singular and attractive than any he has enjoyed before. But he mocks her touching piety; he rallies her just apprehensions and manly counsels; he is less unwilling than he ought to be to admit her as a sharer in his funeral pile; he speaks of her as 'a slave who loves from passion,' and he, perhaps, speaks the truth when he says that he should love her more if she were something less heroic.

With all this, sufficient elevation of courage and sentiment is mingled to prove the natural strength of his mind, and just sufficient warmth of feeling to evince his natural kindliness of disposition. Though he shrinks from the ordinary exertions of a sovereign, he feels a delightful stimulus in the novelty and dignity of danger. With Salamenes, with his soldiers, with the herald of the rebel host, his demeanour is magnanimous and kingly. Except in the too great eagerness which prompts his nocturnal sally, he discharges, with coolness and ability, the duties not only of a warrior but a general. He exults, when alone and expecting the fatal torch, in that ancestry which he had before affected to despise, but whose martial fame his own end is not to detract from—and in his interview with Zarina; in his expressions of tenderness by the dead body of his brother-in-law, and when receiving the last homage of his faithful guard, he betrays in a natural and touching manner the knowledge that his estimate of life and of mankind has been wrong, and abundantly redeems himself from that contempt to which an unqualified selfishness would have consigned him.

Yet, of the whole picture, selfishness is the prevailing feature—selfishness admirably drawn indeed; apologized for by every palliating

ating circumstance of education and habit, and clothed in the brightest colours of which it is susceptible from youth, talents, and placability. But it is selfishness still, and we should have been tempted to quarrel with the art which made vice and frivolity thus amiable, if Lord Byron had not at the same time pointed out with much skill the bitterness and weariness of spirit which inevitably wait on such a character; and if he had not given a fine contrast to the picture in the accompanying portraits of Salamenes and of Myrrha.

Salamenes is the direct opposite to selfishness; and the character, though slightly sketched, displays little less ability than that which we have just been reviewing. He is a stern, loyal, plain-spoken soldier and subject; clear-sighted, just and honourable in his ultimate views, though not more punctilious about the means of obtaining them than might be expected from a respectable satrap of ancient Nineveh, or a respectable vizier of the modern Turkish empire. To his king, in spite of personal neglect and family injuries, he is, throughout, pertinaciously attached and punctiliously faithful. To the king's rebels he is inclined to be severe, bloody, and even treacherous—an imperfection, however, in his character, to want which would, in his situation, be almost unnatural, and which is skilfully introduced as a contrast to the instinctive perception of virtue and honour which flashes out from the indolence of his master. Of the satrap, however, the faults as well as the virtues are alike the offspring of disinterested loyalty and patriotism. It is for his country and his king that he is patient of injury; for them that he is valiant; for them cruel. He has no ambition of personal power, no thirst of individual fame. In battle and in victory 'Assyria!' is his only war-cry. When he sends off the queen and princes, he is less anxious for his nephews and sister than for the preservation of the line of Nimrod; and in his last moments it is the supposed flight of his sovereign which alone distresses and overcomes him.

Myrrha is a female Salamenes, in whom, with admirable skill, attachment to the individual Sardanapalus is substituted for the gallant soldier's loyalty to the descendant of kings; and whose energy of expostulation, no less than the natural high tone of her talents, her courage, and her Grecian pride, is softened into a subdued and winning tenderness by the constant and painful recollection of her abasement as a slave in the royal harem; and still more by the lowliness of perfect womanly love in the presence of and towards the object of her passion. No character can be drawn more natural than her's; few ever have been drawn more touching and amiable. Of course she is not, nor could be, a Jewish or a Christian heroine; but she is a model of Grecian piety and nobility of spirit, and she

is

is one whom a purer faith would have raised to the level of a Rebecca or a Miriam.

With such leading personages as these, it may be well expected that Lord Byron has given a drama of no common force and beauty; and, in fact, though there are some obvious reasons which render it unfit for the English stage, we regard it as, on the whole, the most splendid specimen which our language affords of that species of tragedy which the author admires so greatly on the Parisian theatres. It has, indeed, more force, more vivacity, and more interest than is possessed in general by the continental drama; and while it is less stiff and rigid than Alfieri, it frequently reminds us of some of his noblest productions. There are some instances, indeed, in which, as we think, notwithstanding our late admission, his beloved unities have cramped his powers, and where he has lost something of effect by a needless departure from the historical outline of Diodorus. Even in respect of plot, however, Sardapalus deserves considerable praise.

The commencement of the drama is placed at the time when Beleses, high priest of Baal and governor of Babylonia, and Arbaces, governor of Media, have matured their conspiracy for seizing on the palace, and erecting a new dynasty on the ruins of the line of Nimrod. The king's brother-in-law, the brave and virtuous Salamenes, is introduced lamenting over his sovereign's blindness and degradation, and at the same time expressing his conviction, that, under that sloth and folly, qualities are concealed which might have made him, and yet may make him, safe and illustrious.

He is interrupted by the king, who enters effeminately dressed, attended by a train of women and young slaves, whom he dismisses, with the exception of Myrrha, till the hour of a banquet appointed in a summer-house on the Euphrates.\* Myrrha, too, retires abashed at the stern reproofs of Salamenes, who proceeds to school his monarch, in language full of weight and gravity, for his sloth and neglect of his own renown; and is answered by Sardapalus, sometimes with the irritability of one little used to advice; sometimes in a strain of witty sophistry expressive of his contempt for the popular voice, which only clamoured because his reign was too peaceful; and, at length, when he has worked himself by degrees into indignation against his nation's ingratitude, with the vaunt that, if roused, he had that in him which would make them regret the days of his inoffensive luxury.

\* We hardly know why Lord Byron, who has not in other respects shown a slavish deference to Diodorus Siculus, should thus follow him in the manifest geographical blunder of placing Nineveh on the *Euphrates* instead of the *Tigris*, in opposition not only to the uniform tradition of the east, but to the express assertions of Herodotus, Pliny, and Ptolemy.

Salamenes, who appears (by what means is not explained) to have procured intelligence of the designs of the conspirators, at length departs (having obtained the royal signet and sanction to act as he thinks proper) to arrest Arbaces and Beleses.

Myrrha re-enters, and a beautiful dialogue ensues, in which the king, in perfect conformity with *his* character, displays his ignorance of *her's*, even while most enslaved by her beauty; and expresses surprize at her echoing the advice, and enforcing the caution, of that Salamenes who had so lately made her 'blush and weep.' He at length grows angry. What follows is very beautiful.

MYRRHA.

Frown not upon me: you have smiled  
Too often on me not to make those frowns  
Bitterer to bear than any punishment  
Which they may augur.—King, I am your subject!  
Master, I am your slave! Man, I have loved you!—  
Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,  
Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—  
A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,  
And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more  
Degraded by that passion than by chains!  
Still I have loved you. If that love were strong  
Enough to overcome all former nature,  
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

SARDANAPALUS.

Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,  
And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

MYRRHA.

And without love where dwells security?

SARDANAPALUS.

I speak of woman's love.

MYRRHA.

The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

SARDANAPALUS.

My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st music,  
The very chorus of the tragic song  
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime  
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—calm thee.

MYRRHA.

I weep not.—But I pray thee, do not speak  
About my fathers or their land.

SARDANAPALUS.



## SARDANAPALUS.

Yet oft

*Thou* speakest of them.

## MYRRHA.

True—true: constant thought

Will overflow in words unconsciously;

But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.'

She at length persuades him to give up the intended banquet on the Euphrates, but he remains resolute to have a fête within the walls of his palace; and the act concludes with a very splendid speech of Myrrha, which, by a strange misprint, and to the grievous wounding of the head of poor old Priscian, she is made to utter '*solus*.'

The second act is, we conceive, a failure. The conspirators have a tedious dialogue, which is interrupted by Salamenes with a guard. Salamenes is followed by the king, who reverses all his measures, pardons Arbaces because he will not believe him guilty, and Beleses in order to escape from his long speeches about the national religion. This incident only is well managed. Arbaces is a mere common-place warrior, and Beleses, on whom, we suspect, Lord Byron has bestowed more than usual pains, is a very ordinary and uninteresting villain. Sardanapalus, indeed, and Salamenes, are both made to speak of the wily Chaldean as the master-mover of the plot, as a politician in whose hands Arbaces is but a 'warlike puppet;' and Diodorus Siculus has represented him, in fact, as the first instigator of Arbaces to his treason, and as making use of his priestly character, and his supposed power of foretelling future events, to inflame the ambition, to direct the measures, to sustain the hopes, and to reprove the despondency of his comrade. But of all this nothing appears in the tragedy. Lord Byron has been so anxious to show his own contempt for the priest, that he has not even allowed him that share of cunning and evil influence which was necessary for the part which he had to fill. Instead of being the original, the restless and unceasing prompter to bold and wicked measures, we find him, on his first appearance, hanging back from the enterprize, and chilling the energy of Arbaces by an enumeration of the real or possible difficulties which might yet impede its execution. Instead of exercising that power over the mind of his comrade which a religious impostor may well possess over better and more magnanimous souls than his own, Beleses is made to pour his predictions into incredulous ears, and Arbaces is as mere an epicurean in his creed as Sardanapalus. When we might have expected to find him gazing with hope and reverence on the star which the Chaldean points out as his natal planet, the Median warrior speaks, in the language of Mezentius, of the sword on which

his confidence depends, and instead of being a tool in the hand of the pontiff, he says almost every thing which is likely to affront him. Though Beleses is introduced to us as engaged in devotion, and as a fervent worshipper of the Sun, he is no where made either to feel or to counterfeit that *professional* zeal against Sardanapalus which his open contempt of the gods would naturally call for; and no reason appears throughout the play why Arbaces should follow, against his own conscience and opinion, the counsels of a man of whom he speaks with dislike and disgust, and whose pretences to inspiration and sanctity he treats with unmingled ridicule. But we must not lose the thread of the fable. Sardanapalus, though he grants the conspirators their lives, is induced by Salamenes to banish them to their respective satrapies, and by the offence and suspicion which this half-measure inspires, as well as by the insinuations and persuasions of Beleses, Arbaces is confirmed in that treason out of which he had nearly been shamed by the recent mercy of his sovereign.

In the next act Sardanapalus and his courtiers are disturbed at their banquet by the breaking out of the conspiracy. The battle which follows, if we overlook the absurdity, which occurs during one part of it, of hostile armies drawn up against each other in a dining-room, is extremely well told, and Sardanapalus displays the precise mixture of effeminacy and courage, levity and talent which belongs to his character.

‘SARDANAPALUS (*arming himself*).

Give me the cuirass—so: my baldric; now  
My sword: I had forgot the helm, where is it?  
That's well—no, 'tis too heavy: you mistake, too—  
It was not this I meant, but that which bears  
A diadem around it.

SFERO.

Sire, I deem'd

That too conspicuous from the precious stones  
To risk your sacred brow beneath—and, trust me,  
This is of better metal though less rich.

SARDANAPALUS.

You deem'd! Are you too turn'd a rebel? Fellow!  
Your part is to obey: return, and—no—  
It is too late—I will go forth without it.

SFERO.

At least wear this.

SARDANAPALUS.

Wear Caucasus! why, 'tis

A mountain on my temples.

SFERO.

Sire, the meanest

Soldier goes not forth thus exposed to battle.

All

All men will recognize you—for the storm  
Has ceased, and the moon breaks forth in her brightness.

SARDANAPALUS.

I go forth to be recognized, and thus  
Shall be so sooner. Now—my spear! I'm arm'd.

[*In going stops short, and turns to Sfero.*]

Sfero—I had forgotten—bring the mirror.

SFERO.

The mirror, sire?

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, sir, of polish'd brass,  
Brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy.

\* \* \* \* \*

This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,  
And the helm not at all. Methinks, I seem

[*Flings away the helmet after trying it again.*]

Passing well in these toys, and now to prove them!—p. 90.

The rebels are at length repulsed. The King re-enters wounded, and retires to rest, after a short and very characteristic conversation between Salamenes and Myrrha, in which the two kindred spirits show their mutual understanding of each other, and the loyal warrior, postponing all the selfish domestic feelings which led him to dislike the fair Ionian, exhorts her to use her utmost power to keep her lover from relaxing into luxury. The transient effect which their whispers produce on Sardanapalus is well imagined.

SARDANAPALUS.

Myrrha! what at whispers

With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.

MYRRHA (*smiling*).

You have cause, sire; for on the earth there breathes not

A man more worthy of a woman's love—

A soldier's trust—a subject's reverence—

A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration!

SARDANAPALUS.

Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not

Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in aught

That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

MYRRHA.

And now retire, to have your wound look'd to.

Pray, lean on me.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, love! but not from pain.—p. 105.

The fourth act opens with Myrrha watching over the slumbers of Sardanapalus. He wakens and tells a horrid dream, which we do not much admire, except that part of it which describes the form of his warlike ancestress Semiramis, with whom, and the rest

of his regal predecessors, he had fancied himself at a ghostly banquet.

'In thy own chair—thy own place in the banquet—  
I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but  
Instead—a grey-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed,  
And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly thing,  
Female in garb, and crown'd upon the brow,  
Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the passion  
Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,  
Sate:—my veins curdled.

MYRRHA.

Is this all?

SARDANAPALUS.

Upon  
Her right hand—her lank, bird-like right hand—stood  
A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on  
Her left, another, fill'd with—what I saw not,  
But turn'd from it and her.'—p. 111.

The scene which follows has been, we know not why, called 'useless,' 'unnatural,' and 'tediously written.' For ourselves, we are not ashamed to own that we have read it with emotion. It is an interview between Sardanapalus and his neglected wife, whom, with her children, he is about to send to a place of safety. Here, too, however, he is represented, with much poetical art and justice of delineation, as, in the midst of his deepest regrets for Zarina, chiefly engrossed with himself and his own sorrows, and inclined, immediately afterwards, to visit on poor Myrrha the painful feelings which his own reproaches of himself have occasioned.

In the remainder of the play, Lord Byron pretty closely follows Diodorus Siculus. Salamenes is killed. The rebels receive fresh strength from the junction of the satrap of Susa. A part of the city wall is thrown down by an inundation of the river. Sardanapalus causes a funeral pile to be built, then sends off his remaining soldiers loaded with the treasures of his ancestors; and with orders when they are safe, to give the signal with a trumpet. At that signal he ascends the pile. His faithful Myrrha applies the torch, and the curtain falls as she springs forward to throw herself into the flames. We have only room for the king's lamentation over the body of his valiant brother-in-law.

'Oh, my brother! I would give  
These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,  
The sword and shield, the sole-redeeming honour,  
To call back——But I will not weep for thee;  
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst be mourn'd.  
It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life  
Believing that I could survive what thou

Hast

Hast died for—our long royalty of race.  
 If I redeem it, I will give thee blood  
 Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement,  
 (The tears of all the good are thine already).  
 If not, we meet again soon, if the spirit  
 Within us lives beyond :—thou readest mine,  
 And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp  
 That yet warm hand, and fold that throbless heart  
[Embraces the body.]  
 To this which beats so bitterly. Now, bear  
 The body hence.

SOLDIER.

Where?

SARDANAPALUS.

To my proper chamber.

Place it beneath my canopy, as though  
 The king lay there : when this is done, we will  
 Speak further of the rites due to such ashes.'—p. 147.

There are some inconsistencies and anachronisms in this play, which, though of no great consequence in themselves, it is a part of our business to mention. Sardanapalus, in his dying speech, is made to boast that the monument of renown which he should leave behind would be more glorious and more lasting than Egypt

'Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er dead kings  
 Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles  
 Be for their monarchs or their ox-god Apis :  
 So much for monuments that have forgotten  
 Their very record——' p. 166.

These lines are in bad taste enough, from the jingle between *kings* and *kine*, down to the absurdity of believing that Sardanapalus at such a moment would be likely to discuss a point of antiquarian curiosity. But they involve also an anachronism, inasmuch as, whatever date be assigned to the erection of the earlier pyramids, there can be no reason for apprehending that, at the fall of Nineveh, and while the kingdom and hierarchy of Egypt subsisted in their full splendour, the destination of those immense fabrics could have been a matter of doubt to any who might inquire concerning them. Herodotus, 300 years later, may have been misinformed on these points ; but, when Sardanapalus lived, the erection of pyramids must, in all probability, have not been still of unfrequent occurrence, and the nature of their contents no subject of mistake or mystery.

A similar inaccuracy occurs at p. 33. where (two hundred years before Thespis) 'the tragic song' is spoken of as the favourite pastime of Greece. Nor could Myrrha, at so early a period of

her country's history, have spoken of their national hatred of kings, or of that which was equally the growth of a later age, their contempt for 'barbarians.' We are not sure, indeed, whether there is not a considerable violation of costume in the sense of degradation with which she seems to regard her situation in the harem, no less than in the resentment of Salamenes, and the remorse of Sardanapalus on the score of his infidelity to Zarina. Little as we know of the domestic habits of Assyria, we have reason to conclude, from the habits of contemporary nations, and from the manners of the East in every age, that polygamy was neither accounted a crime in itself, nor as a measure of which the principal wife was justified in complaining. And even in Greece, in those times when Myrrha's character must have been formed,—to be a captive and subject to the captor's pleasure, was accounted a misfortune indeed, but could hardly be regarded as an infamy. But where is the critic who would object to an inaccuracy which has given occasion to such sentiments and to such poetry?

There is one passage, however, which calls for a severer censure, inasmuch as it involves a point of morals as well as historical correctness. The general tone of Myrrha's character (in perfect consistency with the manners of her age and nation, and with her own elevated but pure and feminine spirit) is that of a devout worshipper of her country's gods. She reproves, with dignity, the impious flattery of the Assyrian courtiers and the libertine scoffs of the King. She does not forget, while preparing for death, that libation which was the latest and most solemn act of Grecian piety; and she, more particularly, expresses, at p. 89, her belief in a future state of existence. Yet this very Myrrha, when Sardanapalus is agitated by his evil dream and by the natural doubt as to what worse visions death may bring, is made to console him, in the strain of his own Epicurean philosophy, with the doctrine that death is really nothing, except

'Unto the timid who anticipate  
That which may never be,'

and with the insinuation that all which remains of 'the dead is the dust we tread upon.' We do not wish to ask, we do not like to conjecture, *whose* sentiments these are, but they are certainly not the sentiments of an ancient Grecian heroine. They are not the sentiments which Myrrha might have learned from the heroes of her native land, or from the poems whence those heroes derived their heroism, their contempt of death, 'and their love of virtue.' Myrrha would rather have told her lover of those happy islands where the benevolent and the brave reposed after the toils of their mortal existence; of that venerable society of departed warriors and sages

sages to which, if he renounced his sloth and lived for his people and for glory, he might yet expect admission. She would have told him of that joy with which his warlike ancestors would move along their meads of asphodel, when the news reached them of their descendant's prowess; she would have anticipated those songs which denied that 'Harmodius was dead,' however he might be removed from the sphere of mortality; which told her countrymen of the 'roses and the golden-fruited bowers, where, beneath the light of a lower sun, departed warriors reined their shadowy cars, or struck their harps amid altars steaming with frankincense.'\* Such were the doctrines which naturally led men to a contempt for life and a thirst for glory: but the opposite opinions were the doubts of a later day; and of those sophists under whose influence Greece soon ceased to be free, or valiant, or virtuous.

For the 'Two Foscari' we have little room to spare, and, in truth, it hardly calls for much examination. The character of Loredano is well conceived, and truly tragic. The deep and settled principle of hatred which animates him, and which impels him to the commission of the most atrocious cruelties, may seem, at first, unnatural and overstrained. But not only is it historically true; but, when the cause of that hatred, (the supposed murder of his father and uncles,) and when the atrocious maxims of Italian revenge, and that habitual contempt of all the milder feelings are taken into consideration which constituted the glory of a Venetian patriot, we may conceive how such a principle might be not only avowed but exulted in by a Venetian who regarded the house of Foscari as, at once, the enemies of his family and his country.

Nor is even this 'iron man' represented as devoid of some compassionate and human feelings, which prevent that entire disgust and disbelief which a mere personification of malice has produced in us. He abandons his settled purpose of racking the younger Foscari till confession of guilt should be wrung from him. He himself interferes to procure for him the society of Marina in his exile; while, in his visit to the dungeon, his cold, abrupt offer of assistance, and even the concluding words with which he declares, over the old Doge's body, his debt of natural vengeance paid, evince a movement of remorse, and an effort at self-justification which proves that the heart within is not altogether at its ease.

But Loredano is the only personage above mediocrity. The remaining characters are all unnatural or feeble. Barbarigo is as tame and insignificant a 'confidant,' as ever swept after the train of his principal over the Parisian stage. Marina is little better

\* Hom. *Odyss.* A. 539.—Callistratus ap. Athenæum, l. xv.—Pindar. *Fragm.* Heyne, Vol. iii. p. 31.



than a scold,—and the Duke is an old dotard, who sees his innocent son torn to pieces without interfering to save him, and, at length, dies of a broken heart because he is himself turned out of office. And the hero himself, what is he? If there ever existed in nature a case so extraordinary as that of a man who gravely preferred tortures and a dungeon at home, to a temporary residence in a beautiful island and a fine climate, at the distance of three days sail, it is what few can be made to believe, and still fewer to sympathize with, and which is, therefore, no very promising subject for dramatic representation. For ourselves, we have little doubt that Foscari really wrote the fatal letter with the view, which was imputed to him by his accusers, of obtaining an honourable recall from banishment, through foreign influence, and that the colour which, when detected, he endeavoured to give to the transaction, was the evasion of a drowning man, who is reduced to catch at straws and shadows. But, if Lord Byron chose to assume this alleged motive of his conduct as the real one, it behoved him, at least, to set before our eyes the intolerable separation from a beloved country, the lingering home-sickness, the gradual alienation of intellect, and the fruitless hope that his enemies had at length relented, which were necessary to produce a conduct so contrary to all usual principles of action as that which again consigned him to the racks and dungeons of his own country. He should have shown him to us, first, taking leave of Venice, a condemned and banished man; next pining in Candia; next tampering with the agents of government; by which time, and not till then, we should have been prepared to listen with patience to his complaints, and to witness his sufferings with interest as well as horror.

We must not be told that this would have made the play *too long*. If this were allowed it would only prove the injudicious choice of a subject, which could not be satisfactorily developed within the usual compass of a dramatic representation. But the fact is that actions quite as protracted, and changes of scene and place altogether as frequent, are often met with in the works of our older tragedians, and that, by bringing on the stage and before 'the faithful eyes' of the audience, those facts which the patrons of the unities commit to the languor of narrative, the length of a drama is not materially increased, while its interest is augmented in a tenfold degree, and the spectator has the more frequent calls for tears, in proportion as the actor has less necessity for lengthened declamation.

'But is not all this contrary to the established principle which bids us carry our readers or auditors at once into the middle of the plot, and, (in defiance of the ignorant prejudice of the giant Moulineau,)

Moulineau,) to abhor nothing so much as the crime of beginning "avec le commencement?" We answer that a distinction is to be made. It is not necessary that Homer should have begun from Leda's egg, or that Lord Byron should have introduced us, in the first instance, to the funeral of Loredano's father and uncle. But it is desirable, on every principle of common sense and sound criticism, that as much as can conveniently be brought before the eye, should be thus introduced; that the story, whatever it may be, should be sufficiently developed to make us interested in its event; and that the author should not take it for granted that his readers or auditors are already acquainted with all his plot, but the few last incidents. We must maintain that Homer would have done well in beginning his poem with the death of Patroclus, and explaining all the preceding events in a conversation between Achilles and his mother, if we are prepared to deny that Lord Byron has managed ill in confining the action of his *Foscari* to the day of his hero's final sufferings.

With all these defects, there is much genuine poetry in the tragedy of the *Two Foscari*. The speech of Jacopo from the window, while describing the amusements of his youth, is written with a full feeling of the objects which it paints.

' GUARD.

' How feel you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Like a boy—Oh Venice!

GUARD.

And your limbs?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Limbs! how often have they borne me

Bounding o'er yon blue tide, as I have skimm'd  
The gondola along in childish race,  
And, masqued as a young gondolier, amidst  
My gay competitors, noble as I,  
Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength,  
While the fair populace of crowding beauties,  
Plebeian as patrician, cheer'd us on  
With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,  
And waving kerchiefs, and applauding hands,  
Even to the goal!—How many a time have I  
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,  
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke  
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,  
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,  
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er  
The waves as they arose, and prouder still  
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,  
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down

Into

Into their green and glassy gulphs, and making  
 My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen  
 By those above, till they wax'd fearful; then  
 Returning with my grasp full of such tokens  
 As show'd that I had search'd the deep: exulting,  
 With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep  
 The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd  
 The foam which broke around me, and pursued  
 My track like a sea-bird,—I was a boy then.

GUARD.

Be a man now: there never was more need  
 Of manhood's strength.

JACOPO FOSCARI (*looking from the lattice.*)

My beautiful, my own,  
 My only Venice—*this is breath!* Thy breeze,  
 Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my face!  
 Thy very winds feel native to my veins,  
 And cool them into calmness! How unlike  
 The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,  
 Which howl'd about my Candiotte dungeon, and  
 Made my heart sick.—pp. 186, 187.

There is also great dignity and beauty in the language of Marina, when she will not believe that her lord can be so far overcome by the rack as to utter an unseemly cry.

SENATOR.

Wouldst thou  
 Have him bear more than mortal pain, in silence?

MARINA.

We all must bear our tortures. I have not  
 Left barren the great house of Foscari,  
 Though they sweep both the Doge and son from life;  
 I have endured as much in giving life  
 To those who will succeed them, as they can  
 In leaving it: but mine were joyful pangs;  
 And yet they wrung me till I *could* have shriek'd,  
 But did not, for my hope was to bring forth  
 Heroes, and would not welcome them with tears.—p. 194.

The drama of 'Cain,' Lord Byron himself has thought proper to call a 'Mystery,'—the name which, as is well known, was given in our own country, before the reformation, to those scenic representations of the mysterious events of our religion, which, indecent and unedifying as they seem to ourselves, were, perhaps, the principal means by which a knowledge of those events was conveyed to our rude and uninstructed ancestors. But, except in the topics on which it is employed, Lord Byron's *Mystery* has no resemblance to those which it claims as its prototypes. These last, however absurd and indecorous in their execution, were, at least, intended reverently.

reverently. The composition now before us, is, unhappily, already too famous for its contrary character; a character to which we fear it is, in no small degree, indebted for the celebrity which it has attained, and which, though it certainly is marked with much of Lord Byron's peculiar talent, its inherent merits would hardly have secured for it. Of this our readers will judge from the following sketch of the plot, and from some of the finest and least offensive specimens which we have been able to select of the poetry and the argument.

The drama opens with a hymn of very little merit, addressed by Adam and his family (with the exception of Cain) to the Almighty. Lord Byron has told us, in his preface, with some portion we think of that same feeling, certainly not of English growth, which leads him to refuse to Shakspeare the name of a dramatic poet, that he 'has not read Milton since he was twenty.' From the opening lines of his poem we are not indisposed to believe him. Cain, however, is now introduced,—refusing to ask any thing of God, or to thank him for all which he has received at his hands; alleging that the boon of existence which is embittered by toil and shortly to be cancelled by death, is not worth a prayer or a thanksgiving. After a little feeble expostulation, the pious family leave him to his gloomy thoughts, which are interrupted by the approach of Lucifer.

A long dialogue ensues, in which the tempter tells Cain (who is thus far supposed to be ignorant of the fact) that the soul is immortal, and that 'souls who dare use their immortality', are condemned by God to be wretched everlastingly. This sentiment, which is the pervading *moral* (if we may call it so) of the play, is thus developed, in some lines, which, for this reason only, we give without abridgement.

'Souls who dare use their immortality—  
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in  
His everlasting face, and tell him, that  
His evil is not good! If he has made,  
As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—  
But, if he made us—he cannot unmake:  
We are immortal!—nay, he'd *have* us so,  
That he may torture:—let him! He is great—  
But, in his greatness, is no happier than  
We in our conflict! Goodness would not make  
Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him  
Sit on his vast and solitary throne,  
Creating worlds, to make eternity  
Less burthensome to his immense existence  
And unparticipated solitude!  
Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone  
Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant!

Could

Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon  
 He ever granted : but let him reign on,  
 And multiply himself in misery !  
 Spirits and men, at least we sympathise ;  
 And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,  
 Innumerable, more endurable,  
 By the unbounded sympathy of all—  
 With all ! But *He* ! so wretched in his height,  
 So restless in his wretchedness, must still  
 Create, and re-create——' pp. 349, 350.

Cain persists in his inquiries as to the nature of death.—The demon promises to gratify him, on condition that he becomes his servant. Cain replies that he has never worshipped even his father's God, and is answered,

' He who bows not to him, has bow'd to me,—  
 Thou art my worshipper ; not worshipping  
 Him makes thee mine the same !'

Cain, however, has already promised his wife Adah to gather some first-fruits for a sacrifice ; and Adah entering is awed and terrified by the appearance of the unknown and gloomy angel, and endeavours to persuade her husband to contentment, patience and piety. Here, as in *Manfred*, Lord Byron has thought proper to introduce some hints on the subject of incest, to answer which would occupy more space than we can spare, and which indeed can hardly be said to need an answer ; and the act concludes with the departure of Cain, under the guidance of his new monitor, to see the place of departed spirits. Their flight, in the next, across the abyss of space, and amid the unnumbered suns and systems which it comprizes, is very fine.

' CAIN.

Oh, thou beautiful  
 And unimaginable ether ! and  
 Ye multiplying masses of increased  
 And still-increasing lights ! what are ye ? what  
 Is this blue wilderness of interminable  
 Air ; where ye roll along, as I have seen  
 The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden ?  
 Is your course measured for ye ? Or do ye  
 Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
 Through an aerial universe of endless  
 Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,  
 Intoxicated with eternity ?  
 Oh God ! Oh Gods ! or whatsoe'er ye are !  
 How beautiful ye are ! how beautiful  
 Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er  
 They may be ! Let me die, as atoms die,  
 (If that they die) or know ye in your might

And

And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour  
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;  
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

LUCIFER.

Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth!

CAIN.

Where is it? I see nothing save a mass  
Of most innumerable lights.

LUCIFER.

Look there!

CAIN.

I cannot see it.

LUCIFER.

Yet it sparkles still.

CAIN.

What, yonder!

LUCIFER.

Yea.

CAIN.

And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms  
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks  
In the dim twilight, brighter than yon world  
Which bears them.

LUCIFER.

Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,  
Each bright and sparkling,—what dost think of them?

CAIN.

That they are beautiful in their own sphere,  
And that the night which makes both beautiful  
The little shining fire-fly in its flight,  
And the immortal star in its great course,  
Must both be guided.

LUCIFER.

But by whom or what?—pp. 378, 379.

Hades, however, is a place, in Lord Byron's description, very different from all that we had anticipated. He supposes that the world which we now inhabit had been preceded by many successive worlds which had each, in turn, been created and ruined; and the inhabitants of which he describes, on grounds sufficiently probable for poetry, as proportioned, in bodily and intellectual strength, to those gigantic specimens of animal existence whose remains still perplex the naturalist. But he not only places the Preadamite giants in Hades, but the ghosts of the Mammoth and Megatherion their contemporaries, and above all, the *phantoms of the worlds themselves* which these beings inhabited, with their mountains, oceans and forests, all gloomy and sad together, and (we suppose he means)  
in

in a state of eternal suffering. We really think that this belongs to that species of sublime, which is considerably less than a single step removed from the ridiculous. The spectacle, however, has the effect of making Cain still more displeased with that God who creates in order to destroy and render miserable; and the tempter bears him back to earth, with the advice not to call a being good who gives men evil, and to judge of Jehovah not by words but by the fruits of that existence which he has bestowed.

The next act shows us Cain gloomily lamenting over the future fortunes of his infant son, and withstanding all the consolation and entreaties of Adah, who is anxious to soften him to the task of submission and to a participation in the sacrifice which his brother is about to offer. Here are some passages of no common beauty. That which strikes us most is when the parents are hanging over their sleeping boy.

‘CAIN.

’Twere better that he never had been born.

ADAH.

Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys,  
The mother’s joys of watching, nourishing,  
And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch!

[*She goes to the child.*

Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,  
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,  
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,  
For *then* we are all alike; is’t not so, Cain?  
Mother, and sire, and son, our features are  
Reflected in each other; as they are  
In the clear waters, when *they* are gentle, and  
When *thou* art gentle. Love us, then, my Cain!  
And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee.  
Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,  
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
To hail his father; while his little form  
Flutters as wing’d with joy. Talk not of pain!  
The childless cherubs well might envy thee  
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain!  
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but  
His heart will, and thine own too.’—p. 417.

The sacrifices of Abel and Cain follow; the first accepted, the second rejected by Jehovah. Cain, in wrath, attempts to throw down the altars, is opposed by Abel and strikes him with a half-burnt brand. As a whole this scene is heavy and clumsily managed, and what follows is hardly worth notice. Eve curses Cain. The angel of the Lord sentences him to wandering; and the affectionate Adah accompanies him in his departure for the wilderness.

To



To apply the severe rules of criticism to a composition of this kind would be little better than lost labour. Yet it can hardly fail to strike the reader as a defect in poetry no less than a departure from history, that the event which is the catastrophe of the drama is no otherwise than incidentally, we may say, accidentally, produced by those which precede it. Cain, whose whole character is represented in scripture as envious and malicious rather than impious;—this Cain, as painted by Lord Byron, has no quarrel with his brother whatever, nor, except in a single word, does he intimate any jealousy of him. Two acts and half the third are passed without our advancing a single step towards the conclusion; and Abel, at length, falls by a random blow given in a struggle of which the object is not *his* destruction but the overthrow of Jehovah's altar. If we could suppose a reader to sit down to a perusal of the drama in ignorance of its catastrophe, he would scarcely be less surprized by its termination in such a stroke of chance-medley, than if Abel had been made to drop down in an apoplexy, and Cain to die of grief over his body.

Nor is it easy to perceive what natural or rational object the Devil proposes to himself in carrying his disciple through the abyss of space, to show him that repository, of which we remember hearing something in our infant days, 'where the old moons are hung up to dry.' To prove that there is a life beyond the grave was surely no part of his business when he was engaged in fostering the indignation of one who repined at the necessity of dying. And, though it would seem that entire Hades is, in Lord Byron's picture, a place of suffering, yet, when Lucifer himself had premised that these sufferings were the lot of those spirits who sided with him against Jehovah, is it likely that a more accurate knowledge of them would increase Cain's eagerness for the alliance, or that he would not rather have inquired whether a better fortune did not await the adherents of the triumphant side? At all events, the spectacle of many ruined worlds was more likely to awe a mortal into submission than to rouse him to hopeless resistance; and even if it made him a hater of God, had no natural tendency to render him furious against a brother who was to be his fellow-sufferer.

We do not think, indeed, that there is much vigour or poetical propriety in any of the characters of Lord Byron's *Mystery*. Eve on one occasion and one only expresses herself with energy, and not even then with any great depth of that maternal feeling which the death of her favourite son was likely to excite in her. Adam moralizes without dignity. Abel is as dull as he is pious. Lucifer, though his first appearance is well conceived, is as sententious and sarcastic as a Scotch metaphysician, and the gravamina which drive

Cain into impiety are circumstances which could only produce a similar effect on a weak and sluggish mind, the necessity of exertion and the fear of death! Yet, in the happiest climate of earth and amid the early vigour of nature, it would be absurd to describe (nor has Lord Byron so described it) the toil to which Cain can have been subject, as excessive or burthensome. And he is made too happy in his love, too extravagantly fond of his wife and his child to have much leisure for those gloomy thoughts which belong to disappointed ambition and jaded licentiousness.

Nor, though there are, as we have already shown, some passages in this drama of no common power, is the general tone of its poetry so excellent as to atone for these imperfections of design. The dialogue is cold and constrained. The descriptions are like the shadows of a phantasmagoria, at once indistinct and artificial. Except Adah, there is no person in whose fortunes we are interested; and we close the book with no distinct or clinging recollection of any single passage in it, and with the general impression only that Lucifer has said much and done little, and that Cain has been unhappy without grounds and wicked without an object.

But if, as a poem, Cain is little qualified to add to Lord Byron's reputation; we are unfortunately constrained to observe that its poetical defects are the very smallest of its demerits. It is not, indeed, as some both of its admirers and its enemies appear to have supposed, a direct attack on Scripture and on the authority of Moses. The expressions of Cain and Lucifer are not more offensive to the ears of piety than such discourses must necessarily be, or than Milton, without offence, has put into the mouths of beings similarly situated. And though the intention is evident which has led the Atheists and Jacobins (the terms are convertible) of our metropolis, to circulate the work in a cheap form, among the populace, we are not ourselves of opinion that it possesses much power of active mischief, or that many persons will be very deeply or lastingly impressed by insinuations which lead to no practical result, and difficulties which so obviously transcend the range of human experience. But it is unhappily certain that, if Lord Byron has not attacked Moses, it is only because his ambition soars higher than to assail any particular creed. The sarcasms of Lucifer and the murmurs of Cain are directed against Providence in general; and proceed to the subversion of every system of theology, except that (if theology it may be called) which holds out God to the abhorrence of his creatures as a capricious tyrant, and which regards the Devil (or under whatever name Lord Byron may chuse to embody the principle of resistance to the Supreme) as the champion of all which is energetic and interesting and noble; the spirit of free

free thought and stern endurance, unbrokenly contending again st the bondage which makes nature miserable.

This deification of vice; this crazy attachment to the worser half of Manicheism, we long since lamented to find (as it even then was tolerably conspicuous) in some of the most powerful lines which have proceeded from Lord Byron's pen; and he has thought proper to express, though in a tone of good tempered expostulation, a degree of displeasure at the freedom with which we then gave vent to our feelings. We certainly, therefore, did not expect, and were still further removed from *hoping* or *desiring* that he would himself, at length, so unequivocally express those sentiments of which he so much disliked the reputation: but, if we had been anxious to justify the language which we then employed, no further justification could be required than 'Cain' has now afforded.

In one respect, it is true, Lord Byron misunderstood us. He supposed that we accused him of '*worshipping* the Devil.' We certainly had, at the time, no particular reason for apprehending that he *worshipped* any thing; and he has himself now taught us, on the best authority which the case admits of, how, by neglecting exterior service to *one* of the rival principles, the other may be virtually honoured. But seriously, if to represent, through three long acts, the Devil as sympathizing with the miseries of mankind and moralizing on the injustice of Providence; if to represent God as the unrelenting tyrant of nature; the capricious destroyer of worlds which he has himself created; the object of open flattery and of secret horror even to the celestial ministers of his will and minstrels of his glory; if this be not to transfer, from God to Satan and from Satan to God, the qualities by which, in the general estimation of mankind, they are most distinguished from each other, we must own ourselves very little skilled in the usual topics of praise or censure.

We should have done an essential wrong, however, to the most celebrated of ancient heretics, if we had designated this system as more than the worser half of the system of Manes. His followers,—though they imputed the prevalence of evil in the world to the inveterate and invincible obstinacy of that principle of darkness, which they supposed to share with God the empire of things, and to pervade and govern all material existence,—confessed, nevertheless, that the superior and supreme Intelligence was transcendentally wise and benevolent. They anticipated, in fullness of faith, the ultimate victory of this last over his malignant enemy, and looked forward to a future state of happiness and glory, where the souls of the good were to be delivered from the God of this world and the bondage of their corporeal prisons. But the theology of 'Cain' is altogether

gloomy and hopeless. His evil God is *the supreme*: his Hades exclusively a state of misery; the body of man is, on his system, ordained to nothing more than to labour, disease and death, and the soul is immortal only to be wretched.

It is idle to say that this statement is put into the mouth of one who is described in scripture as an evil being, and whose assertions are to be only understood as the *ex-parte* statement of an insidious enemy.

Of Lucifer, as drawn by Lord Byron, we absolutely know no evil: and, on the contrary, the impression which we receive of him is, from his first introduction, most favourable. He is indued not only with all the beauty, the wisdom and the unconquerable daring which Milton has assigned him, and which may reasonably be supposed to belong to a spirit of so exalted a nature, but he is represented as unhappy without a crime and as pitying our unhappiness. Even before he appears, we are prepared (so far as the poet has had skill to prepare us) to sympathize with any spiritual being who is opposed to the government of Jehovah. The conversations, the exhibitions which ensue are all conducive to the same conclusion, that whatever is *evil*, and that, had the Devil been the Creator, he would have made his creatures happier. Above all, his arguments and insinuations are allowed to pass uncontradicted, or are answered only by overbearing force, and punishment inflicted not on himself but on his disciple. Nor is the intention less apparent nor the poison less subtle, because the language employed is not indecorous, and the accuser of the Almighty does not descend to ribaldry or scurrilous invective.

That the monstrous creed thus inculcated is really the creed of Lord Byron himself, we, certainly, have some difficulty in believing. As little are we inclined to assert that this frightful caricature of Deism is intended as a covert recommendation of that further stage to which the scepticism of modern philosophers has sometimes conducted them. We are willing to suppose, that he has, after all, no further view than the fantastic glory of supporting a paradox ably; of showing his powers of argument and poetry at the expense of all the religious and natural feelings of the world, and of ascertaining how much will be forgiven him by the unwearied devotion of his admirers. But we cannot, with some of our contemporaries, give him the credit of 'writing conscientiously.' We respect his understanding too highly to apprehend that he intended a benefit to mankind in doing his best to make them vicious and discontented; and we tell him, '*even more in anger than in sorrow*,' that the great talents which he has received are ill employed in writing a libel on his Maker, and that the

the dexterity which flings about firebrands in sport is no object of ambition to any but a mind perverted by self-opinion and flattery.

We return, however, to Cain, and it is some comfort to find that the argument, however plausibly put together, is as infirm and disjointed as poetic arguments are apt to be. It depends on the admitted fact that evil exists, and on the presumption that a wise and benevolent Deity would not have permitted its existence. And it is, consequently, levelled (as we have already observed, and as we must intreat the reader to bear in mind) not against the Mosaic account of the manner in which evil first appeared on earth, (for whenever and however evil manifested itself, the same objection would apply,) but against the God by whom the present frame of things was constituted. It is not the Jehovah only, of the Christian or the Jew, against whom it may may be alleged that he has created men to toil, to sicken and to die. If we admit a Creator at all, we must admit that he sends us into the world under this necessity; and any man, with whatever religious opinions, who dislikes these accompaniments of life more than he likes life with its countervailing advantages, may plead with Cain,—

‘ I was unborn;  
I sought not to be born, nor love the state  
To which that birth has brought me!’

To cut this knot, as the ancient Stoics attempted to do, by denying the existence of evil, was a measure of which the success was not likely to be equal to its hardness or its motive. But, before we proceed with Lord Byron, from the mixture of evil and sorrow which the world presents, to infer a malevolent Creator, it may be well to inquire, first, whether *more* good than evil, *more* happiness than misery is not found, after all, in the world with which we are so much displeased; and, secondly, whether the good which exists is not, apparently, the result of direct *design*, while the evil is *incidental* only.

Both these positions have, we think, been proved by Paley, in a work too sensible, too philosophical, too accordant with the general feelings and general experience of our species, to be in much danger of overturn from a few well-pointed sarcasms, a few daring assertions, and a little poetic phantasmagoria of former worlds created and ruined. Such weapons, indeed, that love of life in which all mankind agree is, of itself, sufficient to parry, no less than that common feeling which is *surprized* as well as shocked by misery wherever it appears, and which gives the name of *accident* not to health but to diseases. But if the amount of

pleasure predominate over that of pain, if pleasure be the natural and usual result to which the constitution of things around us ministers, and if the immediate causes of evil are found not in any thing originally noxious, but in some casual defect in the individual aggrieved or some clash of interfering blessings, it is clear that the doctrine of Cain is as preposterous as it is gloomy. A malevolent Creator would have done his work more thoroughly, and the instruments of misery which he employed would have been more direct as well as more efficacious. He would never have allowed us so much happiness as we enjoy, still less would the contrivance of all his works have been, in the first instance, obviously tending to the production of happiness. The inference which will follow from a world thus constituted, (if any unfavourable inference must be drawn,) will be against God's *power*, not his *goodness*; and, having got rid of the main objection which is urged by Lucifer and his disciple, we might, if we chose, or if the subject were not of too great importance to be shaken off so easily, leave the Manichee and the Optimist to debate the remaining question between themselves.

Their systems, indeed, can hardly be said to differ from each other, so far as they apply to the main difficulty. Each accounts for the degree of evil which we see and feel by maintaining that God *could not*, under all circumstances, have made the world happier or better than we behold it. Nor does it signify whether they impute this inability to the as yet unconquered resistance of a malignant principle, independent of God and opposed to him; or to a *necessity* or *fitness* arising out of the nature of God himself, his goodness and wisdom, which *led* or *compelled* him (between these terms, when applied to infinite wisdom and goodness, there is no real difference) to make men such as they now are, and to place them on an earth like the present. The latter supposition, however, while it seems the most respectful of the two, is, at least intelligible, and has the merit of resting on something stronger than a mere hypothesis. It is certain that many of the most pervading and conspicuous sources of evil could not, so far as we can judge, be removed without endangering some preponderant good or incurring some greater mischief, and it is only reasonable to apprehend that the same analogy may run higher than our knowledge reaches, and that the Creator may have had some sufficient reason, without impeaching his goodness, for making our world no larger and no happier than we now behold it.

Nor is it necessary, after all, that we should set any limits to the power of the Most High: that we should, with the Manichee, give him a rival, or, with the Optimist, maintain the present world to be the best which he could possibly have framed. If the world

is *sufficiently* good; if it contains *more* good than evil; if each individual being may, except by its own fault, enjoy more happiness than misery, and so much more of happiness as to overpay the share of suffering to which it is incidentally exposed, the bounty of the Creator is as free, and as certain, though not so great, as if happiness were unmingled; and He, who might have withheld all, is a reasonable object of love and praise for whatever little he has bestowed on us. They who will not thank God for the blessings which they receive because those blessings might have been more abundant, are surely no fit objects for any further increase of blessedness; and would, in fact, be content with no conceivable degree of felicity less than that to which Lord Byron's Lucifer himself aspired.

Still, it may be said, though the complaint against Providence for permitting evil at all applies to all religion in general and not particularly to the religion of Moses, yet, in the account which that writer gives of the first appearance of evil, there is a gravamen of a peculiar kind, and one which Lord Byron has often, though incidentally, noticed. Our first parents are there described as having been in a state of happiness, in which their children would also have been, but for a single fault in which those children were not partakers, but for which they endure their full share of the punishment inflicted. But that this makes no difference in the real merits of the case, a very little consideration will make evident. The allegation, in fact, even when thus amended, amounts to no more than that our first parents were in a condition more favourable to happiness than ourselves; and that (supposing us to have been called into the world at all, which that we should have been, under such circumstances, is merely hypothetical) we might have been in better circumstances than we are at present. But whatever share of felicity is given to us now is certainly not diminished by the fact that other persons have enjoyed more. The theist of whatever sect apprehends that the introduction of each particular individual into life depends on the fiat of that Power who was perfectly free to leave each of us in our original nothingness. Nor, when God lay under no necessity to make us at all, have we any more right to reproach him for making us less happy than our parents, than we should have to reproach him for making our children more happy than ourselves, or for giving advantages which we have not received to any other person or any other order of beings. The only question by which the goodness and power of the Creator are to be determined, is whether our positive advantages are greater than our positive sufferings, whether it is better for us to be or not to be; and, for the establishment of the former alternative, it is, as we conceive, sufficient to refer to Paley.



But, even if we should grant that, so far as this life is concerned, there are exceptions to be found to this general truth; if we should admit that there are some for whom, if this life were all, it would be well never to have been born, and whose misery is not owing to their own misconduct but to circumstances over which they had no controul, and of which they might, therefore, complain with justice—yet, it is not pretended, even by Lord Byron's Lucifer, that this life is more than the smallest part of our probable existence; and, without the aid of revelation, the Deist is justified, from the analogy of God's visible works, and the general goodness which pervades them, in looking on to a future progressive improvement in wisdom and in virtue; to a fuller development than the present world can allow, of the benevolent designs of the Creator, and to a life which may make us abundant amends for whatever incidental sufferings we encounter in our passage thither. That this life, indeed, is a state not only of passage but of probation has been the prevalent belief of mankind in all ages of their existence, and it is as unfair to found an argument or an argumentative poem against the goodness of Providence, on the evils of this life separately taken, as it would be (according to an illustration somewhat stale but not the less appropriate) to censure the general plan of a vast building from an apparent irregularity in one of its smallest members.

Lord Byron, it is true, to make good the case of the first murderer, and to justify the complaints of which he has made him the organ, has been constrained to suppose that the secret of a future life was unknown to him. He grounds this supposition on the alleged silence of the Old Testament as to any existence beyond the grave, and refers us to the splendid but unsubstantial paradox of Warburton as an authority for his assertion, and for an explanation of the singularity. But, though it were conceded that the Old Testament said nothing of the soul's immortality, yet to the Deist who apprehends that a presumption of this truth may, without any revelation, be derived from reason alone, and consequently that Cain, supposing such a person to have existed, might, of himself, have arrived at the conclusion which vindicates the goodness of the Almighty, the inference, though it might be unfavourable to Moses, would by no means justify a charge against Providence, and the unfairness would be no less obvious of founding such a charge on an erroneous or imperfect system of theology.

It is not, however, at all a difficult task to show that, admitting Moses to have handed down no positive and explicit assertion of the soul's immortality, we are not authorized, from his silence, to infer either that he himself, his countrymen, or his ancestors, were ignorant of the doctrine in question. The object of Moses, it should

should be recollected,—that object, to effect which he laid claim to a celestial commission, and to which the labours of his life were avowedly devoted,—was, not to furnish a complete system either of morals or divinity, but to answer a particular purpose of Providence, by vindicating the ancient and patriarchal worship of one invisible God from the corruptions of polytheism and idolatry; by correcting or preventing the local abuses by which the morals and happiness of his people were endangered, and by securing, through appropriate institutions, and for a purpose to be afterwards more fully developed, the internal union and distinct and permanent existence of those tribes of whom he was the legislator.

But, in the polytheism and idolatry of the immediate neighbours of the Jews, the Chaldeans, the Arabs, and the Egyptians, we have not the smallest reason for believing that the doctrine of a life after death was impugned. We know that all these nations held that doctrine. And we nowhere discover in the vestiges which remain of their religious systems, that they held it impaired by any errors which could require a revelation from heaven to brush them away. The only controversy, which Moses had with them was, simply, whether there were more Gods than one, and whether those deities, or this deity, were to be worshipped under material symbols. But it is plain that, when the question in dispute was not whether they who pleased God were to be rewarded, and they who offended him were to be punished hereafter, but who was God, and how he was to be propitiated; in such a controversy no appeal could lie to the *future* state of rewards and punishments, and it could only be determined, either by the weight of argument and the dictates of reason, or by some such phenomena as those to which Moses appeals, of the visible judgments of God inflicted in the present life on those who worshipped idols, and the visible blessings which those received who were diligent in their attendance at the Israelitish altar. Even under the Christian dispensation, a divine of the Romish, and a divine of the English church, might dispute for a day together on the homage due to images and reliques, without having the least occasion to name the resurrection of the dead. And it is remarkable that, in the three consecutive homilies of the English church, ‘against peril of idolatry,’ there are only two passages in which any allusion occurs, and that of a very slight and incidental nature, to a life after death, or a future state of rewards and punishments. Those passages, then, in the Mosaic volume, which are most directly levelled at the superstitions of the neighbouring heathen, were not necessarily obliged to contain an explicit account of another world, or of the soul’s immortality; and, that such a declaration is not to be found there, is no conclusive argument that

that either Moses or his countrymen were ignorant of, or indifferent to, the doctrine.

But to Moses as a legislator, or an historian, such topics were still more foreign. Lord Byron may read through many volumes of our statutes at large, without finding any promises of heaven, or any denunciations of eternal suffering. He may look through many pedigrees, (and the ancient history of Moses is, among other things, the genealogical table of a particular family,) without discovering any mention of the most awful truths of Christianity. Yet the legislators of Great Britain do not, therefore, esteem death an eternal sleep—the gentlemen of the College of Arms are not, therefore, universally infidels; and we can easily conceive, and we could have easily pardoned the exclamations of horror which would have been raised by modern freethinkers, if Moses had, in God's name and in addition to the temporal penalties which the law contains, denounced the pain of damnation against every breach of those local and temporary institutions by which his people were to be distinguished from their idolatrous neighbours!

'Moses,' observes Michaelis, 'was not, like some ancient legislators, an impostor from religious zeal, which, however, that man must be, who sanctions civil laws by the terrors of futurity. God certainly does not punish *all*, not even the most heinous crimes, beyond the grave; for even the greatest criminal, by repentance and amendment, may escape eternal misery. There is, therefore, no legislator so silly now-a-days, as to threaten the murderer, adulterer, or robber, with hell-fire. Before suffering death, on the contrary, every malefactor obtains time to prepare for it, and to seek reconciliation with God. And to Bishop Warburton himself—how ridiculous would an act of parliament appear which should denounce the pains of hell as the punishment of crime?' . . . . 'But Moses, in his procedure, with regard to punishments, distinguishes himself from all other legislators by this most remarkable peculiarity, that he threatens the whole nation, if as a nation they should wickedly transgress his laws, with punishments in *this* life, which no human power could execute; but which divine Providence could, and certainly would inflict upon the people and the land. The 26th chapter of Leviticus, and the 28th and 29th of Deuteronomy are full of such threatenings. No human legislator could have done this; at least so done it as that the issue should not expose to the people the emptiness of his threatenings. It is the sure criterion of an immediate messenger from heaven, enacting laws by command of the Most High.\*

Incidental notices, however, of a future life might, certainly, be expected to occur in any long work, or any collection of works, of which some are strictly devotional, and others pretty closely connected with different religious duties. And if Lord Byron were correct in supposing that '*no allusion*' to a future state is to be

\* Michaelis, *Law of Moses*, translated by Smith, Vol. I. p. 46.

found in the volume of the Old Testament, we might be reduced to suppose, extraordinary as such a supposition would be, that the nation of Israel stood alone among all their neighbours, and among all nations of the world who have attained even a moderate degree of civilization, in their blindness to a truth which is tolerably conspicuous even to unassisted reason. But if Lord Byron will take the trouble to consult the '*Argumenta Immortalitatis Animarum ex Mose Collecta*' of the same illustrious scholar whose words we have just cited; or if he will, calmly and without prejudice, compare the expressions used by Moses in speaking of the departure of Enoch to God; of the deceased patriarchs as still existing; and of 'the death of the righteous' as prayed for by Balaam; with the still stronger expressions in the book of Job, in the Psalms, in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, he may be satisfied that, to the persons who used such language, the idea of a life after death was familiar, and that such expressions presuppose the nation to whom they are addressed to be equally acquainted with it and convinced of it.

It is not true, then, that the immortality of the soul was unknown to Moses or the Israelites. It is highly improbable that it was unknown to the first man or his children. And it is certain that the prospect of such a life after death is, to the virtuous man, a sufficient ground for trusting the goodness and justice of the Almighty, a sufficient comfort under all the evils incidental to his present condition. Or if, to men, such as men are, and oppressed, as they well may be, with the sense of their own imperfections, and an apprehension of the further anger of the Deity, an additional ground of hope is necessary, we may be forgiven if we point out, (though we have thus far avoided, as much as possible, all topics purely theological,) that mysterious *atonement* which was anticipated by the earliest as it is looked back to by the latest generation of mankind; which was shadowed in the bloody sacrifice of the Patriarch as surely as in the Eucharist of the Christian, and the beneficial effects of which we believe to have extended and still to extend to those who have not heard, as well as those who have received the Gospel.

The origin of evil itself is among those secrets of Providence which, if they do not surpass our present faculties, are, at least, not as yet communicated to us. It is one of the many vulgar errors by which the subject has been encumbered, to suppose that such a communication is found in the Book of Genesis. All which Moses relates is the first *appearance* of that evil which must have previously existed, the first demonstration of those hateful passions and that aspiring pride which have made labour and death no more than necessary to the well-being of nature. Of the causes which may have induced the Almighty to create man peccable, to expose  
him

him to temptations, and to try him by suffering, our reason may conjecture, but our faith is uninformed; and it is a fact which may be advantageously recollected by those who, on these accounts, insult Christianity, that the difficulties of which they complain belong not to Christianity alone, but to every creed which admits the responsibility of man, and the power and goodness of his Maker. But though Christianity does not tell us the *cause* of our calamities, she has not failed to point out their *cure*; in fostering those amiable affections which enable us to bear our own sorrows best while they most dispose us to alleviate the sorrows of others, and in holding out to us a clearer and brighter prospect of that life where Love shall reap his harvest of enjoyment, and where the happy and benevolent inhabitant of a better world shall neither feel nor witness affliction!

There are some inaccuracies in 'Cain' which we forgot to notice in their proper places, and of which one only is, perhaps, worth noticing. Cain is made, in p. 355, ignorant of the nature of death. He supposes death to be a being, and asks if he cannot wrestle with him? The same ignorance is expressed in p. 376, and in several other passages. Yet he elsewhere speaks familiarly of the *victims* whose blood his brother offered on Jehovah's altar, and whose slaughter must have pretty tolerably explained to him what was meant by the extinction of animal life.

There is also a note filled with furious and, as it appears, *unprovoked* personalities against Mr. Southey, of which we shall say nothing, since for a man of genius and a nobleman to have published such a diatribe, evinces a state of irritability with which expostulation would be vain, and of which reprobation is needless. This only we will say, that a writer so sensible to every attack, and so suspicious of every allusion, will do well, for his own peace of mind, if not from a better motive, to abstain from compositions of which the only effect can be to offend the honest prejudices, and unsettle the most estimable principles of the great majority of that nation who would gladly find a blameless delight in his volumes, and express a patriotic pride in his renown.

ART. XI.—1. *Researches into the Laws and Phenomena of Pestilence; including a Medical Sketch and Review of the Plague of London in 1665, and Remarks on Quarantine, &c.* By Thomas Hancock, M.D., &c. &c. 1821.

2. *A Treatise on the Plague, designed to prove it contagious from Facts collected during the Author's Residence in Malta when visited by that Malady in 1813; with Observations on its*

*its Prevention, Character and Treatment.* By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, M.D., &c. &c.

3. *Results of an Investigation respecting epidemic and pestilential Disease; including Researches in the Levant concerning the Plague.* By Charles Maclean, M.D., &c. &c. 1818.
4. *Minutes of Evidence before the Select Committee appointed to consider the Validity of the Doctrine of Contagion in Plague.*
5. *Miscellaneous Works of the late Robert Willan, M.D., &c. &c. comprising an Inquiry into the Antiquity of the Small-pox, Measles and Scarlet Fever, &c. &c.* Edited by Ashby Smith, M.D., &c. &c. 1821.
6. *Historical Sketch of the Opinions entertained by Medical Men respecting the Varieties and the Secondary Occurrence of Small-pox; with Observations on the Nature and Extent of the Security afforded by Vaccination against Attacks of that Disease.* By John Thomson, M.D., &c. &c. 1822.

IN prosecuting inquiries relative to subjects on which the judgment, rather than the comprehension, is to be exercised, we often find it difficult not only to avoid undue bias, but even to know how far we are under the influence of a prejudice that has perhaps been insensibly acquired, and has grown with our growth: but there are other impediments to correct inference respecting speculative truth than those arising from the above source—and, some of them, of a nature exactly opposite; for the very apprehension of yielding with too much facility to generally admitted dogmata may, and not unfrequently does, give rise to an unwarrantable and unseasonable scepticism.

The great discrepancy of sentiment that prevails on the contested points of pestilence and plague, or rather on the manner of their production and the laws that regulate their continuance and spread, must in part, at least, be ascribed to this submissive dependence upon prescriptive rule on the one hand, and the determination to disbelieve every thing that has obtained pretty general credit, on the other. Thus, while one speculatist tells you that a skein of silk may contain in its twinings poisonous matter, sufficient, when let loose, to cause the sickness and death of thousands; another, with the same data before him, not only denies that the venom is thus transportable, but even stoutly contends for its non-existence, and maintains that the apprehensions excited on the score of pestilential visits have no more foundation in truth than nursery apparitions or monkish miracles!

‘It is shown (says Dr. Maclean), by conclusions deduced from undeniable premises, that it is impossible epidemic diseases should ever depend upon contagion;’ and he goes on to state that ‘the prevalent notion of contagion being an inherent quality of pestilential

pestilential fever is absurdly derived from a popish rumour of the sixteenth century ; while, on the other hand, one of the most strenuous and able supporters of the opposite doctrine, Dr. Granville, maintains, ' that the disease called plague is never epidemic ; that it is independent of all influence of the atmosphere ; that it commits its ravages when no possible cause of unhealthiness exists, and is neither checked nor promoted by the south or north winds, by the winter or summer, by an elevated or low situation.'

Between these extreme points, others take their stand at different distances ; some of them more and some less readily admitting the principle of contagion as connected with plague, but all denying its abstract power and independent essence.

Did these questions involve matter merely of curiosity, or even were the interest they excite confined to the faculty of medicine, we should be justified in leaving them to the decision of the medical journalists ; but as inferences of a general and even national concern depend upon the admission, or rejection, or qualification of premises on the subject of pestilence, we have considered this subject as properly falling within our own province, and shall proceed to canvass the particulars it embraces somewhat at large, with a determination to present the arguments of the contagionists, anti-contagionists and moderates, without any admixture of our own sentiments. It will soon, indeed, be seen that we have opinions of our own, and that they do not exactly coincide with those of any writer in the controversy ; but, in propounding them, we will endeavour so to separate them from the deductions of others, that the reader shall be furnished with a fair opportunity for the exercise of unfettered comparison and unbiassed judgment.

The controversy, as we have just intimated, has been marked by extremes of confident assertion, and occasionally, it is painful to add, of intolerant dogmatism. In the list placed at the head of the present Article will, however, be found some exceptions to that dictatorial tone and that extravagant tenour of assumption which are not only at variance with the canons of legitimate reasoning, but even calculated to injure the cause they are intended to serve.

To the volume of Dr. Hancock we are desirous of calling especial notice, not with a view to invidious comparison, but as being a comprehensive and candid investigation of the whole question : the spirit of *system* may perhaps be occasionally seen insinuating itself among the pages of this work ; and in the remarks on another learned and candid writer (Sir Brooke Faulkner) we thought we detected a little too much leaning to favourite inference ; but, upon the whole, we may confidently assert that



it has not often fallen to our lot to inspect the production of a controversial author so free and fearless in its admissions, or so candid and temperate in its conclusions, as that to which we refer.

At first sight, the works of Willan and Thomson may appear to have no direct connexion with the topic about to be discussed; it will shortly, however, be perceived for what purpose they are added to the list of volumes bearing upon the present controversy.

But it is time to proceed to the formal enunciation of the leading question: Are we right in supposing plague to be a specific disease capable of being conveyed from one part of the world to another, either by persons or goods, so as to render necessary restrictions upon indiscriminate intercourse? In other words, is pestilence a contagious and transportable, or is it merely an infectious and local distemper? Many minor points are, of course, included in this interrogatory, which will be noticed as we proceed.

Contagion? Infection? what is the precise import of these two terms, which, it will be remarked, have been just employed in some measure antithetically; but which, in strict propriety, are not perhaps open to this contrasted signification. Contagion indeed implies contact and infection, although it does not express more than the effect produced, yet necessarily supposes touch, upon the principle that nothing in the material world can act but where it is. The difference, then, rather hinges upon the *mode* in which the communication or contact is brought about; and an infectious would be distinguished from a contagious disorder in something like the following manner. A number of persons may be assembled in a vitiated atmosphere, occasioned by something emitted from the body of one or other of the individuals present; or by the mere confinement of the air itself, animal respiration being a vitiating process; or an exhalation peculiar to the place; if then, any of the persons so circumstanced become decidedly ill, the induced sickness would be considered as a disease resulting from infection. Now, take one of these subjects from the infectious atmosphere, place him where every thing, with the exception of his presence, is conducive to health, and then, if from communicating with him, others fall into a disease which resembles his, the morbid condition thus engendered would be considered an absolute contagion. Even in this last instance however the actual contact of bodies may not have taken place, and therefore the terms employed to distinguish the two kinds of morbid being, so far from elucidating, rather obscure the question.

And in our minds a great deal of the confusion which still involves the controversy, arises out of what at first view might seem

seem to render it more definite and precise, for authors have been led to infer a distinction between contagious and infectious diseases beyond the warranty of fact; and have thus imagined specific and abstract differences in complaints, which are properly ascribable to time, place, and circumstance. On this rock we believe it is that both the advocates and opposers of contagion in pestilential maladies have split; each readily acknowledging, without sufficient reason, that some diseases are not only peculiar and absolute in their origin, but that such peculiarity and absolute identity has been preserved from their commencement to the present time.

The reasonings of Dr. Willan and Dr. Thomson (perhaps in some measure unconsciously to themselves) seem to run counter to the above notion of a disorder's transmission from age to age, and from one country to another. It is supposed by most of those who have given their thoughts to the subject, that the small-pox and measles, or, as they are termed, the specific contagions, were unknown to the ancient physicians of Greece and Rome, and that the Arabian writers were the first to observe and record them. Dr. Willan has brought a great deal of learning to the support of the opposite doctrine; if he does not quite succeed in establishing the point for which he contends, may not his failure be partly at least referable to the principle now adverted to? and may not the want of entire correspondence between the ancient accounts of what our author supposes to be small-pox, and the small-pox as it appears in this age and country, be attributable to the actual change effected by the lapse of time upon a distemper which is still radically the same, or rather which sprang from an identical source, but has had new features impressed upon it by the hand of time? Did indeed this same small-pox, as some contend that it does, arise, spread, decline, and disappear, without apparent modification from external circumstances, our opinion on its laws and limits would be very different; but this assuredly is not the case. Do we not in fact find that the complaint is now epidemic and general, now partial and infrequent; that it is at one time mild, at another time severe, just as it happens with those febrile derangements to which the anti-contagionist attaches no specific notion? and are not these so many evidences of a susceptibility in the distemper, to modifications beyond the admission of the contagionist? It is a very curious fact, (pointed out by Dr. Willan) that Aaron a physician and presbyter of Alexandria, who wrote in the beginning of the seventh century, has arranged the small-pox, measles, and pestilential bubo or carbuncle, as the products of one specific contagion; and very long after his time the two first diseases were considered identical—and were perhaps actually so. But, further, it is a very remarkable circumstance, that

that since vaccine inoculation has become general as a substitute for small-pox, we scarcely ever see or hear of those eruptive disorders to which the term *varicella* or chicken-pox has been somewhat vaguely applied. The fact no one will dispute; but opinion does not seem quite so unanimous as to the explanation of which the circumstance is susceptible. Dr. Thomson maintains, and we think justly, that all varioloid diseases spring from one source, and that the modified small-pox which so frequently follows vaccination and the chicken-pox of former times are in fact the same distemper, rendered different in their complexional character by the present mild mode of inoculating—inoculating, we say, for it would seem that even the genuine vaccine virus is but a modification of the small-pox poison, disarmed greatly of its noxious power by its having become the disease of a brute animal.

It is worthy of remark, as bearing upon the present question, that the nosology of one age and country is almost a sealed volume to the student of diseases in distant times and places; and this, among other reasons, is the cause why the study of ancient authorities in medicine has fallen into comparative neglect. Each succeeding period cannot however be imagined to create new distempers, or to effect any thing further, than materially to change the aspect, and modify the circumstances of the old ones; but, then, this modification in the course of centuries comes to be so considerable that scarcely any traces of the prime malady are to be recognized. Even among ourselves, how various are the shades of a disease which yet is nosologically regarded an identical essence? this indeed is so proverbially the case, that many of our modern free-thinkers in medicine make a mock altogether of system, of classification, and of nomenclature as applied to morbid states; and even those who are less disposed to cast away as scholastic rubbish every thing like rule and order in designating distempers, cannot but admit the frequent fallacy of the best nosological charts. In Dr. Bateman's recent, and in some respects excellent work on Cutaneous Affections, we find an abundance of error and self-contradiction to spring from the source to which we now refer. For instance, we have *prurigo* and *psora* marked out as not only differences in the same species, but as absolute varieties of disorders in reference to the class to which they belong; and yet, it is admitted by the framer of the classification itself, that the former of these affections may pass insensibly into the latter; an admission which furnishes sufficient proof that the scheme of arrangement is arbitrary, and in a great degree inefficient.

There is another fact of importance as bearing upon the doctrine

trine we now inculcate, namely, that a *degree* of disorder will sometimes result from exposure to specific affections, without the actual and absolute induction of the malady itself. Those who nurse children in small-pox having had the small-pox themselves are not unfrequently the subjects of a certain indisposition in consequence, which, neither in kind nor quantity, would be considered small-pox; and so on through the whole range of distempers to which the body is incident. In a word, a physical atmosphere may possess a sufficient quantity of contaminating influence without engendering absolute distemper.

Again: who has not made the observation, that since our soldiers in Egypt became the subjects of ophthalmia, inflammations and other disorders of the eyes, but still not actual ophthalmia, have been greatly on the increase? The Walcheren fever too, although owning a distinct and peculiar origin, frequently sowed its seeds in the constitution of individuals, the fruits of which, when ripened in this country, bore a different character from that which they would have assumed had the disease at once broke out among the Walcheren marshes. Such is the modifying power of time, place, and circumstance, evidenced even in phenomena that present themselves to our own observation; and it seems not unfair to suppose that the lapse of ages, the different habits of modern from ancient times, may make disease insensibly branch out into almost innumerable ramifications from a very few roots.

To assert that some species of sickness are not more independent, and less liable to change than others, would be obviously to fly in the face of fact; still, however, there is sufficient evidence in favour of the assumption, that even the most fixed and specific affections are gradually operated on, and ultimately converted in the way we have endeavoured to illustrate.

It may be thought that we have conceded considerably to the anti-contagionist in thus breaking down the artificial barriers by which morbid conditions have been separated; but so far are we from subscribing to that proposition which declares the incommunicability of distempers except in a very limited number and defined character, that we even conceive a power of transmission in maladies which some of the most decided supporters of contagion in plague do not generally admit. Colds, as they are called by a sort of metonymy, run in families. The wife that has nursed a consumptive husband often follows him to the grave—the victim of the same disease—and in many cases, as above intimated, the otherwise well receive a *measure* of sickness from being for a length of time near the ill, that cannot fairly be attributed to any other cause than a something emitted from the former and impregnating, so to say, the body of the latter. If you

you ask for the proof of this, we reply by requesting you to point out the actual matter in a palpable shape which gives the small-pox, when it is not received by inoculation—this substance equally eludes the ken of the experimentalist with all other disease-creating agencies.

Upon the whole, then, we are of opinion, that the distinction set up between contagious and pestilential disorders does not, in truth, obtain to any thing like the extent commonly supposed; and that the specific quality of *variola* itself is but different in degree, not in kind, from the mere infection of plague. We believe that both are occasionally spontaneous in their origin,\* more or less communicable in their nature—pass from individual to individual in the same manner—and are susceptible of modification, in a different degree, we allow, but still in both cases to an almost incalculable extent.

So much for our own sentiments respecting the laws of contagion and infection. We now proceed to a general but cursory review of the authors who have recently written on the subject; Dr. Maclean, Sir Brooke Faulkner, and Dr. Hancock—the first a decided anti-contagionist,—the second as decided in his sentiments on the opposite side,—and the last, a believer certainly in contagion, but who does not give to this power abstract qualities, or conceive it to be the sole agent by which pestilence is generated and diffused.

It may be right, however, previously to say a few words respecting the opinions of our forefathers in medicine on the subject of pestilential influence, and the contagious qualities of disease.

It is rather remarkable, that on this head the authority of the ancients is somewhat slender. The great founder of the art never once mentions contagion as a cause of disease, nor do we find this source of disorder alluded to in the writings of Celsus, which is curious, since these writings constitute a sort of summary of all that was known and believed at the time they were composed. This silence of the two greatest authorities among the ancients has been seized on (as we hinted above) by Dr. Maclean, who maintains that the belief in contagion is of modern origin; that

---

\* We may be thought erroneous in talking of the spontaneous origin of small-pox; but certain it is, that this affection often make its appearance and disappearance quite as unaccountably as other epidemic maladies; nay, more so even than those epidemics that are more obviously of local origin. The anti-contagionist will, perhaps, say, that in these cases the seeds of the distemper have been made to germinate by the particular circumstances of the district in which it breaks out and spreads; but in this he concedes much to the opposite party, for the believer in specific contagion as applied to plague and typhus, and yellow fever, accounts in the same way for the prevalence and decline of the last mentioned maladies.

the ancients had no notion of diseases being thus propagated, and that the doctrine of such transmission was invented by Pope Paul III. in 1547, for the purpose of striking a panic among the fathers of the council of Trent, and to serve as a pretext for translating that council to Bologna.

Now it would not seem very likely that an ecclesiastic ruler should have recourse to a stratagem which implies the introduction of a novel belief respecting a medical dogma; and we should find much difficulty in giving credence to the hypothesis of Dr. Maclean, were there even no absolute authorities against its admission; but Dr. Maclean has not dealt fairly with the subject in concluding, from the silence of Hippocrates and Celsus on the question of contagion, that therefore the ancients did not recognize the fact of a disorder's communication by contact or fomes. Galen and Aretæus occasionally make use of expressions which imply the circumstance of contagion being an admitted principle. The former likens plague, in respect to its communicable qualities, with itch or inflammation of the eyes, *συνδιαίρειν τοις λοιμώσοισιν επιφαλες, απολαυσαι γαρ κινδυνος ὡς περ ψωρας τινος η οφθαλμιας*, than which expressions nothing can be stronger to the point; and the latter even goes so far as to employ terms the very use of which supposes the belief to be prevalent that plague was of a contagious nature; *α μειον η λοιμω*, says Aretæus, when treating of another disorder, the contagious properties of which he is desirous of illustrating.

That the ancient classics in medicine are generally without much allusion to the doctrine of contagion, may not improbably be attributed to their having thought it useless to discuss a matter so obvious in itself, and so freely admitted by all parties: in consonance with this opinion, we find more copious references to the subject by the historians and poets of antiquity, than by the strictly medical writers. We are told expressly by Dr. Willan, (we have not had an opportunity of referring to the work itself,) that 'Evagrius, in his Ecclesiastical History, proves himself well acquainted with the nature of contagion, and the operation of fomes; for he very correctly enumerates the various modes in which pestilential or contagious diseases are disseminated;' and this author, let it be observed, wrote just ten centuries prior to the time at which Dr. Maclean dates the first divulged notion on the subject of contagion, as applicable to epidemic and pestilential diseases.\* We forbear to quote the ancient historians and poets,

\* Howel, as quoted by Freind, particularly alludes to the accounts given both by Evagrius and Procopius of the plague at Constantinople; and Freind himself mentions the representation given by Agathias, another of the Byzantine historians, in the following

poets, since their allusions to the subject of pestilential contamination must be familiar to most of our readers; and since those who deny that contagion was known to the ancients, might object to the authority of writings not strictly of a scientific cast, when used to establish a scientific principle. Certain it is, moreover, that the line of demarcation between infectious and contagious distempers is of modern origin; but, if the course of reasoning into which we have briefly entered be correct, the ancients, by neglecting to recognize this proposed division, were not therefore farther than the moderns from the absolute truth.

We now proceed to give a brief summary of the views entertained on the subject of contagion by Dr. Maclean, Sir Brooke Faulkner, and Dr. Hancock—and we select these as representatives of many others, in order to avoid unnecessary repetition. It has already been stated why, in this general review, Dr. Hancock claims the most detailed notice.

The positions of Dr. Maclean, in reference to the subject under discussion, are briefly the following. Epidemic diseases, comprehending all the intermediate degrees of affection between the slightest catarrh and the most destructive pestilence, depend upon some change in the atmosphere, as their immediately exciting cause, the predisposition to be affected by such changes being referable to various combinations of heat, moisture, soil, situation, food, and water, corporeal labour, the passions, and motions of the mind; and in Christian communities (he adds) the belief in contagion contributes to the production of the morbid effect resulting from the above circumstances of predisposition and excitation.

‘The effects of the action in its different degrees and modifications (says Dr. Maclean) of a power of diffusive and constant operation, which is the appropriate stimulus of the grand organ of respiration, and by which all the external parts of the body are perpetually pressed and enveloped, must necessarily be infinitely various. It is directly or indirectly the source of a great portion of all the maladies which afflict mankind. Its slighter consequences, which would not of themselves prove dangerous, frequently become the foundation of diseases which prove mortal; those which already exist, it aggravates, and renders some fatal which would otherwise terminate in recovery.

following manner. Having alluded to Procopius and Evagrius, Freind goes on to say, ‘Et Agathias, qui secundam ejus invasionem describit, quæ Constantinopoli accidit A. D. 568, discrete ait, plerosque momento temporis obiisse, sicut a vehementi apoplexia; et eos quibus maxime natura vires suppetere, quinto diei nunquam superfuisset. In Atheniensi autem, morbus ad septimum vel nonum diem ibat, qui quidem usitati erant mortis dies. In eadem contaminati sunt, quicumque ad ægros accedebant; in hoc vero, idem non obligeat plane declaratur.’

Here we have one of the highest authorities in medical literature for a distinct allusion to the principle of contagion having been made in the sixth century.



'Popular tradition, then, seems justified in regarding common colds as the foundation of almost all the ailments of mankind; and the great father of physic, in considering the air as the cause of almost every malady.

The yellow fever of the West Indies, and of America, the fevers of Bengal, Bencoolen, Batavia, Bulam, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Andalusia, Malta, Walcheren, and Leghorn, &c. &c. &c. (for so the epidemics which have occurred at these several places, have been most improperly denominated) as well as every variety of remittent and intermittent fever, are all only modifications of one and the same disease, produced by modifications of the same cause, and yielding to modifications of the same remedies.'

From this it will be seen that Dr. Maclean is a decided unbeliever in the specific nature of any of those maladies which come under the denomination of plague; and it is likewise sufficiently evident, that he conceives each and every case of plague to be contracted, not by communication or contact, not by a something emitted from a sick person, and impregnating the well, not by a peculiar poison, as in the case of small-pox, but by the influence of atmospheric change assisted by several circumstances of predisposition; and that he is sincere in his opinions would seem sufficiently clear from the fact of his having voluntarily exposed himself to the pest-houses of Constantinople, and freely communicated for hours and days together with their sick inmates. Our readers will be eager to inquire whether he came from these exposures unaffected by disease? We have to reply, from the author's own statement, in the negative. Dr. Maclean candidly confesses that he was at length seized by the plague; but not, he still maintains, from the reception into his system of a specific virus, not from touching or handling the sick, but from being subjected to the malign influence of the plague *atmosphere*, the operation of which was materially aided by the several circumstances of mental agitation to which his duty exposed him.

It is matter of notoriety that pestilential distempers are in our day comparatively unfrequent in the north of Europe; and this fact is taken hold of by Dr. Maclean for the purpose of proving the indigenous and non-communicable nature of these maladies: 'the nations (he says) of the North generally have been advancing in cultivation, while those of the Levant have been retrograding; some of them, however, have either been stationary, or made less progress than others; and accordingly we find the provinces of Spain, some parts of Italy, the old Venetian provinces of Dalmatia, Istria, &c., many parts of Poland, and the Eastern frontiers of the Austrian dominions, as Hungary and Transylvania, little less liable to epidemic diseases than formerly; not because they are adjacent to Turkey, as has been inferred in conformity

with

with belief in contagion, but because they are in so backward a state of cultivation.'

In the Minutes of Evidence taken by the Select Committee, formed for the purpose of inquiring into the validity of the doctrine of contagion in plague, Dr. Maclean assigns the following 'additional reasons' for his belief that epidemic and pestilential diseases never depend upon contagion.

'Because the laws of epidemic and those of contagious diseases are not only different, but incompatible; and because pestilences observe exclusively the laws of epidemics, of which they are but the higher degrees. Because no adequate proof has ever, in any single instance, been adduced of the existence of contagion in pestilence. Because, had pestilential diseases been contagious, consequences must have followed which have not taken place. Being capable of affecting the same persons repeatedly, they would never cease where no precautions are employed, (and in such case no precaution could avail,) until communities were extinguished. Turkey would long ago have been a desert. Because the assumption resorted to by the anti-contagionist, "that to the effect of contagion a particular state of the atmosphere is necessary to produce the disease," is only in other words an acknowledgment that a particular state of the atmosphere is its real cause. Because for centuries before any intercourse direct or indirect was established between this country and the Levant, or rather as far back as history extends, pestilence was at least as frequent in England as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when our commercial intercourse with Turkey was considerable. Because when the free states of Italy traded both with the Levant and the north of Europe; when they were the carriers not only of the merchandize but of the troops of the principal powers of Christendom engaged in the crusades; and when they possessed Smyrna, Cyprus, Candia, Scio, Cephalonia, Caffa, and even Pera (a suburb of Constantinople); no apprehension was then entertained under a constant intercourse, of pestilence being propagated by infection, nor any precautions adopted by any nation for the prevention of such a calamity. Because during the century and a half which has elapsed since 1665, and in which there has been no plague in England, our commerce and intercourse with the Levant have been more extensive and more rapid than at any former period. Because there is no reason to believe that in modern times pestilences, have undergone any revolution in respect either to their nature or to other causes, further than may depend upon the advancement or retrogradation of countries respectively in cultivation, civilization, or the arts of life; or upon an alteration in the seasons. Because, as contagion where it does exist is sufficiently palpable (it did not require the evidence of inoculation to show that small-pox always depends upon that source, and never upon any other) if it were the cause of pestilence, its existence could not for thousands of years have remained concealed. It must have been discovered and demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world, by the ancient physicians; and could not

now have been a subject of controversy among their successors. Because no person has at any period of history been known to arrive in England from the Levant labouring under pestilence. Because no person employed in purifying goods in the lazarettos of England, or of Malta, has ever been known to be affected with pestilence, which could not have happened if contagion had existed in the goods; and because such goods could not be exempt from contagion in particular countries, if that were the cause of plague. Because, after three hundred thousand deaths from plague have happened in one season in Grand Cuiro, two hundred thousand in Constantinople, and one hundred thousand in Smyrna, as we are told, has repeatedly occurred in those places, and the clothes of the dead have been worn by their surviving relatives, or sold in the bazars, and worn by the purchasers, the disease, instead of spreading wider and wider, as would have inevitably have happened if contagion were its cause, (since in that case it could not fail to be carried in the clothes,) has, on the contrary, regularly declined and ceased at the usual periods. Because in those countries in which the plague is supposed to be introduced by means of contagion, conveyed by travellers or goods, as Egypt, Asia Minor, and Syria, it never occurs epidemically, but at particular seasons; although in other seasons travellers and goods from places in which the disease prevails, continue equally to arrive. And because in other countries, as Persia, which maintain a similar uninterrupted intercourse with places liable to frequent attacks of the plague, that disease never occurs.

We have thus presented to our readers the principal arguments and allegations of Dr. Maclean against the presumption that pestilence is regulated by laws that are influential in contagious distempers. We now proceed to the work of Sir Brooke Faulkner, in which the opposite doctrine is maintained. The opinion of this gentleman is, that plague may actually be transported both by persons and articles of merchandize, and that moreover it may be received by, and propagated among, a people resident in a place the air of which is no otherwise conducive to disease than in having received a taint from the specific virus by which the existence of the malady has from the first been occasioned. Sir Brooke Faulkner believes further that 'plague is communicated only by contact or close association with the person or thing infected.'

The circumstances connected with the introduction of the plague which prevailed at Malta in 1813, are those upon which Sir Brooke Faulkner principally rests his opinion; and in his treatise, the title of which stands at the head of the present article, he endeavours to prove that Malta, so far from being favourable to pestilential origin, enjoys great advantages in respect to climate, soil, and habits of the people. He then goes on to state that the arrival of the *San Nicolo*, which took place under the

the following circumstances, was to all appearance the cause of the pestilence now adverted to.

‘Two Turkey merchants shipped on board this vessel, at the port of Alexandria, a cargo of linen, flax, and leather, with some other articles. Part of the crew having died of the plague on their voyage to Malta, the vessel applied to the health department of the island on her arrival (the 28th of March) for admittance into port, previously using the precaution to notify her state, by hoisting a yellow flag with a black ball in the centre, this being the signal to indicate the actual existence of plague on board. Her application being acceded to, she was accordingly received into quarantine in the Marsachuchet harbour, within about a cable’s length of several points of land and of the city of Valetta. The surviving part of the crew were taken into the Lazaretto, situated in a small island in the middle of the harbour. The captain of the *San Nicolo* and his servant sickened, in a day or two after their being received into the Lazaretto, and died, with indisputable symptoms of plague.’

In four or five days from this arrival the plague manifested itself in Valetta; and he considers the circumstance as next to demonstrative in favour of one event being the cause of the other. The first person attacked was the daughter of *Salvatore Borg*, a shoemaker, who died of what a Maltese physician considered a typhus fever. ‘During the visit, however, our author observed on the chest of his patient, below the mammae, two tumours which resembled carbuncles.’ This was on the 19th of April. On the first of May the mother of this girl was attacked with fever, and complained of pain from a tumour in the groin. She died on the third. The husband was taken ill on the fourth, who had likewise affections of the groin and of the axilla. ‘This man (says *Sir Brooke Faulkner*) continued to linger until the 12th of the month, when he died with unequivocal symptoms of plague.’ A school-mistress, in habits of intimacy with the family, is then attacked, and dies; afterwards a girl of the name of *Grazia Pisani*, who recovered after the bursting of a bubo: then *Borg’s* father, and a second child of *Borg*; and, on the 17th, a relation of the school-mistress, who had a carbuncle on the lower part of the back.

‘Here then (says our author) we have traced the propagation of the disease from the first case in Valetta in eight distinct and well-authenticated instances, and all of them in a continuous line of communication with each other. The last six cases are given on the authority of medical reports published under the sanction of the government of Malta.’

The infection now became very general in consequence of unrestrained intercourse, and our author next pursues its progress into the *Augustin* convent, afterwards into the casals or inland towns

towns and villages, and, finally, into the island of Gozo by a man belonging to Casal Curmi.

‘It rests upon respectable testimony (says Sir Brooke Faulkner) that this person, previous to his removal into quarantine, found means to conceal a box, containing wearing apparel, in the cottage where he resided; and that at the expiration of his quarantine he re-entered his cottage, out of which he took the box, and after paying a visit to Valetta, hired a boat and transported it to Gozo.’

Having remarked that the degree of severity which attended the plague in the several casals of the island, was in the ratio of their degree of communication with the sources of infection, our author goes on to adduce evidence of an impure state of the atmosphere being insufficient to account for the generation of plague. He tells us, that the fourteenth regiment were preserved from the contagion by vigilance, although quartered in the most infected part of Valetta; and that another regiment was infected; notwithstanding it was stationed in the most healthy situation in or about the place. How is it, he asks, that Valetta should have been for a long period the *exclusive nidus* of pestilence, seeing that there were villages and towns in the island, where every tangible cause of local impurity existed in a still greater degree, and which places were known to be much more frequently unhealthful than this city? Why were not those places visited in the first instance? And, finally, is it consistent to suppose plague an atmospheric disease, when the island had been free from its visitation during a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years?

That plague does not universally affect is no proof, according to Sir Brooke Faulkner, that it is not a communicable distemper, since non-susceptibility may exist to a great extent in many individuals; and, that it arises and disappears at certain determinate periods of the year, independently altogether of any interference on the part of the police, is an assertion (he says) unsupported by fact; ‘as the disease is known to commence in the same country under every diversity as to the seasons; in proof of which we need go no farther than the last two plagues of Malta, the former having commenced in the month of December, three months previous to the time of its appearance in 1813.’

The doctrine which Dr. Hancock’s volume is designed partly to support, is, that ‘while plague is destitute of that specific something which is attributed to it by the hypercontagionist, its virus is capable of being communicated from one individual to another under certain circumstances; that although it is thus a communicable distemper, it is capable of spontaneous origin, and has much more reference to place and circumstances than many are disposed to allow; that quarantine enactments are founded in  
mistaken

mistaken views respecting the essence of pestilential visitation; and that fevers generally have much less of specific peculiarity, than systematic authors for the most part ascribe to them.'

Dr. Mead, the most celebrated writer of his day on the subject of plague, is an advocate for contagion. This author, however, admits, and the concession is marked by Dr. Hancock as a matter of much moment, that 'it has never been known where the plague did not first begin among the poor,' 'that a corrupt state of the air attends all plagues,' and 'that fevers of extraordinary malignity are the usual forerunners of plague.' Dr. Russell, another writer of celebrity on pestilence, likewise, says Dr. Hancock, 'candidly admits, that quarantine and other regulations have often proved ineffectual in arresting the progress of plague—that it has frequently occurred insidiously when they have been rigidly enforced; and in a more extraordinary manner has ceased, when they have been entirely relaxed.' And although he too is a decided contagionist, there is scarcely any writer who has laid so much stress as Dr. Russell on what has been termed a pestilential constitution of the atmosphere.

But, says Dr. Hancock—

'Dr. Maclean adduces many specious arguments in support of his opinions. He has collected a number of interesting facts, and has brought together some useful general observations respecting the prevalence and decline of plague in different countries; and it cannot be denied that he possessed many advantages, and had good opportunities of investigation, as he resided for some time in the Levant for the sole purpose of observing the nature and progress of this formidable disease. Yet I cannot perceive that he ever witnessed its devastations or its career when raging as a pestilence.

'When, however, Dr. Maclean's confidence in his own opinions led him so far, in the face of direct proof, as to brave the destroyer in his den, the pest-house at Constantinople; though we may applaud his resolution as well as his sincerity, and give him due credit for the ingenuity with which he seeks to explain the fact according to his hypothesis, we must, I think, reasonably doubt his principles, when we find that, by his own statement, he was attacked with this *non-contagious* malady on the fifth day after he entered that nursery of pestilence!'

In adverting to the work of Faulkner, he observes, that 'had as much pains been taken to procure further information respecting the concomitant circumstances of the period, as have been employed to establish a position which few are found to deny in a properly qualified sense, the volume would have proved more serviceable and important.'

'We have, indeed,' says Dr. Hancock, 'seriously to lament that most writers have attached themselves to this or that side of the argument so exclusively as to strain the simple bearing of facts to their own hypothesis;

hypothesis; to make a record only of these, and to keep out of view almost every circumstance of an opposite tendency. Hence what contrary statements, and marvellous, nay almost incredible, recitals do we find in authors, both ancient and modern, who have treated of this subject!"

'Contagion, according to some, has been locked up in holes, and caves, and chæsis; it has even made its hiding-place a spider's web, and at particular times, as by mere accident, has been released from its imprisonment to desolate the earth! According to others, comets and meteors, planetary conjunctions or appositions of baneful influences; volcanic eruptions and malignant blasts from the earth during its convulsions, have corrupted the air with pestilential steams for the destruction of the human species!

'*The first class have left us in ignorance by what laws the contagion ceased after its sources were so incalculably multiplied; and the last have not explained how a wide spreading evil like the vitiated air still left millions untouched.*

'And these two predicaments would seem to include the principal difficulties of the argument.

'One general fact should be noticed, that no people in the world have been willing to acknowledge their own country to be the first or indigenous seat of pestilence.

'Even Ethiopia, condemned beyond all others, the supposed nursery of plague from the time of Thucydides to Mead, where putrefaction is said to concoct and sublime its most deadly poisons, has its seasons and situations remarkable for salubrity, in which health cheers the native as well as the stranger; and authentic histories of that country by no means confirm the imaginary terrors of its climate; nor do they record any plague so fierce and destructive as what more temperate regions have often experienced. For those who have resided and travelled in Upper and Lower Egypt, as Alperius, Savary, Volney, and others, so far from admitting that plague is indigenous, gravely tell us of its importation from Constantinople and the coast of Syria.'

The plague which prevailed in London in the year 1665, is supposed by some to have been imported; by others it has been regarded as indigenous. Dr. Hancock has therefore thought it right to investigate the circumstances of this epidemic, to trace it through its progress, and occasionally compare it with others, as a general example illustrative of the laws by which pestilence seems to be governed. The points for consideration are, 1st, The adventitious circumstances connected with this plague. 2dly, Its progress from one part to another. 3dly, The character that it assumed at its commencement, height, and decline. 4thly, The persons and places that were exempt. 5thly, The facts deduced from the bills of mortality; and, 6thly, our author takes a summary review of the whole.

The adventitious circumstances were disease among cattle, a crowded



crowded population, a long continued calm in the weather, and the appearance of common disorders under types different from those which they usually display. Quotations from the works of Sydenham, Hodges, Baynard, Hooke and Boyle, in proof of these statements, are introduced into the work which we are now reviewing. The author then proceeds to trace the progress of the plague as accurately as the records permit him. In the latter end of November or beginning of December, two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the disease at the upper end of Drury Lane; about three weeks after another man died in the same house of the same distemper, and about six weeks after the last death another died in another house, in the same parish, in like manner. 'Now it was observed, and the fact, which the weekly bills of mortality place beyond a doubt, is very curious, that from the time the plague first began in St. Giles's, *the ordinary burials from other diseases increased considerably in number in that and all the adjacent parishes.*'

'It was not till the beginning of May, or five months after the supposed introduction of fomites into St. Giles's, that a case of death, or even of infection, was reported to have taken place within the walls of the city. This occurred in Bearbinder Lane. It was found on inquiry that this was a Frenchman, who, having lived in Long-Acre, near the infected houses, had removed for fear of the distemper, not knowing that he was already infected.'

In the second week in June four died within the city; and now, the weather having 'set in hot,' the mortality soon increased, and the disorder was particularly prevalent and fatal in St. Giles's. About the middle of the next month 'the disease, which had chiefly raged in the parishes of St. Giles, Andrew, Stephen, and towards Westminster, came to its height there, and began to travel eastward,' *always abating in one direction as it appeared more malignant in another.* It was about the 10th of September that the disorder came to its height, at which time more than 12,000 died in a week, though two thirds of the inhabitants of the metropolis had gone into the country. Not one house in twenty was uninfected, and 'it looked as if none would escape; but just then,' says the writer whom Dr. Hancock copies, 'it pleased God by his immediate hand to disarm this enemy. Nor was this by any new medicine, or new method of cure discovered; the disease was enervated and the contagion spent. Even the physicians themselves were surprized; wherever they visited they found their patients better.' It is worthy observation that before the number of infected decreased, the malignity of the distemper began to relax, so that now few died; and it is further remarkable that the chief sufferers were those who had recently

cently arrived from the country. The nature of the disorder, as it is expressed by Hodges, having undergone a change, 'we were now,' says the journalist, 'no more afraid to pass by a man with a white cap upon his head, or a cloth wrapt round his neck, or limping from sores in his groin—all of which were frightful to the last degree but a week before.' Another curious circumstance was, that the *disease did not visit the provinces till its rage had been expended in the metropolis*, only one instance having occurred of the plague existing at the same time in London and the country. The provincial town thus infected simultaneously with the metropolis was Southampton, 'and it is very remarkable,' says Dr. Hancock, 'that we should not have some authentic document to prove in what manner the disease was at so early a period introduced into Southampton, if it was entirely dependent on contagion for its propagation.'

Having thus discussed the general circumstances connected with the last plague of this country, Dr. Hancock proceeds to remark on the time when pestilence usually appears, and the subjects it chiefly attacks. He states, and appeals for the truth of his statement to the histories of several pestilential visitations, that the poor are always the first subjects of the distemper, and that the season of pestilence is mostly the latter end of spring. In Egypt it is otherwise, and perhaps also in countries subject to a *malaria*, or endemic marsh fever, where the autumnal months are most sickly.

Pestilential visitations have been, our author affirms, for the most part marked by general sicknesses; by a more than usual number of insects; by blights, mildew, deaths among animals, and many other indications of something in the atmosphere unfriendly to the well-being of man. He has taken great pains to cite authorities in proof of this affirmation, and the section of the book in which these particulars are adverted to concludes in the following manner.

'Thus we see that philosophers, poets, ancient historians, and physicians, speak as it were one language, and sound one note of warning; and even the sanction of Holy Writ may, without forced comment, be applied in support of the general principle. *Whilst a single idea that seems in its practical effects to exclude all other considerations—the dread of foreign contagion—upon this point engrosses the concern of all the most enlightened statesmen of the most civilized countries in the world.*

It has already been noticed that, even by the admission of Mead, 'fevers of extraordinary malignity are the usual forerunners of plague;' and this author (Mead) attributes this circumstance to 'that ill state of air which attends all plagues.' At times, however, it has been observed that at the approach of pestilence, even  
before

before the distemper has actually manifested itself, other diseases become less general and fatal. Mertens, for example, states that the epidemic diseases which had raged for three years previous to the plague at Moscow, altogether vanished in the month of May, 1770; and in the spring of 1771 began the plague. Dr. Hancock supposes that something of this kind may have been the case in relation to Malta before the occurrence of the last plague in that island; and he thinks that, so far from the allowed fact making in favour of imported contagion, the very reverse is the legitimate conclusion.

‘For by what combination of causes, it might be fairly asked, should the common prevailing diseases be banished as it were from a city or country at the very critical juncture when a disease of foreign growth, with which they have no natural connexion, is casually introduced amongst them? Do they hide their diminished heads, or flee away as from the presence of an unwelcome stranger?’

‘By what singular change in the elements of life should not only this effect take place, but a portion of unusual health be imparted to those whose peculiarity of constitutions enables them to resist the fury that is dealing destruction around them?’

That a few months bring to a period the most formidable of plagues in the generality of instances, although multitudes remain susceptible of contagion, is a presumptive evidence, Dr. Hancock thinks, in favour of the dependence of the malady upon atmospheric malignity; and, moreover, the progressiveness observed in its movements from place to place, to which allusion has already been made, seems inconsistent with the notion of a conveyed virus merely. It goes from the city to the country, from one country to another, ‘and in each the disorder, modified however by various causes, passes through its several stages,’ its decrease, like its increase, being moderate—its periods, too, being nearly the same in crowded, filthy and ill regulated cities, as in those where all the regulations of the strictest healthy police are enjoined and observed; proofs these that there is a power stronger than contagion to control its effects, and a power stronger than medicine to change the character of the disease.

‘He, therefore, that, exclusively believing in a contagious virus, asserts medicine and police regulations can do all, and attributes the removal of pestilence solely to their means, may be as much in error as he who, convinced of a general contamination in the air, denies contagion, and believes a crowded or a scattered population would make no difference in the mortality; or that a filthy habitation would add nothing to the malignity of the distemper; and that, as the disease is from the air, it matters not whether he stands idly gazing on till it shall cease, or assists to remove a local nuisance out of the way.’

‘Hence it is clear there must be a proper medium between these opposite

opposite views, which alone the cautious observer and the wise physician can pursue with safety.'

The circumstance of particular exemptions is strong in favour of something peculiar in the nature of pestilence beyond its contagious properties. In a plague at Bath no Italians, nor Germans, nor French became the subjects of the disease. And at Hafni, in Denmark, during a wide spreading pestilence, all strangers, as English, Dutch and Germans, escaped, notwithstanding they lived promiscuously in the infected habitations. The sweating sickness of 1485 attacked only Englishmen, who did not escape even by travelling into France or Flanders. Wilson says that in Egypt some of the villages were exempt from the plague, while the most neighbouring were desolated. This is so common, that the inhabitants particularize to Europeans those villages in their districts which, during the season, the plague has appeared in, yet do not themselves refuse to enter them.\* And there are some instances of different liabilities not only from natural constitutions, but incidental and adventitious circumstances. Dr. Maclean lays considerable stress, as we have seen, on the dread of contagion, and he supposes the danger is lessened to the Turks in proportion to their exemption from such fears. On this particular our present writer remarks—

'It is a nice point to determine, putting humanity out of sight, whether a notion which tends to separate individuals from each other, and therefore to lessen the concentration of febrile miasmata, be not more likely to lead to security than an indiscriminate confidence or fatalism which crowds them together; and I cannot but suspect that if fear on the one side, and assurance on the other, exert any influence in predisposing to the disease, or exempting from its ravages, the disciples of Dr. Maclean would run the greatest risk.'

It will be inferred from what has already been advanced, that Dr. Hancock regards the allegation of imported contagion in the

\* In Sir Robert Wilson's examination before the Committee of the House of Commons, we find the following striking fact, to which Dr. Hancock alludes, stated in reference to partial immunities. 'I would wish also to remark, that as we moved through the country the inhabitants pointed out to us particular villages that were infected with plague, and which plague did not extend out of those particular villages to any contiguous villages, although there was no precaution whatever used as to the communication with the inhabitants of the infected villages.' And a statement in Mr. Legh's *Travels in Egypt* contains a very pointed illustration of the different susceptibilities of different places.—'The plague in 1812 raged in Constantinople and throughout Asia Minor, yet, although the communication between this city and Alexandria was uninterrupted, the latter remained perfectly free from contagion. At the island of Scio, distant but a few hours sail from Smyrna, where the plague was raging with violence, and whence persons were daily arriving at the island, the British Consul observed "that he had no fear of infection being communicated from Smyrna; but (said he) should the plague declare itself at Alexandria, several hundred miles distant, we shall certainly have it at Scio."'

—See our review of *Legh's Travels*.

plague

plague of 1665 as more than doubtful. He devotes a considerable portion of one section of his work to point out that discrepancy in evidence relative to the supposed importation, which would render the matter exceedingly difficult of belief; but when we take into consideration the state of things external and internal *at the precise period when the imaginary visit was paid*, it would seem a strange coincidence for every thing thus to concur, in order to accomplish the dreadful purpose that was brought about.

It is a curious fact, that Oxford was exempt from the plague of 1665, while it raged in most parts of the kingdom besides, although the terms were kept in that place and 'the courts and both houses of parliament did there reside;' and it is further remarkable that at the same time that city was considered as more troubled than usual with small-pox. This exemption was attributed, and Dr. Hancock thinks justly, to the great care taken to ensure the cleanliness and constant draining of the place, and he seems to imply that the superiority of Oxford in reference to these particulars was equal to the counteraction of that condition of the atmosphere which was the cause of plague in other places, but that it had not sufficient controul over the elements to prevent the manifestation of consequent disorder in another shape.

Why, it has often been asked, has plague not appeared as an epidemic in London since the year 1665? This immunity some ascribe to the constant use of pit-coal, which, from its sulphureous quality, has proved an antidote; by others it is conceived that the steady operation of our quarantine laws has succeeded in preventing it. But Dr. Hancock is not a believer in either of these notions, for coals were in use long before, 'and no one can doubt that goods have often been landed in this country since, if not saturated with contagious effluvia, certainly deeply imbued with the air of infected cities. So that if any *seminium* from abroad could act as a leaven in gradually corrupting the air of our climate, it might as well be done perhaps by the pestilential air necessary to the diffusion as by the contagion itself.'

When the circumstances of this great town are compared and contrasted in respect of cleanliness and comfort with those under which it was at the time of the last plague, we shall not have to wonder, says Dr. Hancock, at its comparative insusceptibility also to formidable distempers; and he announces it as his opinion, that the plague has in fact been often in London since the period referred to, but from want of the nidus of filth, and the fostering circumstances of inattention or mismanagement the disease has never mounted higher in the scale of malignity than common contagious fever. 'If we look at the state of London in the middle of the seventeenth century, and compare it with the pre-

sent, we shall cease to wonder that it has become of late years far more healthy. The mortality in 1697 was 20,970, whereas in 1797 it was only 17,014; and it will be found that the more recent occurrence of plague in some of the larger cities of Europe, are fairly attributable to their defective condition in respect of those particulars to which the present salubrity of London is so largely indebted.

That we have not been defended against plague by the operation of quarantine establishments may be fairly inferred, Dr. Hancock conceives, from the remarkable fact, that none of the expurgators of goods in Great Britain at these establishments have ever taken the plague since their origin; and the same immunity has been enjoyed by the establishments of other countries. The commencement of the Marseilles plague has been alleged as forming one of the exceptions to this immunity; but Dr. Hancock denies that the rumoured importation of plague into Marseilles is sufficiently entitled to credit in opposition to the general experience. 'If we consider,' says he, 'where it broke out, if we consider the previous diseases in the city, the state of the famished poor, the entire want of evidence as to any communication between the Rue l'Escale and the suspected ships or lazarettos; if we take into account that physicians on the spot would not at that time admit the disease to be plague, we cannot possibly receive the report as an axiom to build upon.' And how is it, asks our author, that the lazarettos have not preserved Cadiz and other towns in the south of Europe? In these places indeed the fevers that go under the denomination of plague, and are ascribed by many to foreign importation, are so clearly characterized by indigenous peculiarities, as to render their local origin almost a matter of demonstration. Our author's opinion on the evidence to be deduced from quarantine is summed up in the following terms.

'Now if we ascertain that in some countries, where quarantine is strictly enforced, pestilential diseases do notwithstanding find entrance; that in others, where plague has raged before, under other circumstances, though carelessly administered, the disease has not made its appearance for more than a century and a half; that in others, where the regulations are entirely dispensed with, the disease exhibits itself only occasionally, and obviously in connexion with a peculiar state of indigenous circumstances, or extraordinary phenomena in the seasons, &c.; that in others, where importation has been presumed, the fact, on investigation, has always been so clouded with improbable conjectures as to cause the most serious doubts of inquiring persons on the spot; that at most of these establishments no well authenticated instance of death in the frequently laborious and supposed hazardous employment of expurgation has taken place; and that in every country where plague has prevailed, circumstances of a particular nature, variously modified,

modified, have existed, it should then appear that, in connexion with other views of the subject, a very comprehensive body of facts is within reach, for the impartial consideration of those whom quarantine may immediately concern.'

In another part of his work, Dr. Hancock more particularly dwells upon the necessary inefficiency of quarantine in preventing so subtle a principle as contagion from making good its lodgment on our shores, especially under the proverbial laxity in the administration of its enactments. 'No one doubts that many a bale of merchandize, both silk and cotton, from our regular intercourse with Turkey, must have been often introduced to this country during the long interval from the last appearance of the plague to the present time, brought directly from infected cities; I will not say infected, but touched by infected hands, and packed in infected air.—Therefore I cannot but subscribe to the conclusion of Dr. Heberden, that our exemption from plague is not so much to be attributed to any accidental absence of its exciting causes, as to our change of manners, our love of cleanliness and ventilation, which have produced amongst us, I do not say an incapability, but a great unaptness any longer to receive it. Any improvements which our quarantine laws may have undergone are by no means adequate to such an effect.'

The concluding chapter of Dr. Hancock's volume is composed of a few intimations respecting the want of specific character in some other diseases besides plague that are by many regarded as definite, and communicable distempers, such as the yellow fever of the western continent and islands, and the typhus of London. Because these are occasionally communicated from person to person, and perhaps by fomes, it is a mistake to conclude therefore that they are not often spontaneous and sporadic; our author likewise alludes to that principle, to which especial reference will be found in the first part of the present paper, viz. the extensive operation of external and adventitious circumstances upon the aspect and apparent nature of morbid affection. In the following extract the reader will perhaps perceive a similar intimation to that which we have ourselves given on the head of diseases assumed almost universally to be specific and permanent in their habits and relations. 'I am inclined to think the practice of inoculation, and still more that of classifying diseases, which depend on many causes, and are liable to many changes, as we do the stable and permanent characters of the subjects of natural history, have given an unscientific turn to our views both in regard to the origin of, and differences between, what are termed specific contagions, and what are not; and I suspect we



shall have something to unlearn before we get into a proper train of investigation."

In the Appendix he proposes to give a few particulars relative to the plagues of Morocco in 1799; of Malta in 1813, and of Noya in Naples in 1816. Jackson, from whom he takes the account of the first, alludes to the famine which had recently pervaded the country, 'and which was produced by the incredible devastation of the devouring locusts,' of the birds of the air flying away from the abodes of men, and of fear having an extraordinary effect in predisposing the body to receive the infection. In reference to the plague at Malta, Dr. Hancock attempts to point out some discrepancy in the statements with regard to its origin. The president of the college of physicians thinks 'it might have originated from the lazaretto, where persons from Alexandria had it.' Faulkner supposes it 'not improbable that some of Salvatore Borg's family, among whom it first appeared, might have got goods from the infected vessel.' Dr. Calvert, not satisfied with this report, gives the contagion a more aerial passage, and is strongly inclined to think that it travelled through the air from the lazaretto to Valetta, and lighted upon the daughter of Salvatore Borg.' But the people of the island, according to Dr. Granville, firmly believe that S. Borg, who was a shoemaker, had purchased some linen to line shoes from a Jew, *who had received it from Alexandria*. Tully too and Faulkner disagree in their accounts respecting the healthiness of the island; and from the statement of the former, that 'the more insidious the first commencement of a plague, the more destructive is its ultimate progress,' Dr. Hancock maintains that it is incomprehensible how such a law should be developed upon the plain principle of foreign contagion propagated by contact only. Again, says Dr. Hancock, there is an inconsistency in the assertion of Faulkner, that the disease had no reference to the air, when he accounts for its not being more rapidly diffused at first 'by the state of the air, and other circumstances not favouring its contagious power in so great a degree as afterwards.' Further, the small island of Gozo, near Malta, was not visited till about eleven months after, and, what is singular, in the preceding plague of 1675, 'a considerable interval elapsed from the contamination of Valetta until that of Gozo:' and it is likewise very important to know, that *at this time, and a year previous, the plague was raging in different parts of the Levant*. In 1813 and 1814 it also raged on the banks of the Lepanto, on the shore of Albania and the neighbouring coast of the Morea, in Bucharest, Wallachia, Alexandria, &c. The whole range of coast from Albania to Spalatro, in the immediate

immediate neighbourhood of the Ionian islands, was in 1815 infected with plague to a great degree.

With respect to the Noya plague, it appears from the evidence of a writer in the Quarterly Journal of Foreign Medicine, that 1st, the disease was preceded by famine. 2d, it began among the poor. 3d, other diseases with which it might be confounded prevailed at the time. 4th, it was various in its appearance and not very contagious at the commencement. 5th, the south wind increased its spread. 6th, the individual who conveyed the smuggled goods was not affected. 7th, the nature of the disease was doubtful. 8th, it continued about six months, and then, like most of the plagues in that climate, ceased.

Granville and Tully are at variance with respect to the commencement of this plague. The former, on the authority of an official report, says, it *certainly* came from Dalmatia; while the latter observes, that, 'although the source from whence it was introduced is still involved in obscurity, the most fastidious inquirer cannot oppose its foreign origin.'

Tully and Granville likewise disagree with respect to the introduction of pestilence at Corfu in 1815, one tracing it to the distribution of a number of skull-caps of red cloth left in the island by the captain of a vessel from Tunis; the other to a large box deposited by a man of the name of Spiracchi in the house of his friend Potiti, which was opened after the lapse of more than a year by Potiti, Spiracchi not having returned. Dr. Hancock then refers to the omissions of Tully respecting the particular state of the weather, and the prevalence of indigenous maladies, and concludes the whole of his investigation by the following remarks,—

'Now what do all the uncommon circumstances stated in different parts of the volume relative to this event; as of rains earlier than usual—of long drought and heat unnatural for the season of the year—of constant sirocco—of malignant fever in a marshy soil, raging amongst a miserable, and wretched, and ill-fed population—of unprecedented severity in the weather—of the ravages of pestilence following and giving place to remittent fever—of a sickly season setting in far earlier than usual, hurrying all alike into disease—what do these things mean, if they are not all connected in causation as well as in series?

'It appears to me therefore, and I am far from credulous, and (but) earnest to discover the truth in this perplexing obscurity of fact and testimony, that he must be an infinitely greater sceptic who can disbelieve such a connection, than he who doubts the contradictory stories of Spiracchi's box and the skull-caps of red cloth from Tunis, brought into Corfu by stress of weather and distributed in Lefchimo.'

We have thus redeemed the pledge which we placed in the reader's hands. We have caused to pass in review before us the leading facts and most weighty arguments from which the doctrine

trine of specific contagion in plague is maintained by one, modified by another, and rejected by a third party; and we shall here limit ourselves to a remark or two on the contrasted statements of Sir Brooke Faulkner and Dr. Hancock; since the absolute verification of either one or the other of their assumptions might be supposed decisive of the question. Now, no one can deny that the testimony of such a writer as Sir Brooke Faulkner, founded as it is on a simple record of occurrences, constitutes a considerable weight of evidence in favour of imported contagion—nay, it is next to impossible to doubt the connection of the San Nicolo's arrival with the breaking out of pestilence on the island of Malta; and, upon the whole, we are called upon to give it as our unbiassed opinion, that a stronger case was never adduced in support of the principle for which its narrator contends.

It may, however, be permitted us to pause before we allow that an unqualified admission of all Sir Brooke Faulkner's data and inferences would absolutely establish the fact of an abstract, and, if we may so say, *uncircumstantial* power possessed by the contagious virus; and let the reader refer back to Dr. Hancock's intimations respecting the latitude of the island, the simultaneous existence of plague on some of the shores of the Levant and Mediterranean, and the probable condition of Malta itself in reference to its diseases, before he fully makes up his mind whether the arrival of the San Nicolo, under precisely similar circumstances, in the port of London or of Liverpool, would have been followed by the same results.\* On this head we confess that we entertain considerable doubts, conceding, at the same time, that Sir Brooke Faulkner has placed a greater difficulty in the way of the anti-contagionist than before existed. Prior to the accounts of the Maltese pestilence, the circumstances connected with the appearance of plague at Moscow and Marseilles, constituted perhaps the greatest impediments to a reception of the anti-contagious creed; but still, in both these instances, a minute inquiry into particulars brings to light several considerable flaws in the evidence favouring absolute and abstract miasm; while the statements of Sir Brooke Faulkner do not appear, to say the least of them, quite so vulnerable. But, in whatever way we decide in reference to this particular, certain it is, that, on the other hand, Dr. Hancock has brought forward a vast body of testimony of the most unequivocal kind, illustrative of the proposition, that the origin, spread, and decline of pestilence has, for the most part, more re-

\* Sir A. Brooke Faulkner admits that this very vessel was sent back to Alexandria with her infected cargo; and 'that none of the persons who navigated her back took the plague but arrived in perfect health;' and he believes that 'they who assisted in landing the cargo were not affected.'

ference to the local peculiarities of the soil and climate in which it appears, than to any foreign importation; and that plague, if it be sometimes a contagious and transportable, is, for the most part, an indigenous or endemic distemper.

Let the fact be recollected as one of extreme importance, that pestilential disorders have been much on the decline since the advance of civilization, and that, for the most part, they only still prevail in countries and districts, where the habits of the people are such as are known to be conducive towards fanning contagious poison into malignant disease. 'It is remarkable' (says Sir John Pringle) 'how much the plague, pestilential fevers, putrid scurvy, and dysenteries have abated in Europe within the last century; a blessing which we can ascribe to no other second cause than to our improvement in every thing relating to cleanliness, and to the more general use of antiseptics.'

The remarkable exemption of Persia from the plague has been noticed by a great number of writers—remarkable, inasmuch as contiguous countries have been the greatest sufferers from pestilential visitations. For this exemption the Persians are obviously, in part at least, indebted to their peculiar habits, 'they are the most cleanly people in the world, many of them making it great part of their religion to remove filthiness and nuisances of every kind from all places about their cities or dwellings.' And, not to multiply instances of liabilities and exemptions in places and persons, we are warranted, it is conceived, in stating generally, that where lands are elevated, the climate temperate, and the soil dry, there pestilence of all kinds is of the least easy induction;—that, on the contrary, where the lands are low and swampy, the temperature hot, and the air at the same time humid;—there, more circumspection and care are required on the part of the inhabitants to counteract, by artificial means, endemic insalubrity;—and, during the last century, the greater part of Europe has been most happily and efficaciously acting upon this principle—swampy lands have been drained—waste marshes cultivated—filth removed from our cities—air made to circulate through our dwellings—superstitious apprehensions respecting pestilential visits considerably lessened—and (in consequence shall we say, without incurring the charge of assuming where we ought to prove?) the greater part of Europe, and our own country and cities in particular, instead of harbouring and fostering contagion into venomous, and permanent, and wide-spreading pestilence, have merely 'afforded a short and niggardly entertainment to the mildest form of contagious fever!'

Before we conclude, it may be expected that we should say a few words respecting the probable manner in which infectious

miasinata are made to influence the frame. Is contagion absorbed occasionally through the surface of the body, or are the lungs its only inlet? The former is the opinion most generally received, and acted on, but it may be regarded as of questionable foundation. Some phisiologists indeed doubt whether, while the outer skin is whole and entire, it be at all permeable to the most minute and subtle matter from without; and whether every thing, both salutary and noxious, does not find its way into the system either through the lungs or the stomach? Lay, for example, the saliva of a rabid animal, the matter of small-pox, or that of vaccinia upon the skin merely, and you fail to inoculate with the diseases. It is necessary that the cuticle be abraded or punctured before the absorbents can receive the poison. But, on the other hand, it is urged that infectious effluvia, from their higher divisibility than the poisons referred to, may possess the power of penetrating through the scarf-skin and thus impregnate the body. In reply to this suggestion, others have urged the case of natural, as opposed to inoculated small-pox. Here we find the disease taken from secreted matter is as impalpable, and most probably in as minute form, as when sickness is the result of other infections; and yet this material, when it is concentrated into a tangible existence, and thus most probably possessed of higher power, must be made to enter the body by puncture or scarification. Neither does this poison affect as a contagious substance when received into the stomach. Dr. Rush informs us, that he gave a negro girl some variolous matter mixed with a dose of physic, and that no sensible effect was produced. It is, therefore, we repeat, highly probable, not however by any means certain, that the sole vehicle by which contagious or infectious influence operates upon the body is the lungs. This is not, of course, a matter of mere speculative curiosity; for, could it be certainly ascertained that the outer skin forms that barrier which we are inclined to believe it does, against the intrusion of a morbid poison, it would follow of course that there need be less scruple about handling the sick, and performing acts of sympathy and duties of humanity towards them, provided we carefully kept from immediately inhaling their breath; at all events, we believe, that those expedients are idle and fruitless to which recourse is had for the purpose of defending against impregnation by infectious miasmata, such as feeling the pulse through the medium of a cabbage-leaf, oiling the surface of the body, &c. and here, we may remark, that in our minds that notion is altogether ill-founded which attributes a preventive efficacy in cases of fever, to certain materials, such as camphor, and aromatic oils, and perfumes, which are, probably, all of them worse than nothing. The best, the only preservatives, are cleanliness and ventilation,

ventilation, joined with a firm but not presumptuous confidence in the protecting power of Providence.

As a result of the whole inquiry the following corollaries appear to us to be pretty fairly made out—That all, or at least the greater part of morbid poisons are in some inscrutable way the produce of the clime and country in which they originally appear—that they are materially modified by time, and by the intercourse of nations, so much so, as in some cases to lose eventually their primary characteristics and habits—that some are much more permanent in respect of their specific peculiarities than others—but that *all* are, in a greater or less degree, subject to the modifying influence supposed—that those which are the most fixed, or the least changeable in their external habits and essential peculiarities, are the most easily conveyed from one country to another—but that there are few, if any, that may not be transported from the place which gave them birth, and transplanted into foreign soils; where, however, some will soon die away, or be changed into other forms and essences according to the natural tendencies or artificial habits of the new regions in which they have arrived, while others will retain for centuries a sufficient degree of peculiarity to mark their actual essence through all their variety of modification—that man can accomplish much towards mitigating the malign agency of contagious poisons—and that progress in the arts of civilization and improvements in polity have disarmed epidemics of a considerable portion of their power. Finally, it does not seem probable that the metropolis of England can ever receive from the shores of the Levant a sufficient measure of contagious miasmata to cause the existence or prevalence of positive plague—but, as some degree of uncertainty necessarily connects itself with our conclusions on subjects which, from their very nature, are insusceptible of absolute demonstration, it will be the part of a wise policy rather to err on the side of caution, than that of precipitancy or presumption. It is, however, to say the least, highly questionable whether laws framed for the purpose of preventing the intrusion of pestilence might not be much less restrictive, and expensive, and vexatious than they actually are, and at the same time equally, if not more, effective.

---

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### BOTANY, AGRICULTURE, AND HORTICULTURE.

- ON the Depressed State of Agriculture.** By James Cleghorn. 8vo. 3s.  
**Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London.** Vol. V. Part I. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
**Hortus Anglicus; or, the Modern English Garden; arranged according to the System of Linnaeus.** 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.  
**The Florist's Manual, or Hints for the Construction of a gay Flower-garden, with directions for preventing the depredations of insects.** 2d edit. small 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
**A concise and practical Treatise on the growth and culture of the Carnation, &c.** By Thomas Hogg. 12mo. 8s.  
**The Exotic Flora: containing Figures and Descriptions of New, Rare, or Little Known Exotic Plants.** By W. J. Hooker, LL.D. &c. Part I. Royal 8vo.  
**The different modes of Cultivating the Pine-Apple from its first Introduction into Europe.** By a Member of the Horticultural Society. 8vo. 9s.

### ANTIQUITIES.

- The Architectural Antiquities of Normandy.** By John Sell Cotman. 2 vols. super royal folio, 12l. 12s. With proofs of plates on India paper, 21l. half-bound.  
**Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland; with Historical Descriptions.** By Sir Walter Scott. No. I. to VI.  
**A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome.** By the Rev. E. Burton, M.A. 8vo. 15s.

### ASTRONOMY.

- Astronomische Hulfstafeln fur 1822.** 8vo. 7s.  
**Star Tables for 1822.** By T. Lyna. No. II. Royal 8vo. 10s.  
**The Elements of Astronomy.** By John Brinkley, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

- Part VII. of Bibliotheca Britannica; or a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland.** By Robert Watt, M.D. 4to. 1l. 1s.  
**Dowding's Catalogue of nearly 100,000 volumes of Second-hand Books.**

### BIOGRAPHY.

- A Series of Writers in English Poetry, Natives of, or Residents in, the County of Kent.** 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.  
**Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini; written by himself. Edited by T. Roscoe, Esq.** 2 vols. 24s.  
**The Life of the Right Hon. Willielma, Viscountess Glenorchy: containing Extracts from her Diary and Correspondence.** By T. S. Jones, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
**Remains of the late A. L. Ross, A.M. with a Memoir of his Life.** 12mo.  
**The Life of William Penn, abridged and adapted to the use of young Persons.** By Mary Hughes. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.  
**The Political and Private Life of the Marquis of Londonderry.** By T. P. Fitzgerald, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

### CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

- Museum Criticum; or Cambridge Classical Researches.** No. VII. 8vo. 5s.  
**The First Five Books of Livy's History, with English Notes on the various Readings.** By John Hunter, LL.D. 12mo. 5s.  
**Supplementary Annotations on Livy: designed as an Appendix to the Editions of Drakenborch and Crevier, &c.** By J. Walker. 8vo. 12s.  
**The First Book of Homer's Iliad translated into Latin Hexameter Verse.** By the Rev. W. J. Aislabie, Rector of Holywell, and late of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.  
**The Odyssey of Homer, translated into English Prose.** By a Member of the University of Oxford, in 2 vols. 8vo.  
**A Translation in Verse of the Epistles from Laodamia to Protesilaus; Enone to Paris; and Leander to Hero; from the Works of Ovid.** By Joseph Guy, jun. 4to. 5s.  
**Political Fragments of Archytas, Charondas, Zaleucus, and other Ancient Pythagoreans, and Ethical Fragments of Hierocles.** Translated from the Greek, by Thomas Taylor. 8vo. 6s.  
**The Satires of Aulus Persius Flaccus, translated into English Verse.** By W. Gifford, Esq. With Notes and Illustrations and the Latin Text. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The



The Odes of Anacreon. Translated into English Measure. By Lord Thurlow. 5s.

## CONCHOLOGY.

A New and Classical Arrangement of the Bivalve Shells of the British Islands. By W. Turton, M.D. 4to. with 20 Plates, drawn and coloured from original Specimens in the Author's Cabinet. 4l.

## DRAMA.

John Buzzby, a Comedy. By S. Kenny, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
The Fortunes of Nigel, or King James I. and his Times. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
The Manager, a Melo-dramatic Tale. By Henry Lee. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Altorf, a Tragedy. By F. Wright. 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
Erimaldi, a Tragedy. By William Bailey. 8vo. 5s.

## EDUCATION.

Collectanea Latina; or Select Extracts from Latin Authors: with Notes, &c. By Thomas Quin. 12mo. 5s.  
The Gift of Friendship, or Riddle explained. By Mary Elliott. 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
An Easy Course of Domestic Education. By W. Hort. 22 vols. in a case 3l. 13s. 6d.  
A Key to the complete Course of Arithmetic. By W. H. White. 12mo. 5s.  
The Conversational Preceptor, in French and English. With Dialogues by B. M. Leblanc. 6s. 6d.  
Examinatory Questions in Arithmetic, Geography, Latin Grammar, English Grammar, and the History of England. By the Rev. H. C. Donoghue. 2s.  
A Key to the above, for the Use of Parents and Teachers. 2s. 6d.  
Essays on Intellectual and Moral Improvement, and the Social Virtues. By J. Flockart. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Aristarchus, or the Principles of Composition, with Rules for attaining Purity and Elegance of Expression. By Philip Withers. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Gleanings and Recollections (Moral and Religious) to assist the Memory of Youth. By a Parent. 18mo. 1s.

## FINE ARTS.

An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture. By George, Earl of Aberdeen. Post 8vo. 7s.  
Britannia Delineata. Part II. Imperial folio.  
Sicily: from Drawings. By Dewint. No. IX. 8vo. 12s. 4to. 18s.  
Paris: from Drawings. By Captain Battay. 8vo. 7l. 4s. 4to. 10l. 16s.  
A Series of Views illustrative of the Island of St. Helena. By J. Wathen, Esq.  
The Rudiments of Perspective; in which the Representation of Objects is described by two Methods. By Peter Nicholson. 8vo. 14s.  
Les Costumes Françaises de 1820 à 1715. 12mo. 21s.  
Delineations of the Costume of the Spaniards. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.  
Six Views of Chudleigh, in Devonshire, beautifully Engraved by G. Hollis, after Drawings by H. de Cört, in the Possession of Sir R. Colt Hoare, Bart. Imp. 4to. 15s.—fol. 21s.  
An elegantly engraved View of Aberdeen. By G. Smith, Architect, &c.  
A Series of Portraits of Eminent Historical Characters, introduced in the "Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley," with biographical Notices. Part VI. containing Richard, Cœur de Lion; George Heriot; Duke of Buckingham; Duke of Montrose. 12mo. 8s. 8vo. 10s.

## GEOGRAPHY.

A Statistical, Political, Mineralogical, and Modern Map of Italy; with the New Boundaries, according to the latest Treaties. By J. A. Orgiazzi. 15s. in a case.  
A Gazetteer of the most Remarkable Places in the World, with Brief Notices of the principal Historical Events, and the most celebrated Persons connected with them; to which are annexed, Reference to Books of History, Voyages, and Travels, &c. By Thomas Bourn. 8vo. 18s.  
Part V. of Malte Brun's System of Universal Geography. 7s. 6d.  
A new Geographical, Historical, and Religious Chart; shewing at one View the principal Places in the known World; the Religion, Government, Civilization, and Population; with the Missionary Stations in each Country. By the Rev. T. Clark.  
Atlas of Scotland, No. VI. containing Lanarkshire, on two Sheets. 10s. 6d.

## GEOLOGY.

## GEOLOGY.

- An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains, especially of those found in the British Strata. By James Parkinson. 12s.  
 Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales. By the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, F.R.S. M.G.S. &c. and William Phillips, F.L.S. M.G.S. &c. Part I. Small 8vo. 16s.—demy 8vo. 1l.  
 Geological Essays; comprising a View of the Order of the Strata, Coal-fields, and Minerals of the District of the Avon. By Joseph Sutcliffe. 8vo. 4s.

## HERALDRY.

- Bibliotheca Heraldica Magnæ Britannia, an Analytical Catalogue of Books relating to Heraldry, Genealogy, &c. By Thomas Moule. 8vo. 36s.—4to. 3l. 3s.  
 The Visitation of Middlesex, begun in 1663, by William Ryley, Esq. Lancaster, and Henry Dethick, Rouge-Croix, Marshals and Deputies to Sir E. Bysshe, Clarenceux King of Arms. Folio, 1l. 11s. 6d.

## HISTORY.

- A History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration. By George Brodie, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.  
 Napoleon in Exile; or a Voice from St. Helena. By Barry O'Meara, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.  
 History of King Richard the Third. By Sir Thomas Moore. A new edition, 8vo. with portraits, 15s.  
 An Historical Account, Part I. of his Majesty's Visit to Scotland: consisting of a Variety of curious Information relative to former Royal Visits. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
 An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution, including some Account of Religion, Manners, and Literature, in Spain. By E. Blaquiere, Esq. 8vo. with a Map. 18s.

## LAW.

- A Digest of the Public General Statutes from Magna Charta, A.D. 1224-5 to 1 and 2 Geo. IV. A.D. 1821, inclusive: with Chronological Tables of Statutes and Sovereigns' Reigns; and an Appendix of Schedules and Forms. By R. P. Tyrwhitt, and T. W. Tyndale, of the Middle Temple. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d. in boards.  
 Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Consistory Court of London, containing the Judgments of the Right Hon. Sir W. Scott, now Baron Stowell. By John Haggard, LL.D. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 2s.  
 A Treatise on the Law of Debtor and Creditor. By Charles Ellis, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law. Royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards.  
 A Digest of the Laws relating to the Poor. By J. Stamford Caldwell, Esq. Barrister at Law. 8vo. 12s.  
 A Practical Treatise on the Law of Mortgages. By John Patch, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law. Royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 A Summary of the Law of Bills of Exchange, Cash Bills and Promissory Notes. By John Bayley, Esq. Serjeant at Law (now one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench).—Fourth Edition, with very considerable Alterations and Additions.  
 The Law of Landlord and Tenant. By William Woodfall, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law. Royal 8vo. 1l. 3s.  
 A Treatise on the Law of Landlord and Tenant. By R. B. Comyn, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law. Royal 8vo. 1l. 3s.  
 A Practical Treatise on the Law of Partition, with an Appendix, containing the Statutes and a Selection of Precedents. By C. B. Allnutt, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
 A Practical Treatise on the Law of Vendors and Purchasers of Estates. By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Esq. The sixth Edition, with considerable Additions. Royal 8vo. 1l. 5s. boards.  
 A Treatise on the Law of Tithes. By Sir Samuel Toller, Knight, Advocate General at Madras. Third Edition. Royal 8vo. 16s.

## MATHEMATICS.

- Practical Observations on the Nautical Almanack and Astronomical Ephemeris. By James South, F.R.S. 8vo. 4s.  
 First Elements of the Theory of Series and Differences. 4to. 18s.

A Treatise

- A Treatise on Practical Gauging. By A. Nesbitt and W. Little. 12mo. 8s.  
A System of Mechanics. By the Rev. J. R. Robinson. 8vo. 13s.

**MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.**

- A new View of the Infection of Scarlet Fever, illustrated by Remarks on other contagious Diseases. By W. Macmichael, M.D. F.R.S. one of the Physicians of the Middlesex Hospital. 8vo.  
A Treatise on the Diseases of Arteries and Veins. By Joseph Hodson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. 15s.  
The Study of Medicine, comprising its Physiology, Pathology, and Practice. By John Mason Good, M.D. 4 vols. 8vo.  
A Discourse on Vaccination. By Valentine Leman, M.D. 8vo. 6s.  
A System of Anatomy for the Use of Students of Medicine. By Caspar Wistar, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.  
Horse Subsecivæ; or first Steps to Composing and Conversing on Medical Subjects in the Latin Language. By J. Fletcher, M.D. 12mo. 4s.  
Anatomical and Physiological Researches. By Herbert Mayo. No. I. 8vo.  
Practical Observations on Strictures. By C. Courtenay, M.D. 2s. 6d.  
Practical Treatise on Nervous and Bilious Complaints. By John Lynch. 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
On the Use and Abuse of Friction, with some Remarks on Motion and Rest, as applicable to the Cure of various Surgical Diseases, and particularly Gout and Rheumatism. By John Bacot. 8vo. 2s.  
Observations on the Anatomy, &c. of the Nervous System. By J. Swan. 10s. 6d.  
The Seats and Causes of Diseases investigated by Anatomy. By W. Cooke. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
Popular Directions for the Prevention and Cure of Head-Achs, Colds, and Indigestions. By an experienced Medical Practitioner. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
A Manual of Practical Anatomy for the Use of Students engaged in Dissections. By Edward Stanley, Assistant-Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 12mo. 3s.  
Synopsis Nosologicæ Methodicæ exhibens Systema Nosologicum Auctore Gulielmo Cullen, M.D. Editio Altera. 32mo. 2s.  
Dr. John Gregory on the Duties and Qualifications of a Physician. 12mo. 4s.  
The Dublin Hospital Reports and Communications in Medicine and Surgery. Vol. III.  
A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Heart. By H. Reeder, M.D., Physician to the South London Dispensary, &c.  
A Treatise on the Morbid Respiration of Domestic Animals. By Edward Causer, Surgeon, late Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty's 4th Regiment of Dragoons. 8vo.  
A Treatise on the Utility of Sanguis-Suction, or Leech-Bleeding. By Rees Price, M.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

- An Account of the Last Illness, Decease, and Post Mortem Appearance of Napoleon Buonaparte. By Archibald Arnott, M. D. Surgeon 20th Regiment. To which is added a Letter from Dr. Arnott to Lieut.-General Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B. giving a succinct statement of Napoleon Buonaparte's Disease and Demise. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
A Letter to Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. on the Application of Machinery to the Purpose of calculating and printing Mathematical Tables. By Charles Babbage, Esq., M.A. 4to. 1s. 6d.  
The Works of John Dryden, illustrated with Notes, and a Life of the Author. By Sir Walter Scott. 18 vols. 9l. 9s. Second edition.  
Vol. XV. Part II. of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. Conducted by Dr. D. Brewster. 21s.  
Museum Asiaticum; or Select Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art. By Charles Hulbert. 18mo. 5s. 6d.  
Report of the Trial, in the Action of Damages for some passages in Blackwood's Magazine, Professor Leslie v. William Blackwood.  
Essays on Subjects of important inquiry in Metaphysics, Morals, and Religion. By the late Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. 8vo. 15s.  
The Claims of Sir P. Francis refuted; with a Supplement to Junius Discovered.  
The Modern Art of Fencing, agreeably to the practice of the most eminent Masters

- in Europe. By Le Sieur Guzman Rolando of the Académie des Armes. By J. S. Forsyth. 18mo. 10s. 6d. boards. 12s. bound.
- An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Steam Engine. By Charles Frederick Partington. 8vo. 18s.
- The Elements of the Game of Chess. By William Lewis. 12mo. 7s.
- The Trial of James Stuart, Esq., before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Remarks on the present defective State of the Nautical Almanack. By Francis Baily, F.R.S. and L.S. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- The Principles of Genius; an Essay by Alexander Paton. 12mo. 5s.
- Description of a Tread Mill for the Employment of Prisoners. 8vo. 3s.
- The Practical Confectioner: embracing the whole system of pastry and confectionery, consisting of 260 receipts. By James Cox. 12mo. 8s.
- Part XXXIV. of the Percy Anecdotes; containing Anecdotes of Music. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- Quarles's "Spare Hours," or Four Centuries of Meditations. 2 vols. royal 16mo. portrait. 9s.
- Analecta; or Pocket Anecdotes, with Reflections. Designed as an agreeable Companion for the Social Circle. By the Rev. James Churchill. 5s.
- A New Ready Reckoner, upon a novel System of Reduction. By William Wright. Oblong 4to. 8s.

## INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A Search of Truth in the Science of the Human Mind. Part I. By the Rev. F. Beasley, D.D. 8vo. 14s.

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, AND NATURAL HISTORY.

- Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural Society. Vol. IV. Part I. With ten engravings. 10s. 6d.
- Practical Electricity and Galvanism. By John Cuthbertson. 8vo. 12s.
- Zoological Researches in the Island of Java, &c., with Figures of Native Quadrupeds and Birds. By Thomas Horsfield, M.D. No. IV. 4to. 21s.

## NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

- Osmond; a Tale. By the Author of the Favourite of Nature. 2 vols. 12mo.
- The School for Mothers; or the Politics of the Village. A Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo.
- Roche Blanche, or the Hunters of the Pyrenees; a Romance. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. 24s.
- Body and Soul; a Series of lively and pathetic Stories. 8vo. 12s.
- The Scrinium. By Rebecca Edridge. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.
- Curiosity; a Novel. By Joan de Luce. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.
- The Uncles; or Selfishness and Liberality. By Zara Wentworth. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.
- Confessions of an English Opium Eater. 12mo. 5s.
- The Hermit in the Country. Vol. IV. Small 8vo. 7s.
- The Steam Boat. By the Author of Annals of the Parish. 12mo. 7s.
- Who is the Bridegroom? By Mrs. Green. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.
- Moscow; or the Grandsire, an Historical Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.
- Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry. By A. Cunningham. 12s.

## PHILOLOGY.

- An Easy Method of Acquiring the Reading of Hebrew with the Vowel-Points, according to the Ancient Practice. On a sheet. 1s. 6d.
- An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language. By D. Booth. Part I. 7s. 6d.
- Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man. By N. G. Dufief. Fifth edition, considerably improved and enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

## POETRY.

- A Lyric Poem on the Death of Napoleon. From the French of P. Lebrun. 8vo. 16s.
- The Spirit of the Lakes, or Mucross Abbey: in three Cantos, with explanatory notes. By Miss Selby. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Another Cain; a Mystery: dedicated (without permission) to Lord Byron. 2s.
- Verses on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Bernard Barton. 2s.

Vols.

**Vol. I. and II. of the Exemplary Novels of Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote."**  
12mo. 14s.

**Whittingham's Pocket Novelists.** No. I. containing *Evelina*. 2 vols. 4s. No. II. containing the *Old Manor House*. 2 vols. 6s.

**The Shipwrecked Sailor Boy.** 2s.

**Tales of the Academy.** 2 vols. 5s.

**The Poetical Works of Barry Cornwall, now first collected.** 3 vols. 21s.

**Halidon Hill, a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History.** By Sir W. Scott, Bart. 5s. 6d.

**Nonsense Verses, with an Introduction and Notes.** By James Harley. 4s. 6d.

**The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, with a Life.** By S. W. Singer, Esq. 5 vols. foolscap 8vo. 25s.

**Outlines of Edinburgh, and other Poems.** 5s.

**Elegy on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley.** By Arthur Brooke. 1s. 6d.

**Specimens of the German Lyric Poets, consisting of Translations in Verse from Burgher, Goethe, Jacobi, Klopstock, &c.** 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Lavenham Church.** By the late Rebecca Ribbans, with a Lithographic View. 5s.

**Random Rhymes from Paris, with other Poems.** By Dennis Travers. 8vo.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

**Considerations on the Accumulation of Capital, and its Effects on Profits, and on Exchangeable Value.** 2s. 6d.

**Letters to Mr. Malthus on several subjects of Political Economy: translated from the French of J. B. Say.** By J. Richter, Esq. 9s.

**A Treatise relative to the Effect of an Increase of Current Money in promoting the Growth of Population.** 8vo. 5s. 6d.

**A Compendium of Finance: containing an Account of the origin and state of the Public Debts, Revenue, &c.** By B. Cohen. 8vo. 11. 7s.

**Observations on a General Iron Railway: with a Geographical Map of the Plan, showing its great superiority, by the general Introduction of Mechanic Power, over all the present Methods of Conveyance by Turnpike roads and Canals.** 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**An Inquiry into the Present State of the Statute and Criminal Law of England.** By John Miller, Esq. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

**A Statistical Account, or Parochial Survey of Ireland.** By William Shaw Mason, Esq. Vol. III.

**A Manifesto to the Spanish Nation, and especially to the Cortes for the years 1822 and 1823.** By the Citizen Jose Morena Guerra, deputy for the province of Cordova: translated from the Spanish. 2s. 6d.

**A Letter on the Present State and Future Prospects of Agriculture: addressed to the Agriculturists of the County of Salop.** By W. W. Whitmore, Esq., M. P. 2s. 6d.

**Economical Enquiries relative to the Laws regulating Rent, Profit, Wages, and the Value of Money.** By T. Hopkins.

**Cursory Suggestions on Naval Subjects, with an Outline of a Plan for raising Seamen for his Majesty's Fleets, by Ballot.** 8vo. 3s.

**Report on the Criminal Law of Demarara and in the Dutch Colonies.** By J. Henry, Esq., of the Middle Temple.

**The Policy of England and France at the present Crisis, with respect to the Greeks.** 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**The Speeches of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons on moving Resolutions on Reform in Parliament.** 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**The Speech of Thomas Creevy, Esq. in the House of Commons, upon the subject of the Act of the Ministerial Pension Bill.** 1s. 6d.

**A Speech delivered by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, on the 24th May, 1822, before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, explanatory of the Measures which have been successfully pursued in St. John's Parish, Glasgow, for the extinction of its Compulsory Pauperism.** 8vo. 2s.

**Dr. Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns.** No. XII. on Pauperism. 8vo. 1s. Quarterly.

**Two Letters: one addressed to the Marquis of Londonderry, the other to Sir James Macintosh, M. P. on Columbia.** By a Merchant. 2s.

**An Abstract of the New Navigation Act.** 8vo. 2s.

*On the Affairs of Greece.*

- A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on the subject of the Greeks. By Thomas Lord Erskine. 2d edition. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
 Thoughts on the Greek Revolution. By Charles Brinsley Sheridan. 8vo. 3s.  
 An Address to the People of England in the Cause of the Greeks, occasioned by the late Inhuman Massacres in the Isle of Scio. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. 8vo. 2s.  
 An Appeal to the British Public, in the Cause of the Persecuted Greeks, and an earnest Recommendation that an immediate Subscription be opened for their Support. By the Rev. Robert Chatfield, LL.D. 1s.

## THEOLOGY.

- A Sermon, preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, July 1st, 1822, at the Visitation of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London. By C. Goddard, D.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
 An Examination of the Remonstrance addressed to the Bishop of St. David's, with Answers to the Questions addressed to Trinitarians generally, by Captain James Gifford, R.N. By a Trinitarian. 8vo. 8s.  
 The Epistles of Paul the Apostle translated, with an Exposition and Notes. By the Rev. Thomas Belsham. 4 vol. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.  
 Popular Lectures on the Bible and Liturgy. By E. H. Locker, Esq. 7s. 6d.  
 Sermons. By the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Four Sermons. By the Rev. J. Taylor, LL.D., Dr. Taylor, and Bishops Louth and Hayter. 4s.  
 Lectures on Parables selected from the New Testament. 8s.  
 Gleanings in the Field of Boaz; or Short Meditations and Selections from various Authors. By Jacob Squire, Esq. 2 vols. 30s.  
 Testimonies to the Truths of National and Revealed Religion, extracted from the Works of distinguished Laymen. By the Rev. S. Brewster. 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Discourses on various Subjects, and Charges delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Winchester. By Thomas Balguy, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.  
 Sermons on Subjects Doctrinal and Practical. By the Rev. H. G. White, A.M. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.  
 The Influence of Protestant Missionary Establishments, in developing the Physical and Moral Condition of Man. By T. Myers, A.M. 3s.  
 Observations on the Metrical Version of the Psalms, made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others. By the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A. F.S.A. 8vo. 4s.  
 Six Village Sermons. By the Rev. E. Berens. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
 Lectures on some important Doctrines of the Gospel. By Thomas Raffles, LL.D. 12mo. 7s. 6d.  
 Part II. of Lectures on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity. By Edward Andrews, LL.D. 8vo. 7s.  
 The Seaman's Prayer-Book. 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 A respectful Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, occasioned by the speech imputed to his Lordship at the Isle of Thanet Bible Society Meeting. By the Rev. H. H. Norris, M.A. 8vo. 7s.  
 Works of the Rev. John Gambold: with an Introductory Essay. By Thomas Erskine, Esq. 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
 The Seasons contemplated in the Spirit of the Gospel: six Sermons. By the Rev. Thomas Gillespie. 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
 A Country Parson's Second Offering to his Mother Church, in nine Pastoral Sermons. 12mo. 3s.  
 Sermons. By Jonathan Walton, B.D. 2 vols. 8vo.  
 Scripture Chronology, digested on a new plan, on the principal facts of Sacred History. 2s. 6d.  
 Sexaginta Conciones, nunquam ante hac promulgatæ Lithographicæ Impressæ fideliter MSS. imitantes. A Presbytero Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.  
 Asaph, or the Herrnbutters. By one of its Members. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Select Passages from the Bible, arranged under distinct Heads, for the Use of Schools and Families. By Alexander Adam. 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
 The Imitation of Christ; in Three Books. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated from the  
 the

- the Latin, by John Payne. With a Recommendatory Preface, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow. 8vo.  
 The Morning and Evening Sacrifice; or, Prayers for Private Persons and Families. Post 8vo.  
 Baptism Discussed, containing Scripture Principles, Precepts and Precedents, in favour of the Baptism of Infants and little Children; with a Defence of Sprinkling. By Daniel Isaac. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

## TOPOGRAPHY.

- An Historical Account of Aberdeen. By R. Wilson, A.M. 12mo. 10s. 6d.  
 Notes on Orkney and Zetland, illustrative of the History, Antiquities, and Scenery of those Islands. By A. Peterkin, Esq. Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 The History and Antiquities of Hengrave, in Suffolk. By J. Gage, Esq. With thirty engravings. Royal 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. Imperial 4to., with proof impressions, 7l. 7s.  
 Seventy-six Views on the Thames, with a Volume of Descriptions. 4to. 8l. Imperial 4to. 12l. India paper proofs, 15l.  
 A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns. Small 8vo. 8s.  
 A View of the Present State of the Scilly Islands: exhibiting their vast Importance to Great Britain, and the Improvements of which they are susceptible. By the Rev. George Woodley. 8vo. with a Chart. 12s.  
 The History of Stamford. 8vo. 23s.  
 The History of Preston in Lancashire, and the Guild Merchant, with an Account of the Duchy and County Palatine of Lancaster. 4to. 15s.  
 Memoirs, Historical and Topographical, of Bristol and its Neighbourhood. By the Rev. S. Seyer, M.A. Part I. 4to.  
 Delineations, Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive, of the Watering and Seabathing Places of Scotland. By the Rev. W. Wade. 12mo.  
 An Account of the Principal Pleasure Tours in England and Wales. With Maps and Views. 12mo. 10s. 6d.  
 Part IX. of a General History of the County of York. By T. D. Whitaker, LL.D. &c. Folio demy. 2l. 2s., or on super-royal drawing paper, 4l. 4s.  
 Paterson's Roads of England, Wales, and the Southern part of Scotland. By Edward Mogg. A new edition. 16s.  
 A Description of Fonthill Abbey, with Eight engraved Views. Folio, large paper, 21s.  
 Vol. VI. of Lysons's *Magna Britannia*, containing Devonshire. In Two Parts. 5l. 15s. 6d.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

- Narrative of an Expedition from Tripoli in Barbary, to the Western Frontier of Egypt, in 1817, by the Bey of Tripoli. Translated from the Italian of Dr. Della Cella, by A. Aufere, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 A Journey from Merut, in India, to London, through Arabia, Persia, &c. in 1819, 1820. By Lieut. T. Lumsden, of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Inquiry concerning the Site of Ancient Palibothra, Part IV., containing a Tour from Bhaugulpore to Mandar, from thence to Currukpoor and a Circuit of the Hills, with an Account of the Site of the Ancient City of Jey Nuggur, made during the months of December and January, 1818-19, with a Map of the Route, Views, &c. By Lieut. Col. William Franklin. 4to. 15s. bds.  
 Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America, in 1817-18-19. By W. T. Harris. 4s.  
 Statistical Account of Upper Canada. By Robert Gourlay. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.  
 Travels into the Arkansaw Territory, with occasional observations on the Manners of the Aborigines, illustrated by Maps and other Engravings. By Thomas Nuttall, F.L.S.  
 A Journal of a Voyage to Greenland, in the year 1821. With graphic Illustrations. By Captain Manby. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.



## INDEX

TO THE

TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY  
REVIEW.

## A.

ADAMSON, (John) *Memoirs of Luis de Camoens*, 1—character of his work, *ib.* 39.  
—See *Camoens*.

Æolic digamma, sketch of the history of, 41—alterations introduced by the Athenians in their dialect, 41, 42—early instances of the digamma, 43—disused by the Romans, 45—its necessity vindicated by Claudius, *ib.*—and by the ancient grammarians, 47—notice of it by them, 48—50—opinions of Jablonski and Montfaucon on its position and uses, 52—the Elean inscription the basis of all modern systems on the digamma, 54—a new view of its origin, 54—58—remarks on the researches of Bentley and Dawes, on the digamma, 59, 60.

Agostino, (Jose) *O Oriente*, a poem, 1—analysis of it with remarks, 33—39.

America, notice of views, visits, and tours in, 71—73—American misrepresentations of English officers, 74, 75—incivility of the American servants at New York, 76—view of the interior, 77—cause of the declining manufactures of Pittsburgh, 78—filthiness of American inns, 78, 79—remarks on the actual state of Ohio, 80—American law and justice, 81, 82—sanguinary character of the settlers, 82, 83—miserable condition of the slaves, 83, 84—unhealthiness of the southern country, 87—specimens of 'elegant' manners of the Americans, 85, 86—misery of the English settlers in this country, 86, 87—account of Birkbeck's settlement in Illinois, 90—95—and of the settlement at Harmony, 96—worship of the Shakers at Cincinnati, 97—conduct of the Americans during the campaigns in Canada.—See *Canadas*.

Anson, (Lord) vindicated from the slander of Horace Walpole, 201.

Antediluvian remains, found at Kirkdale, description of, 464—467—and at Oreston, 470—472.

Antiphon, remarks on the orations of, 368—390.

Architecture, on the application of the various styles of, 310—characteristic excellencies of the Grecian architecture, 311—313—peculiarities of Gothic architecture, 313, 314—Grecian architecture not capable of being naturalized in England, 315—inconsistency of introducing heathen ornaments into a Christian church, 318—hints on the architecture most suitable for churches, 318—320—architecture and sculpture, inseparable, 324—remarks on the scheme for restoring the Parthenon on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, 327—330—its inutility demonstrated, 331, 332—the conduct of the great Italian architects to be imitated, 333.

Auger, (Abbé) *Œuvres Complètes de Démosthène et d'Eschine*, 382.

Authors cannot obtain an injunction in the court of chancery where their works are of such a nature that they cannot maintain an action at law, 125, 126—notice of some cases determined according to this rule, 126—132—examination of its expediency, 133—135—its objectionable effect on the liberty of the press, 135—137.

## B.

Bank restriction, the depreciation of money aggravated by, 249—256.

Bankes, (Henry) *Civil and Constitutional History of Rome*, 273—remarks on the three principal historians of Roman affairs, 274—277—and on the nature and authority of the early records of Rome, whence our information is said to be originally derived, 277—279—notice of writers who have treated on the uncertainty of Roman history, 280—moral improbability of the institutions and acts ascribed to Romulus, 283—286, 289—292—contradictions in the history of Dionysius, 286, 287—nature of the relation between patron and client, 288, 289—Mr. Bankes's account of Numa's institutions considered, 295, 296—and also

- also those of *Servius Tullius*, 297, 298—  
institution of the office of tribunes of the  
people, 300, 301—cause of the institution  
of decemvirs, 303, 304—defects of  
*Mr. Banks* as an historian in research,  
306, 307—in reflection, 307, 308—and  
in style, 308.
- Bentham*, (Jeremy) on the art of packing  
juries, 377—notice of the philanthropic  
labours of the earlier part of his life, 377  
—and of the circumstances that have  
soured his mind, 378—his unwarranted  
assertions respecting the packing of  
juries, 380, 381.
- Birkbeck's settlement* in Illinois, account  
of, 90—95.
- Bootshunas*, manners and customs of, 369,  
370.
- Brock*, (Major-General) successes of, against  
the Americans, 409—prevented from fol-  
lowing them up, 410—his brave death at  
Queenston, *ib.*
- Backland*, (Rev. W.) on Antediluvian  
Fossil Bones, 459—plan and diction of  
his paper, 461, 462—account of the cave  
of Kirkdale, where the antediluvian re-  
mains were discovered, 464—description  
and classification of them, 465, 466—  
—proofs that this cave was inhabited by  
hyænas, 466—instances of the ferocity  
of hyænas, 467—remarks on Professor  
Buckland's paper, 468, 473, 474.
- Borchardt*, (Mr.) honourable tribute to  
the memory of, 221.
- Byng's* (Admiral) execution, *Walpole's* ac-  
count of, examined and refuted, 207—  
214.
- Byron*, (Lord) Dramas, 476—reasons for  
not having noticed many of his later  
productions, *ib.* 477—479—his attack on  
the British drama for neglecting the uni-  
ties, refuted, 479—483—the practice and  
theory of antiquity against him, 484—  
486—total failure of his *Marino Faliero*,  
487—remarks on this tragedy, 487—491  
—and on his *Sardanapalus*, 492—497—  
analysis of its fable, with extracts and  
remarks, 497—504—and of his 'Two  
Foscari,' 505—508—his 'Cain' improp-  
erly called a Mystery, 508, 509—anal-  
ysis of it, 509—514—remarks on its in-  
fidelity, and on his attack upon the writ-  
ings of *Moses*, 514—524.
- C.
- Calonne*, (M.) remarks on the financial  
measures of, 165, 166.
- Camoens*, (family) origin of, 1.
- Camoens*, (Luis de) birth and education,  
1, 2—banished from the court of Portu-  
gal, 2—embarks for India, 3—his re-  
flections on quitting his native country,  
*ib.*—embarks on an expedition against  
the Arabian pirates, 4—is exiled from  
Goa, for satirizing the governor, *ib.* 5—  
his reflections on this step, 6, *note*—his  
occupations at Macao, 7—completes his  
*Lusiad*, *ib.*—shipwrecked on his voyage  
to Europe, 8—returns to Goa, *ib.*—his  
conduct on the death of the lady to  
whom he was betrothed, 9—base con-  
duct of Barrete towards him, *ib.*—libe-  
rated by some friends and returns to  
Europe, 10—publishes his *Lusiad*, 11—  
pitiful remuneration from the king for it,  
*ib.*—is involved in the deepest poverty,  
12—his death, *ib.*—epitaph on him, 13  
—popularity of his poem, 14—account  
of his editor and commentator, *Manoel*  
*de Faria e Sousa*, 14—19—remarks on  
the machinery of the *Lusiad*, 19—24—  
particularly on the three principal pas-  
sages, 24—26—notice of its translations,  
particularly that of *Sir Richard Fanshawe*,  
26—29—and of *Mickle*, 29—32.
- Campbell*, (Rev. John) Travels in South  
Africa, 364—remarks on his qualifica-  
tions as a traveller, 365—defects of his  
work, *ib.*—account of the mission among  
the Bootshunas, at New Lattakoo, 366,  
367—notice of their *Pretas*, or general  
meetings of the captains, 367—fraud of  
the rain-maker, 368—influence of the  
doctors, 369—manners and customs of  
the Bootshunas, *ib.* 370—arrival of *Mr.*  
*Campbell* at Meribohwey, the capital  
of the Tammahas, 370—and at the city  
of Mashow, 371—advances farther into  
the interior, 372—arrives at Kurrechane,  
373—pursuits of the inhabitants, 374—  
description of a species of African rhino-  
ceros, supposed to be the unicorn of the  
Scriptures, 376.
- Canadas*, publications on the campaigns in  
the, 405—characters of them, 406, 407  
—geographical position of the line of  
defence of the Canadas, 408—*Michilimachinac* captured by Major-general  
*Brock* in 1811, 409—capture of fort De-  
troit, and surrender of General *Hull*, 409  
—beneficial results, 410—his subsequent  
measures crippled by the injudicious ar-  
mistice concluded with the American  
general *Dearborn* by *Sir George Prevost*,  
410—the Americans force a passage  
across the river *St. Laurence*, at *Queen-*  
*ston*, *ib.*—are defeated, *ib.* 411—disgrace-  
ful armistice concluded by General  
*Sheaffe*, *ib.*—naval operations on the Ca-  
nadian lakes in 1812, *ib.*—remarks on  
the campaign of 1812, 412—total failure  
of the Americans; *ib.*—the weakness and  
inefficiency

inefficiency of Sir George Prevost, 413—415—his supineness contrasted with the activity of the Americans, in preparing for the campaign of 1813, 415—the town of York, in Upper Canada, captured by the Americans, 416—landing of General Dearborn on the Canadian shore, with a large force, *ib.*—they are surprised by a small detachment of British, under Colonel Harvey, and flee, 417—continued inactivity of Sir George Prevost, 417, 418—Sir James Yeo appointed to the naval command on the Lakes, 418—his activity, *ib.*—the opportunity of destroying Sackett's harbour lost by the negligence of Sir George Prevost, 419—remarks on his conduct, 420—the Americans defeated on the Detroit frontier, by Colonel Procter, with an inferior force, 421, 422—and again, under General Clay, 423—General Procter's judicious measures in settling the Indians frustrated by Sir George Prevost, 424—naval transactions on Lake Erie, 424, 425—the active co-operation of the Indians again frustrated by his tardiness, 426—Capt. Barclay's squadron defeated on the lake Erie, solely for want of sufficient force, 429—General Procter's little army obliged to retreat, 430—they are routed, 431—base conduct of Sir George Prevost to General Procter, 432—Sir George orders the whole of Upper Canada to be evacuated, as low as Kingston, 433—these orders (which were known to the Americans) disobeyed by General Vincent, 434—the Americans driven from Fort George, *ib.*—and from Fort Niagara, 435—transactions of 1813 on Lake Champlain, 435—the Americans defeated by a small body of Canadian fencibles and militia, under Lieut.-colonel de Saluberry, 436—the American general, Wilkinson, forced to retire before an inferior force, 437, 438—remarks on the campaign of 1813, 438—440—transactions of the campaign of 1814—additional proofs of Sir George Prevost's incapacity, 440—444—he enters the American territory, 444—his violation of his promise to co-operate with Captain Downie, the cause of that gallant officer's death, and the victory of the American fleet, 443—448—concluding remarks on these campaigns, 449.

Churches, the parliamentary grant for building new ones vindicated, 310, 311—hints on the architecture most suitable for churches, 318—320—beautiful church

erected at Theale, by Mrs. Sheppard, 322, 323.

Common Law of England, origin and defects of, 12.

Contagion defined, 527—the distinction between contagion and pestilence considered, 527—531—Dr. Maclean's arguments and allegations that epidemic and pestilential diseases never depend upon contagion, 533—536—the contrary opinion maintained by Sir A. B. Faulkner, 536—538—modified opinion of Dr. Hancock on the subject, 538—(See *Plague*)—conclusions to be drawn respecting the nature and effects of contagion, 552, 553.

Cottingham (Lewis), Plans, &c. of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, 308—character of his work, 309.

Currency, on the present state of, in the country, 239—enumeration of the principal causes by which money is liable to be depreciated, 241—249—these causes aggravated by the Bank restriction, 249—256—remedies for these evils, 257—the expediency of lowering the standard considered, 258—its impolicy and injustice shown, 259—264—various expedients for lowering the value of currency suggested, 264, 265—hints for a modified property tax, 265, 266.

#### D.

Dearborn (General) lands an American army on the Canadian shore, 416—surprised by a small British detachment, and put to flight, 417.

Death, influence of the dread of, on health, 117, 118.

Dionysius's Roman History, remarks on, 274—276—particularly his account of the connection subsisting between patron and client, 286—288—his narrative of Romulus's division of the people into tribes and curiæ, 289—292—the origin of the senate, 292—294—institutions of Servius Tullius, 297, 298—the commencement of the republic, 299—the institution of tribunes, 301—and of the decemvirs, 303, 304.

Downie (Captain), gallant death of, 447. Drunkard, extracts from the confessions of, 120, 121—hints for reforming one, 121.

#### E.

Eldon (Right Hon. Lord), judgments of, in the cases of *Walcot v. Walker*, 126—of *Southey v. Sherwood*, 127—of *Murray v. Benbow*, 129—and of *Lawrence v. Smith*, 131, 132—examination of the principles

principles of his Lordship's decisions, 133—135—particularly its effects on the liberty of the press, 135—137.

Eloquence, origin of, in Greece, 383.—See *Oratory*.

Emigrants to America, numbers of, in 1821, 94, 95, note.

Ethiopia, state of, when visited by Messrs. Hanbury and Waddington, 216—220—pass of 'the Water's mouth' described, 221—habits of the Sheygys, an inland people, 222—account of the pyramids of Djebel el Berkel, 231, 232—and of El Bellal, 233—236—Ethiopia, source of Egyptian temples and sculptures, 236.

Evans (G.W.), geographical description of Van Diemen's Land, 101.

## F.

Fanshaw's (Sir Richard), translation of the *Lusiad*, remarks on, 26—29.

Faria e Sousa (Manoel de), the editor and commentator on Camoens, biographical account of, 14—19—character of his commentary, 17—vindication of it from the criticism of Mickle, 19.

Faulkner (Sir Arthur Brooke), treatise on the plague, 524, 525.

Fayetteville, unhealthy situation of, 87.

Finances of France, in the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. embarrassed state of, 156—166.

Flower (Richard), *Letters from Illinois*, 71—remarks on them, 72—specimen of his veracity, 95.

Fortunes of Nigel, 337—Mannerism defined, *ib.* 338—remarks on the mannerism of the 'Waverley Novels,' 339, 340—analysis of the plot of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, with extracts, 342—360—remarks on the different characters, 361—364.

Fox (Mr.), vindicated from the aspersions of Horace Walpole, 202.

France, condition of the nobility of, in feudal times, 148, 149—its situation in 1789, 149, 150—and of the lower classes, 153—the clergy, 154—magistracy, 155—perplexed state of the French finances in the minority of Louis XV. 156—revival of the *Chambre Ardente*, 157—deplorable state of the finances in 1759, 158, 159—origin and principles of the political sect of Economists, 160—financial measures of the Abbé Terray, 161—of Turgot, 162—and of M. Necker, 163, 164—and of M. Calonne, 165, 166—condition of the peasantry of France before the Revolution, 166, 167—influence of the Atheistical philosophers, 168, 169—state of morals in the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. 171—174

—influence of the French women in society, 175, 176—remarks on the French revolution, 177, 178.

## G.

Geology, limits of the science of, 459—services rendered to it, by Werner, 461.

Gorgia, remarks on the eloquence of, 385—388.

## H.

Hanbury.—See *Waddington*.

Hancock, (Dr.) *Researches into the Laws of Pestilence*, 524—character of the work, 526—his opinion as to the nature of contagion, 538, 539—his remarks on the plague which prevailed in London in 1665, 540—542—and on the dependence of contagion on atmospheric malignity 543—Oxford exempted from the plague in 1665, by the attention there paid to cleanliness, 545—by which London has been preserved hitherto from the plague, 545, 545—concluding remarks, 549—553.

Hardwicke, (Lord) vindicated from the slanders of Horace Walpole, 193—196.

Harmony, notice of the settlement of, 96.

Harris, (W. T.) *Remarks made during a Tour through the United States*, 71—strictures on it, 71, 72—instances of his callous heartedness, 87, 88.

Harvey (Colonel), gallant conduct of, 417—puts to flight the American army with a small detachment, *ib.*

Health, influence of the dread of death on, 117, 118.

Homer, remarks on the liberties taken with, by his editors, 40—examination of the question whether the hiatus is to be excluded from his poems, 64—70.

## I.

*Iliad* of Homer, remarks on the editors of, 40.

Illinois, account of Birkbeck's settlement in, 90—93.

Injunctions in Chancery, origin of, 124, 125—the only security of literary property, 125.

Immortality of the soul, not unknown to Moses and the Israelites, 522, 523.

Inns, filthiness of, in America, 78, 79.

Insanity, considerations on the symptoms and moral causes of, 110—115—injurious effects of solitude on, 118, 119.

Intemperance, effects of, 120.

Ismael Pasha, honourable anecdote of, 219—defeats the Sheygys, an inland people of Africa, 220.

James

## J.

James (William) Account of the late War with America, 405—character of the work, 406, 407. See *Canadas*.

## K.

Kentuckians, anecdote of the barbarity of, 74.

Kirghis Tartars, manners of, 140—their mode of punishing theft, 141.

Kirkdale, account of antediluvian remains found at, 464—467.

Kokania, notice of the Russian mission to the khan of, 142—reception given to it, 143, 144—ceremonial of the khan's court, 144.

Korrechanes, manners and customs of, 373, 374.

## L.

Lawrence v. Smith, notice of the case of, for literary piracy, 130—132.

Literary Property, can be secured only by injunctions, 125—notice of the cases of

Walcot v. Walker, 126—Southey v. Sherwood, 126, 127—of Murray v. Benbow, 128—130—and of Lawrence v. Smith, 130, 132—for infringing upon literary property. Examination of the rule of law now established concerning the pirating of literary property, 133—its inexpediency shown, 133—137—remedy suggested, 138.

Livy's History of Rome, remarks on, 276, 277.

London, residence in, why preferable to the country, 118, 119—medical remarks on the plague that prevailed there in 1665, 540—542—the present superior cleanliness the means by which it has been preserved from the plague since that time, 545, 546.

Louis XV. embarrassed finances of, 156—159—his profligacy, 172.

Louis XVI. embarrassed state of the finances of, 162—166—his exemplary conduct of no influence in reforming the profligate morals of the French nobility, 173—remarks on his tragical death, 178.

## M.

Malta, account of the plague in, in 1813, 536—538—548, 549.

Mamelouks, destroyed by the Pasha of Egypt, 229.

Macquarie (Governor), report of, concerning Van Diemen's Land, 107, 108.

Mayow (Rev. R. W.), Sermons and Miscellanies, 450—biographical notice of, 450—452—remarks on his preaching,

452—extracts and observations on his works, 453—458.

Mickle's translation of Camoens's *Lusiad*, remarks on, 29—32.

Montlosier (M.), *Traité de la Monarchie Française*, 146—his qualifications as an author, 147.

Morals, state of, in France, during the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. 171—174.

Moses, character and writings of, vindicated from the attacks of Lord Byron, 520—523.

Murray v. Benbow, notice of the case of, for pirating Lord Byron's '*Don Juan*,' and '*Cain*,' 127—130.

## N.

National Debt, amount of, 240.

Nazaroff (Philip), Narrative of an Expedition to Kokania, 138—occasion of the mission, 139—notice of the Kirghis Tartars, 140—their mode of punishing theft, 141—arrival at Kokund, the capital of Kokania, 142—reception of the mission, 143, 144—return of M. Nazaroff to Russia, 145.

Necker (M.), remarks on the financial measures of, 163, 164.

Nelson's monument, anecdote respecting, 325, 326.

Nervous diseases, how far resistible by the will, 115—117.

Nigel. See *Fortunes of Nigel*.

## O.

Ohio, present state of the territory of, 80—sanguinary character of the settlers, 83.

Opium eaters, observations on, 122.

Oratory of the Greeks, not destitute of metrical arrangement, 384—on the oratory of the Sophists, particularly of Gorgias, 385—388—of Antiphon, 388—390—the outward form of the panegyric oratory considered, 392—394—particularly that of Isocrates, 395—on the funeral and panegyric oratory of the Greeks, 396—extracts from Plato, 398—401—comparison of him with the funeral oration of Pericles, 401—404.

Oreston, remarks on the antediluvian remains found at, 470—472.

## P.

Parthenon, remarks on the scheme for restoring, on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, 327—330—its *inutility* demonstrated, 331, 332.

Peasantry of France, condition of, previously to the Revolution, 166, 167.

Penn (Granville), Examination of the Pri-  
mary

mary Argument of the Iliad, 39—its character, 41.  
 Philosophers, (Atheistical) influence of, in France, 168, 169.  
 Pittsburgh, manufactures of, why declining, 78.  
 Plague at Malta, 536—538—account of, in 1813, 548, 549—and of the Plague of 1665, in London, 540—542—why the plague has not returned, 543, 546—Persia, why exempted from the plague, 551.  
 Plato and Pericles, funeral oratory of, contrasted, 398—404.  
 Plutarch's Lives, observations on, 277—contradiction in his life of Numa, 294, 295.  
 Poor Laws, absolute necessity of alteration in, 267.  
 Population of Van Diemen's Land, 109—Mr. Godwin's blunders concerning the population of America, corrected, 95, note.  
 Prevost (Sir George, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadas), remarks on the ignorance and incapacity of, 415, 417, 418 420—424—his base conduct towards General Procter, 432—he orders the whole of Upper Canada to be evacuated as low as Kingston, 433—his orders bravely disobeyed, and the Americans defeated, 434—additional proofs of his incapacity, 440—444—his base violation of his promise to co-operate with Captain Downie, the cause of that officer's death, and of the defeat of the British fleet, 445—448—death of Sir George Prevost, 448.  
 Procter (General), with an inferior force defeats the Americans, 421, 422—his judicious measures for settling the Indians frustrated, 424—his little army defeated for want of proper co-operation by Sir George Prevost, 430, 431—throws up his command, 432.  
 Property Tax, modified, hints for, 265, 266.  
 Publications, Lists of, 268—554.  
 Pyramids of Djebel el Berkel described, 231, 232—and also those of El Bellal, 233—236.  

Q.

 Quarantine establishments, no absolute protection against contagion, 546, 547.  

R.

 Reid (John), Essays on Hypochondriasis and Nervous Affections, 110—how far nervous diseases can be resisted by the will, 113—117—influence of the dread

of death on health, 117, 118—on the injuriousness of solitude in mental alienation, 118, 119—effects of intemperance, 120.  
 Revolution, (French) remarks on, 177, 178—state of the peasantry just before its commencement, 166.  
 Rhinoceros, description of a species of, supposed to be the unicorn of the Scriptures, 376.

S.

Saluberry, (Lieut.-Colonel de) gallant conduct of, 436.  
 Sculpture, shewn to be inseparable from architecture, 324.  
 Senate of Rome, Dionysius's account of, 292—remarks thereon, 293, 294.  
 Servants, incivility of, at New York, 76.  
 Settlers, (English) misery of, in America, 86, 87—89.  
 Shakers, account of the worship of, 97.  
 Sheppard, (Mrs.) munificent piety of, 320, 321.  
 Sheygya, people of, account of, 218—their mode of warfare, 219—they are defeated by the forces of the Pasha of Egypt, 220—their ignorance of the art of medicine, 228.  
 Slavery, evils of, in America, 83, 84—white men sold for slaves, 85.  
 Solitude, influence of, on mental alienation, 118, 119.  
 Sophists of Greece, remarks on the oratory of, 385—388.  
 Southey, (Mr.) Eloquent remarks of, on the wisdom of applying the national resources to public works, 310, 311—notice of the case of Southey v. Sherwood, for literary piracy, 126, 127.  
 Standard of Currency, impolicy and injustice of altering, 258—264.

T.

Tecumthé, an Indian chieftain, gallant death of, 431—barbarous treatment of his remains by the Americans, *ib.*  
 Terray, (Abbé) account of the financial measures of, 161.  
 Theresa, (St.) notice of the visions of, 114, 115.  
 Thomson, (J. L.) Historical Sketches of the War between the United States of America and Great Britain, 405—character of the work, 407. See *Canadas*.  
 Turgot, (M.) account of the financial measures of, 162.

V.

Value of currency, suggestions for lowering, 264, 265.

Van

Van Diemen's Land, improperly so called, 100—discovered by the English, 101—its advantages for colonization over America, 101, 102—106—109—notice of the Aboriginal inhabitants, 102, 103—rivers of this island, 104—scenery of the Derwent, *ib.* 105—mountains, 105—climate and productions, 106—exports, 107—improved state of Hobart Town, *ib.* 106—and George Town, 108—population of Van Diemen's Land, 109.

## W.

Wabash, account of Birkbeck's settlement on the, 90—95.

Waddington, (George) and Hanbury, (Rev. B.) Visit to Ethiopia, 215—state of affairs at the time of their excursion up the Nile, 216—220—their honourable tribute to the memory of Mr. Burckhardt, 221—description of the pass of the 'Water's mouth,' *ib.* 222—condition of the Nubians, 222—224—knavery of a Greek physician, 224—the travellers meet with three renegadoes, 225—series of war, 227—interview with Ismael Pasha, 228—they are obliged to return to Cairo, 230—account of the pyramids of Djebel el Berkel, 231, 232—and of El Bellal, 233—236—Ethiopia the source of Egyptian temples and sculptures, 236—concluding remarks on the execution of the work, 238, 239.

Walcot v. Walker, notice of the case of, for literary piracy, 126.

Walpole, (Horace) Memoires of the last ten years of the Reign of George II., 178—history of this publication, 179, 180—propriety of Lord Holland's editing it defended, 181—the Memoires a tissue

of false and partial statements, 182, 183—yet not destitute of fidelity in some of the parliamentary reports, 184, 185—Walpole's account of George II.'s visit to the princess of Wales, 185, 186—remarks on its libellous spirit, 186, 187—and on Walpole's excuse for his severity, 188—he abuses his uncle, Horace, 192—vindication of Lord Hardwicke from his slander, 193—196—rapacity of Walpole, 197, 198—his hostility to the Pelhams, 196—vindication of them from his aspersions, 199—his baseness towards them, 200—vindication of Lord Anson, 201—of Mr. Fox, 202—a base intrigue of his own detected, 203—206—his narrative of Admiral Byng's trial and execution examined and refuted, 207—214—concluding remarks on Walpole's falsehoods, 215.

Walpole, (Sir Robert) causes of his retiring from power, 190—192.

Welby, (Adlard) Visit to North America, 71—its character, 72. See *America*.

Will, influence of, on nervous diseases, 115—117.

Willan, (Dr.) Miscellaneous Works, 525—has nearly proved that the specific contagions were known to the ancients, 528.

Women, influence of on society, in France, previously to the revolution, 175, 176.

Wren, (Sir Christopher) eulogium on, 316, 317.

## Y.

Yeo, (Sir James) appointed to the naval command on the Canadian Lakes, 418—his activity, *ib.*—his efforts crippled by the negligence of the commander-in-chief, 419, 420.

END OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

London: Printed by C. Roworth,  
Bell-yard, Temple-bar.



